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THE WORKS OF MR. CONGREVE:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

THE MOURNING BRIDE.
THE WAY OF THE WORLD.
THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.
SEMELE, WITH
POEMS on ſeveral OCCASIONS.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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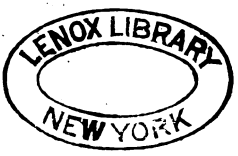
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The Mourning Bride

THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.

——Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.

Ovid. de Arte Am.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

The PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highneſs: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have raiſed You above the reſt of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praiſe, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The publick Gratitude is ever founded on a publick Benefit; and what is univerſally bleſſed, is always an univerſal Bleſſing. Thus from Yourſelf we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incenſe which ariſes to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, conſtituted on a Moral, whoſe End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of conſequence has recourſe to Your Royal Highneſs's Patronage; aſpiring to caſt itſelf beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, till You ſhall condeſcend to own it, and vouchſafe to ſhine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Faſhion in the People; for even they who are averſe to Inſtruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of ſo near an Acceſs, as to

partake of the Benefit of ſuch Examples. And to theſe, Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf from the vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Uſe and Information. For they who are at that Diſtance from original Greatneſs, as to be deprived of the Happineſs of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highneſs's Perſon in Your Court, may yet behold ſome ſmall Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abſtracted, and repreſented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are inſtructed, and inſtruct; not alone by Precepts which perſuade, but alſo by Examples which illuſtrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Inſtruction; when not only Virtue is preſcribed, but alſo repreſented.

But if we are delighted with the Livelineſs of a feigned Repreſentation of great and good Perſons and their Actions, how muſt we be charmed with beholding the Perſons themſelves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touched in the ſingle Action and ſmall Compaſs of a Play, can warm an Audience with a Concern and Regard even for the ſeeming Succeſs and Proſperity of the Actor; with what Zeal muſt the Hearts of all be filled for the continued and encreaſing Happineſs of thoſe, who are the true and living Inſtances of elevated and perfiſting Virtue? Even the Vicious themſelves muſt have a ſecret Veneration for thoſe peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily ſo eminently conſpicuous in Your Royal Highneſs; and though repining, feel a Pleaſure which in ſpite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offered to Your Royal Highneſs, there ſhall appear the Reſemblance of any of thoſe many Excellencies which you ſo promiſcuouſly poſſeſs, to be drawn ſo as to merit Your leaſt Approbation, it has the End and Accompliſhment of its Deſign. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the

the Author, yet, if there is ſo much as to convince Your Royal Highneſs, that a Play may be with Induſtry ſo diſpoſed (in ſpite of the licentious Practice of the modern Theatre) as to become ſometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the Ambition, and recompenſe the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt humbly Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Time has been when Plays were not ſo plenty,
And a leſs Number now would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear,
And One was thought ſufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reaſon join'd together;
For juſt as one prognoſticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or ſcarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In ſuch-like Propheſies were Poets ſkill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit, they did ſo long preſage,
Is fall'n on us, and almoſt ſtarves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you ſaw
Poor Actors thraſh ſuch empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their Lungs' Expence,
To ſtart a Jeſt, or force a little Senſe.
Hard Fate for us! ſtill harder in th' Event;
Our Authors ſin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worſe,
'Twere ſome Amends if they could reimburſe:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cauſe is loſt,
There's no recovering Damages or Coſt.

Good

Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Cuſtom gives the Loſers leave to ſpeak.
But if provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the reſt we hope a better Fate.
To pleaſe and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not loſe thro' Prejudice his Cauſe;
Nor wou'd obtain precariouſly Applauſe.
Impartial Cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd by juſt Decrees to ſtand or fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1774.

MEN.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*,	Mr. *J. Aickin*
Gonſalez, his Favourite,	Mr. *Packer*
Garcia, Son to *Gonſalez*	Mr. *Palmer*
Perez, Captain of the Guards,	Mr. *Keen*
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonſalez*,	Mr. *Ackman*
Oſmyn, a Noble Priſoner,	Mr. *Barry*
Heli, a Priſoner, his Friend,	Mr. *Hurſt*
Selim, an Eunuch,	Mr. *J. Banniſter*

WOMEN.

Almeria, the Princeſs of *Granada*,	Mrs. *Barry*
Zara, a Captive Queen,	Miſs *Younge*
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princeſs.	

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending *Zara*.
Guards, &c.

The SCENE, *GRANADA*.

THE

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain riſing ſlowly to ſoft Muſick, diſcovers ALMERIA *in Mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in Mourning.*

After the Muſick, ALMERIA *riſes from her Chair, and comes forward.*

Alm. MUſick has Charms to ſooth a ſavage Breaſt,
To ſoften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By magick Numbers and perſuaſive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O Force of conſtant Woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.
Anſelmo ſleeps, and is at Peace; laſt Night
The ſilent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable Boſom.
Why am not I at Peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, ceaſe,
Or moderate your Griefs; there is no Cauſe—

Alm. No Cauſe! Peace, Peace; there is Eternal Cauſe,
And Miſery Eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell—thou haſt indeed no Cauſe.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anſelmo*,
And always did compaſſionate his Fortune:
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly

Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtol'n from Bed, and to his Priſon crept;
Where, while his Gaoler ſlept, I thro' the Grate
Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

Alm. Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle Nature,
That thus cou'dſt melt to ſee a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadſt thou known *Anſelmo*,
How wou'd thy Heart have bled to ſee his Suff'rings.
Thou hadſt no Cauſe, but general Compaſſion.

Leon. Love of my Royal Miſtreſs gave me Cauſe,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bleſs'd *Anſelmo*'s Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Succeſs; that then, in ſpite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s Kings,
He did endear himſelf to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His moſt induſtrious Goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing by a Match between *Alphonſo*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Diſſention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

Alm. Alphonſo! O *Alphonſo!*
Thou too art quiet—long haſt been at Peace—
Both, both—Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when ſhall I have Reſt?
Why do I live to ſay you are no more?
Why are all theſe Things thus?—Is it of Force?
Is there Neceſſity, I muſt be miſerable?
Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I ſhou'd be afflicted thus?—If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are Things laid

By

By ſome unſeen Hand, ſo, as of ſure Conſequence,
They muſt to me bring Curſes, Grief of Heart,
The laſt Diſtreſs of Life, and ſure Deſpair?

Leon. Alas, you ſearch too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carried to *Anſelmo*'s Court?
Or there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For ſo my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonſo*, *Alphonſo!*
Devouring Seas have waſh'd thee from my Sight,
No Time ſhall raſe thee from my Memory;
No, I will live to be thy Monument:
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb:
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Reſemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Huſband ſtill, tho' loſt.

Leon. Huſband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I ſaid?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I would have kept that Secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deſerve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretch's Comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall Reſerve of near and inward Woe,
Some unſuſpected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unſeen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

Leon. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'ſt not half,
Know'ſt nothing of my Sorrows—if thou didſt—
If I ſhou'd tell thee, wou'dſt thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dſt, thou art compaſſionate.

Leon. Witneſs theſe Tears—

Alm. I thank thee—*Leonora*,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy ſad Miſtreſs:
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatneſs, to be wretched and unpitied—
But I did promiſe I wou'd tell thee——What?

My Miſeries? Thou doſt already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didſt nothing know,
It was becauſe thou didſt not know *Alphonſo:*
For to have known my Loſs, thou muſt have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tenderneſs of Love.
Leon. The Memory of that brave Prince ſtands fair
In all Report—
And I have heard imperfectly his Loſs;
But fearful to renew your Troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to aſk the Story.
Alm. If for my ſwelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia,*
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel,* my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anſelmo*'s Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidſt his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge———Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid thoſe Flames—but 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to ſail; and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our Flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken; when a ſudden Storm
Drove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the Coaſt
Of *Africk:* There our Veſſel ſtruck the Shoar,
And bulging 'gainſt a Rock was daſh'd in Pieces,
But Heav'n ſpar'd me for yet much more Affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
The Shoal, and ſave me floating on the Waves,
While the good Queen and my *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Leon. Alas! Were you then wedded to *Alphonſo?*
Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship purſuing,
And ſaw her Rate ſo far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,

I wou'd

I wou'd consent the Priest shou'd make us one;
That whether Death or Victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Pow'r of Fate:
The Queen too did assist his Suit—I granted;
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful—

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee—
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and watry Eyes;
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and Thought of my *Alphonso.*

Leon. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant, that Time may bring her some Relief.

**Alm.* O no! Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with th' oppressing Weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
Then fly with Joy and Swiftness from me.

Leon. Hark!
The distant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph;
[*Shouts at a Distance.*
O cease, for Heaven's sake, assuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his Wrath, to see you drown'd in Tears,
When Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes—*Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die;

First,

* The Sentiments of the Mourning Bride are for the most part, not less delicate than just copies of Nature. In the following exception, the picture is beautiful, but too artful to be suggested by severe grief.

Firſt, die ten thouſand Deaths—Look down, look down,
[*Kneels.*

Alphonſo, hear the ſacred Vow I make;
One Moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect Bliſs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my Vow.
×If ever I do yield, or give Conſent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard-of Curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Riſing.*
My Heart has ſome Relief; having ſo well
Diſcharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leon. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are wrapt and buſied in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to viſit good *Anſelmo*'s Tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear ſome fatal Reſolution.

Alm. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Ill,
Nor Violence.—I feel myſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this Vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy Thought,
Upon my Word, no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. The Lord *Gonzalez* comes to tell your Highneſs
The King is juſt arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's

×*In the progreſs of Thought, our reſolutions become more vigorous as well as our paſſions.*

That's his Pretence; his Errand is, I know,
To fill my Ears with *Garcia*'s valiant Deeds;
And gild and magnify his Son's Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gonſ. Be ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conqueſt, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous Light,
And bleſs this Day with moſt unequal'd Luſtre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entring now in martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his ſolemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Mooriſh* Wealth!
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace.
Priſoners of War in ſhining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the nobleſt Blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his Chariot-Wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnaſhing Teeth, the Duſt his Triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming Populace ſpread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clifted Stones, ſtretching and ſtaring,
As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
While you alone retire, and ſhun this Sight;
This Sight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The Multitude ſhould gaze) in Abſence of your Eyes.

Alm.

Alm. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with ſounding Words,
Or pompous Phraſe? the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

Gonſ. Excellent Princeſs!
But 'tis a Taſk unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praiſe.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's loweſt Slave,
Has better done, in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchleſs Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia*'s Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the King. [*Flouriſh.*

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.
[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in Mourning.*

SCENE IV.

Symphony of warlike Muſick. Enter the KING, *attended by* GARCIA *and ſeveral Officers. Files of Priſoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage.* ALMERIA *meets the* KING, *and kneels; afterwards* GONSALEZ *kneels and kiſſes the* KING'S *Hand, while* GARCIA *does the ſame to the Princeſs.*

K. Almeria, riſe—My beſt *Gonſalez*, riſe.
What, Tears! my good old Friend—

Gonſ. But Tears of Joy.
Believe me, Sir, to ſee you thus, has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

K. By Heav'n thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt:
Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To ſee thee weep on this Occaſion—Some
Here are, who ſeem to mourn at our Succeſs!
Why is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,

Upon

Upon this ſolemn Day, in theſe ſad Weeds?
In Oppoſition to my Brightneſs, you
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.
Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and ſtrict Life, for my Deliverance
From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be expir'd.
K. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great, ſo is your Debt:
Yet ſomething too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preſerv'd. A Day beſtow'd
In Filial Duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A Diſpenſation to your Vow—No more.
'Twas weak and wilful—and a Woman's Error.
Yet—upon Thoughts, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To ſee that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt Foe,
Hated *Anſelmo*, was interr'd—By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: Juſt ſo,
Thy ſenſeleſs Vow appear'd to bear its Date
Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! What? thou doſt not weep to think of that?
Gonſ. Have Patience, Royal Sir; the Princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour ſhould be *Alphonſo*'s Loſs,
And her Deliverance; is ſhe to blame?
K. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt Foe was laid in Earth, ſuch Enmity,
Such Deteſtation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter ſhould have revell'd at his Death,
She ſhould have made theſe Palace Walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a ſhackled Slave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And ſhook his Chains in Tranſport and rude Harmony.
Gonſ. What ſhe has done, was in Exceſs of Goodneſs;

Betray'd

Betray'd by too much Piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended.—Sure, no more.
K. To ſeem is to commit, at this Conjuncture.
I wonot have a ſeeming Sorrow ſeen
To-day—Retire, diveſt yourſelf with Speed
Of that offenſive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It ſhall be your Excuſe, that I command it.
Gar. Your Pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo far, [*Kneeling.*
As to remind you of your gracious Promiſe.
K. Riſe, *Garcia*—I forgot. Yet ſtay, *Almeria.*
Alm. My boding Heart!—What is your Pleaſure, Sir?
K. Draw near, and give your Hand; and, *Garcia*, yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Huſband, and my Son.
Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myſelf for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Miſtreſs.
Conſ. O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs Thanks—
K. No more; my Promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy Services
And *Garcia*'s well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we triumph; but To-morrow's Sun,
Garcia, ſhall ſhine to grace thy Nuptials—
Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*
Gar. She faints! help to ſupport her.
Conſ. She recovers.
K. A Fit of Bridal Fear: How is't, *Almeria?*
Alm. A ſudden Chilneſs ſeizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.
K. *Garcia*, conduct her.
[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the Door, and returns.*
This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Prieſt ſhall preach her from her Faith,
And makes it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo?*

SCENE

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, *Attendants.*

Alon. Your beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if ſhe ſtill were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.
K. It is our Will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended,
Bear hence theſe Priſoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whoſe mute Valour you relate ſuch Wonders?
[*Priſoners led off.*
Gar. Oſmyn, who led the *Mooriſh* Horſe; but he,
Great Sir, at her Requeſt, attends on *Zara*.
K. He is your Priſoner; as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my Kindneſs;
And with a haughty Mien, and ſtern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he ſpeak,
'Tis ſcarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt, to talk where he muſt not command.
K. Such Sullenneſs, and in a Man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other Cauſe than his Captivity.
Did *Zara*, then, requeſt he might attend her?
Gar. My Lord, ſhe did.
K. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA, *and* OSMYN, *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a Guard, and attended by* SELIM *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.*

K. What Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous *Zara*,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.

A Con-

A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch Luſtre ſtrike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your Preſence grac'd,
Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and ſeen
Their Monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleaſing Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave.

Za. If I on any Terms cou'd condeſcend
To like Captivity, or think thoſe Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courteſy beſtow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to Arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With uſual Homage wait. But when I feel
Theſe Bonds, I look with Loathing on myſelf;
And ſcorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praiſes, and diſſembled State.

K. Thoſe Bonds! 'Twas my Command you ſhould be free.
How durſt you, *Perez*, diſobey?

Per. Great Sir,
Your Order was, ſhe ſhould not wait your Triumph;
But at ſome Diſtance follow, thus attended.

K. 'Tis falſe; 'twas more; I bid ſhe ſhould be free:
If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers
With Speed—yet ſtay—my Hands alone can make
Fit Reſtitution here—Thus I releaſe you,
And by releaſing you enſlave myſelf.

Za. Such Favours ſo conferr'd, tho' when unſought,
Deſerve Acknowledgement from noble Minds.
Such Thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd—
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

K. Born to excel, and to command!
As by tranſcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, ſo by Preheminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding* Oſmyn *as they unbind him.*

And

And ſullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardleſs of his Chains, or Liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I ſpoke; that's *Oſmyn.*

K. He anſwers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Oſmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art ſaid to be,
So hardly can endure Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

Oſ. Becauſe Captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and juſt Revenge.

K. I underſtand not that.

Oſ. I would not have you.

Za. That Gallant *Moor* in Battle loſt a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loſs,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Deſpair.

K. She does excuſe him; 'tis as I ſuſpected.
[*To* Gonſ.

Gonſ. That Friend may be herſelf; ſeem not to heed
His arrogant Reply: She looks concern'd.

K. I'll have Enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a Priſoner. His Name?

Za. Heli.

K. Garcia, that Search ſhall be your Care:
It ſhall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raiſe Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conqueſt and Triumph, now, are mine no more,
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long Suſpence ſhe ſtands,
Shifting the Prize in unreſolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and ſnatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddeſs keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
But Rules with ſettled Sway in *Zara*'s Eyes.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Aiſle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

Gar. THIS Way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chuſing this lonely Manſion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken Fate.
Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very deed from Death,
And to reviſit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul or Senſe
Afford a Thought, or ſhow a Glimpſe of Joy,
In leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
I feel, to hear of *Oſmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.
Gar. I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendſhip.
Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.
Heli. Where? where?
Gar. I ſaw him not, nor any like him—
Per. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my View,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd Haſte; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flaſh'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward ſhot their Fires, which he purſu'd,
As to ſome Object frightful, yet not fear'd.
Gar. Let's haſte to follow him, and know the Cauſe.
Heli. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cauſe.
I know his Melancholy, and ſuch Starts
Are uſual to his Temper. It might raiſe him
To act ſome Violence upon himſelf,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Paſſions way,
Secure and looſe in friendly Solitude.

I know

I know his noble Heart would burſt with Shame,
To be ſurpris'd by Strangers in its Frailty.
Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiouſly to pry
Or preſs upon the Privacies of others.

SCENE II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

Gar. Perez, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealouſy confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Oſmyn*; but ſome other Opportunity
Muſt make that plain.
Per. To me 'twas long ſince plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.
Gar. If ſo, Unhappineſs attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear ſome coming.
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

SCENE III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd Noiſe, for all is huſh'd.
Leon. It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.
Alm. It was thy Fear, or elſe ſome tranſient Wind
Whiſtling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Aiſle.
We'll liſten—
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No, all his huſh'd, and ſtill as Death—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whoſe ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking Tranquility. It ſtrikes an Awe

And Terror on my aching Sight; the Tombs
And monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And ſhoot a Chilneſs to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice—my own affrights me with its Echos.

Leon. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will encreaſe your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me *Anſelmo*'s Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring Earth
Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of ſome pale Corſe
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia*'s more deteſted Bed: That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my preſent Fears
Are loſt in dread of greater Ill. Then ſhew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonſo*'s Soul.

Leon. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret.

SCENE IV.

The SCENE *opening diſcovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the reſt.*

Heli. I wander thro' this Maze of Monuments
Yet cannot find him—Hark! ſure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining—There it ſounds—I'll follow it.

SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the ſacred Vault, within whoſe Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anſelmo* reſt;
Yet freſh and unconſum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I ſee? O Heav'n! either my Eyes

Are

Are falſe, or ſtill the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are ſtill wide-ſtretch'd upon their Hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, ſignificant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the Grave, where Nature, weary,
And long oppreſs'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and ſink in Slumbers
Of Peace eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and preſs me cloſe
To his cold clayie Breaſt: My father then
Will ceaſe his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with Loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the ſtarry Orbs, and milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliſs
To my *Alphonſo*'s Soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecſtaſy of Thought! Help me, *Anſelmo*;
Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee *Alphonſo*:
O *Alphonſo!*

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *aſcending from the Tomb.*

Oſ. Who calls that wretched Thing that was *Alphonſo?*
Alm. Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heav'n, ſupport me!
Oſ. Whence is that Voice, whoſe Shrillneſs, from the Grave,
And growing to his Father's Shrowd, roots up
Alphonſo?
Alm. Mercy! Providence! O ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,

Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Boſom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.
Of. Amazement and Illuſion!
Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye Pow'rs;
[*Coming forward.*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e'er it goes, and graſp her Shade.
'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe herſelf!
Nor dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife!

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

Leon. Alas, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me, Stranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raiſe
Theſe Bodies.
Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with—*Almeria!*
O Miracle of Happineſs! O Joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!
Of. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe; ſhew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine—'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taſte her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bleſs me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Huſband.
Alm. I've ſworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?—
Of. Look on thy *Alphonſo*.
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor

The following passage expresses finely the progress of Conviction.

Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy *Alphonſo*.
Wilt thou not know me? Haſt thou then forgot me?
Haſt thou thy Eyes, yet can'ſt not ſee *Alphonſo*?
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my Diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?
Alm. It is, it is *Alphonſo*; 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundleſs Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
O how haſt thou return'd? How haſt thou charm'd
The Wildneſs of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
×To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.
Of. O I'll not aſk, nor anſwer how, or why
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumſtance
Or means by which I have thee—
To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is ſo much Joy,
I have not Leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.
Alm. Stay a while—
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.
Of. What would'ſt thou? thou doſt put me from thee.
Alm. Yes.
Of. And why? What doſt thou mean? why doſt thou gaze ſo?
Alm. I know not; 'tis to ſee thy Face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To ſee him thus again is ſuch Profuſion
Of Joy, of Bliſs—I cannot bear—I muſt
Be mad—I cannot be tranſported thus.
Of. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!
Alm. Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?

× A Climax never ſhows better than in expreſſing a ſwelling Paſſion.

How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
O my ſtrain'd Heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to ſee thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Of. Not in my Love.

Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to thee.

Thou haſt wept much, *Alphonſo*; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

Of. Wrong not my Love, to ſay too tenderly.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doſt thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ache to hold thee faſt, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alm. I will, for I ſhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had ſworn
To Heav'n and thee, and ſooner wou'd have dy'd—

Of. Perfection of all Faithfulneſs and Love!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd—Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a Saint:
And thou haſt heard my Prayer; for thou art come
To my Diſtreſs, to my Deſpair, which Heav'n
Could only by reſtoring thee have cur'd.

Of. Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length of Days,
To pay ſome Part, ſome little of this Debt,
This countleſs Sum of Tenderneſs and Love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough—I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all Æras then
Of yet unmeaſur'd Time; when I have made
This exquiſite, this moſt amazing Goodneſs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchleſs Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence, to ſee thy Face:

If

If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happineſs,
For 'tis not to be borne—What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand Things to know, and aſk,
And ſpeak—That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with ſuch Suddeneſs haſt hit my Sight,
Is ſuch Surpriſe, ſuch Myſtery, ſuch Ecſtaſy!
It hurries all my Soul, and ſtuns my Senſe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didſt ariſe!

Of. I did; and thou, my Love, didſt call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?

Of. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Echoes of a diſtant Voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I roſe and liſtned,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonſo*;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee—

Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou hither? How thus?—Ha!
What's he, who like thyſelf is ſtarted here
Ere ſeen?

Of. Where? ha! What do I ſee? *Antonio?*
I'm fortunate indeed—my Friend too, ſafe!

Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!

Of. And twice eſcap'd, both from the Rage of Seas
And War: For in the Fight I ſaw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Priſoner as yourſelf,
And as yourſelf made free; hither I came
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anſelmo.*

Of. There are no Wonders, or elſe all is Wonder.

Heli, I ſaw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up:
When with Aſtoniſhment, I ſaw *Almeria.*

Of. I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.

Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Os. What means the Bounty of all-gracious Heav'n,
That persevering still, with open Hand,
It scatters good, as in a Waste of Mercy!
Where will this end! but Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits cross the Aisle;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this Place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Os. I wish at least, our Parting were a Dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. *Zara* with *Selim*, Sir; I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.
Alm. What Love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?
Os. She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli.* All, all he will unfold,
E'er next we meet—
Alm. Sure we shall meet again—
Os. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.

SCENE VIII.

OSMYN *alone.*

Yet I behold her—yet—And now no more.
Turn your Lights inward Eyes, and view my Thought,

No man in his senses, were thought of applying his eyes, to discover what passes in his mind; far less of blaming his eyes for not seeing a thought or Idea.

So ſhall you ſtill behold her—'Twill not be.
O Impotence of Sight! mechanick Senſe,
Which to exterior Objects ow'ſt thy Faculty,
Not ſeeing of Election, but Neceſſity.
Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrors,
Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding Images:
Not what they would, but muſt; a Star, or Toad:
Juſt as the Hand of Chance adminiſters.
Not ſo the Mind, whoſe undetermin'd View
Revolves, and to the preſent adds the paſt:
Eſſaying further to Futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have ſeen her often—

SCENE IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Za. See where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
Why, cruel *Oſmyn*, doſt thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire loſt?
But what is Loſs of Honour, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recompence reſerv'd for Love?
Why doſt thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
To find this Place of Horror and Obſcurity?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the Grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! Ungrateful *Oſmyn*.

Oſ. Ha, 'tis *Zara*.

Za. Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, loſt, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardleſs Suppliant, now, to *Oſmyn*.
The Slave, the Wretch that ſhe redeem'd from Death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on *Zara*.

Of. Far be the Guilt of ſuch Reproaches from me;
Loſt in myſelf, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I ſaw you not, 'till now.

Za. Now then you ſee me—
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs Eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

Of. What would you from a Wretch who came to mourn;
And only for his Sorrows choſe this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladneſs there.

Za. Inhuman! Why, why doſt thou wrack me thus?
And with Perverſeneſs, from the Purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this Houſe of Miſery?
What Joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to ſhare thy Griefs,
And give thee, for them, in Exchange, my Love.

Of. O that's the greateſt Grief—I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Za. Thou haſt a Heart, though 'tis a ſavage one;
Give it me as it is; I aſk no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion! ſcarce will't own that Name, ſo ſoon,
So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like
Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood aroſe,
And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy reſpiring Lips!

Of. O call not to my Mind what you have done;

It

It ſets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which ſhews me poor and Bankrupt ev'n in Hopes.
Za. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the cred'lous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinſman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Huſband
To this Invaſion; where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the Cauſe of all, then view thyſelf:
Reflect on *Oſmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the loſt, and now the Captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd—ſay, what then is *Oſmyn*?
Oſ. A fatal Wretch—a huge ſtupendous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.
Za. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratify the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to riſe, and reach
Our Wiſh; and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they've ſerv'd their End,
And are, like Lumber, to be left and ſcorn'd.
Oſ. Why was I made the Inſtrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?
Za. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;

In

In Chains unſeen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or ſtrain him as I pleaſe.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.
Of. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can beſtow. Set free yourſelf,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be ſo.
Za. Thou canſt not mean ſo poorly as thou talk'ſt.
Of. Alas, you know me not.
Za. Not who thou art:
But what, this laſt Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baſeneſs—Thou ſay'ſt true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
But ſomething ſo unworthy, and ſo vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more loſt,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
Traitor, Monſter, cold and perfidious Slave;
A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
'Tis that, I know; for thou doſt look, with Eyes
Sparkling Deſire, and trembling to poſſeſs.
I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
Doſt fear ſo much, thou dar'ſt not wiſh. The King!
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!
Sel. Madam, the King is here, and entring now.
Za. As I could wiſh; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the* KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

K. Why does the faireſt of her Kind withdraw
Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Diſorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Za.

Za. There, he; your Priſoner, and that was my Slave.

K. How? Better than my Hopes? Does ſhe accuſe him? [*Aſide.*

Za. Am I become ſo low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the Sport of Slaves?
And ſhall the Wretch, whom yeſter Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Preſume To-day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

K. Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hiſſing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Inſolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Priſons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.
[*Guards ſeize* Oſmyn.

Za. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his State,
Whoſe former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large; thence ſprung his Inſolence,
And what was Charity, he conſtru'd Love.

K. Enough; his Puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And ſpread like Roſes to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour ſhall roll in circling Joys,
And Love ſhall wing the tedious-waſting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

OSMYN *alone with a Paper.*

Os. BUT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Aſhes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for ſome Purpoſe points out theſe Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will ſhow.

If my Alphonſo—Ha! [Reading.
If my Alphonſo *live, reſtore him, Heav'n;*
Give me more Weight, cruſh my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Impriſonment and Want;
But bleſs my Son, viſit not him for me.

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r—yet more;

Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for myſelf, but him, hear me, All-gracious—

'Tis wanting what ſhou'd follow—*Heav'n* ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why ſhou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
His Voice, ſhutting the Gates of Pray'r againſt him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Acceſs
On high, and of good Men the very beſt
Is

This incident is a happy invention, & a mark of uncommon genius.

Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax Eternal Juſtice!
Yet I may think—I may, I muſt; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
Ere Reaſon can be born. Reaſon, the Pow'r
To gueſs at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by Turns,
Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
What Noiſe! Who's there? My Friend! How cam'ſt thou hither?

SCENE II.

OSMYN, HELI.

Heli. The Time's too precious to be ſpent in telling;
The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria*'s Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Oſ. How does *Almeria*? But I know, ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

Heli. You may; anon, at Midnight when the King
Is gone to Reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a Bridegroom's Right) ſhe'll come.

Oſ. She'll come! 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Priſon, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had ſhe never known, ſhe had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unwearied ſteps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with purſuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blaſted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverſe Winds; 'till late
At length, impriſon'd in ſome Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it reſts, and rots to ſilent Duſt.

Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate.

I've

I've learn'd there are Diſorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to ſhare the Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Uſe and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia*'s Frontiers;
Where many of your Subjects, long oppreſs'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impoſitions,
Are riſen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Rights and Liberty.
Of. By Heav'n thou'ſt rous'd me from my Lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my dead Father's Blood;
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raiſe, my Peoples Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; where is the King?
Where is *Alphonſo*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burſt the Strings of Life,
To break theſe Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty.
Off, Slavery. O curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would ſoar, and ſtoop at Victory beneath.
Heli. Our Poſture of Affairs, and ſcanty Time,
My Lord, require you ſhould compoſe yourſelf,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.
Zara, the Cauſe of your Reſtraint, may be
The Means of Liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety, to convey myſelf
Where not far off ſome Male-contents hold Council
Nightly, who hate this Tyrant; ſome, who love

Anſelmo's

Anſelmo's Memory, and will, for certain,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your Cauſe.
Oſ. My Friend and Counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.
Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Averſion.
Oſ. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would ſhew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
Such Sanctity, ſuch Tenderneſs, ſo mix'd
With Grief, as wou'd draw Tears from Inhumanity.
Heli. The Care of Providence ſure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, thoſe Bleſſings it with-held from him.
In that Aſſurance live; which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.
Oſ. Farewel,
My Friend; the Good thou doſt deſerve attend thee.

SCENE III.

OSMYN *alone.*

I've been to blame, and queſtion'd with Impiety
The Care of Heav'n. Not ſo my Father bore
More anxious Grief. This ſhou'd have better taught me:
This Leſſon, in ſome Hour of Inſpiration,
By him ſet down; when his pure Thoughts were borne,
Like Fumes of ſacred Incenſe, o'er the Clouds,
And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
Of Light, to the bright Source of all. For there
He in the Book of Preſcience ſaw this Day;

And

And waking to the World and mortal Senſe,
Left this Example of his Reſignation,
This his laſt Legacy to me, which, here,
I'll treaſure, as more worth than Diadems,
Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.

SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd.*

Oſ. What Brightneſs breaks upon me thus thro' Shades,
And promiſes a Day to this dark Dwelling?
Is it my Love?—

Za. O that thy Heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
Thy Tongue that Saying.

Oſ. Zara! I am betray'd.
By my Surprize.

Za. What, does my Face diſpleaſe thee?
That having ſeen it, thou doſt turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
If ſo, this ſable Curtain ſhall again
Be drawn, and I will ſtand before thee ſeeing,
And unſeen. Is it my Love? Aſk again
That Queſtion, ſpeak again in that ſoft Voice,
And look again with Wiſhes in thy Eyes.
O no, thou can'ſt not, for thou ſee'ſt me now,
As ſhe, whoſe ſavage Breaſt has been the Cauſe
Of theſe thy Wrongs; as ſhe, whoſe barbarous Rage
Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my Falſeneſs:
Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom ſhe lov'd?
No, no, it muſt be Hatred, dire Revenge,
And Deteſtation, that cou'd uſe thee thus.
So thou doſt think; then do but tell me ſo;
Tell me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
Thee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miſeries.

Oſ.

Of. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with ſo low a Mind,
As ſtill to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by ſecret Cauſes,
Has made per-force ſubſervient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Deſtiny and inauſpicious Stars
Have caſt me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.

Za. Canſt thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madneſs?
O, give that Madneſs yet a milder Name,
And call it Paſſion; then, be ſtill more kind,
And call that Paſſion Love.

Of. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you pleaſe, ſuch I will think it.

Za. O thou doſt wound me more with this thy Goodneſs,
Than e'er thou could'ſt with bittereſt Reproaches;
Thy Anger could not pierce thus to my Heart.

Of. Yet I could wiſh—

Za. Haſte me to know it: what?

Of. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Za. What Thing?

Of. This Slave.

Za. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; ſomewhat of high Concern,
Long faſhioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now juſt ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I ſo curs'd?

Of. Time may have ſtill one fated Hour to come,
Which, wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.

Za. Swift as Occaſion, I
Myſelf will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes paſt arriv'd, which ſeem'd
To ſhake the Temper of the King—Who knows

What

What racking Cares diſeaſe a Monarch's Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night ſtill lights his Lamp,
And ſtrikes his Rays thro' Duſk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Reſt, may ſtretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

Oſ. I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, ſhou'd my ſecret Purpoſe take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, ſuch Benefits.

Za. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already loſt. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements reſt,
Thou haſt the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Juſtice to return
My Love. Adieu.

SCENE V.

OSMYN *alone.*

This woman has a Soul
Of God-like Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in ſpite of me, my beſt
Eſteem; to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Of Perſonal Charms, or with leſs Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But ſhe has Paſſions which out-ſtrip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempeſts root
The Sea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the Truth,
Some ſwift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my Fears,
The Cauſe and Comfort of my boding Heart.

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

Oſ. My Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All!
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad Place?

How

∴ The language here is undoubtedly too pompous & laboured, for describing so simple a circumstance as absence of sleep.

How ſpeak to thee the Words of Joy and Tranſport?
How run into thy Arms, with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruiſe thy tender Body,
And ſtain thy Boſom with the Ruſt of theſe
Rude Irons! Muſt I meet thee thus *Almeria?*

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet
To part no more—Now we will part no more;
For theſe thy Chains, or Death, ſhall join us ever.

Of. Hard Means to ratify that Word!—O Cruelty!
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee
A Torture—yet, ſuch is the bleeding Anguiſh
Of my Heart, to ſee thy Sufferings—O Heav'n!
That I could almoſt turn my Eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my Sight.

Alm. O! ſay not ſo;
Tho' 'tis becauſe thou lov'ſt me. Do not ſay,
On any Terms, that thou doſt wiſh me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-ſlaking Thirſt.
Thus better, than for any Cauſe to part.
What doſt thou think? Look not ſo tenderly
Upon me—ſpeak, and take me in thy Arms—
Thou can'ſt not! thy poor, Arms are bound, and ſtrive
In vain with the remorſeleſs Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Fleſh, feſtring thy Limbs
With rankling Ruſt.

Of. Oh! O—

Alm. Give me that Sigh.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burſt, thy Eyes look red and ſtart;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

Of.

Of. For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound thy Breaſt
With ſuch a Dagger as then ſtuck my Heart.
Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou haſt felt it. Tell it me.
—Thou giv'ſt me pain with too much Tenderneſs!
Of. And thy exceſſive Love diſtracts my Senſe!
O wou'dſt thou be leſs killing, ſoft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his Darts againſt me.
Alm. Thou doſt me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart,
If there he ſhoot not ev'ry other Shaft:
Thy ſecond Self ſhou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe ſhou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife—
Of. O thou haſt ſearch'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That ſtrain my cracking Nerves; Engines and Wheels,
That Peace-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.
Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be ſo; if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, then kill me, daſh me with thy Chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the Boſom-Snake,
That ſucks thy warm Life-blood, and gnaws thy Heart?
O that thy Words had Force to break thoſe Bonds
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in ſunder;
So ſhou'dſt thou be at large from all Oppreſſion.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worſt?
Of. My all of Bliſs, my everlaſting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wiſhes,
Why doſt thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why doſt thou aſk? Why doſt thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy Sorrows have diſturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou doſt ſpeak of Miſeries impoſſible.

Alm.

Alm. Didſt thou not ſay, that Racks and Wheels
were Balm,
And Beds of Eaſe, to thinking me thy Wife?
Oſ. No, no; nor ſhou'd the ſubtleſt Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wiſh or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife—nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The ſacred Union of connubial Love
Yet unaccompliſh'd; his myſterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our hymeneal Torch
Yet lighted up his laſt moſt grateful Sacrifice;
But daſh'd with Rain from Eyes, and ſwail'd with Sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for ſuch Off'rings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes?
Is this our Marriage-bed! Are theſe our Joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extremeſt Ecſtaſy.
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Miſery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be ſo bleſs'd,
As to be wretched with thee.
Alm. No; not that
The extremeſt Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That ſtill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.
There we will foaſt, and ſmile on paſt Diſtreſs,
And hug, in ſcorn of it, our mutual Ruin.
Oſ. O thou doſt talk, my Love, as one reſolv'd,
Becauſe not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think on To-morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended Arms;
Think how my heart will heave, and Eyes will ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
Think how the Blood will ſtart, and Tears will guſh
To follow thee, my ſeparating Soul.

Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I ſmear theſe Walls with Blood, disfigure
And daſh my Face, and rive my clotted Hair.
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd Hands to ſcratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking Horror!

Oſ. Then *Garcia* ſhall lie panting on thy Boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy Charms;
And thou per-force muſt yield, and aid his Tranſport.
Hell! Hell! have I not Cauſe to rage and rave?
What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing Softneſs, ſinking Eaſe,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria!*
What do the Damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?

Alm. O, I am ſtruck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which ſhot into my Breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not—O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of inceſſant ſcalding Rain.

SCENE VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

Za. Somewhat of Weight to me requires his Freedom.
Dare you diſpute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majeſty one Moment to defer
Your Entring, 'till the Princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the noble Priſoner.

Za.

Za. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou!
Of. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my Life, with Speed—Alas, we're ſeen.
Speak of Compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say ſomewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If poſſible—
Alm.—I cannot ſpeak.
Of. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.
Za. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his Face; and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd—Death and Deſtruction!
How ſhall I ſearch into this Myſtery!
The blueſt Blaſt of peſtilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.
Of. This Charity to one unkown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria *as ſhe goes out.*
Diſtreſs'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Za. Damn'd, damn'd Diſſembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my Rage, and know the utmoſt Depth
Of this Deceiver—You ſeem much ſurpris'd.
Of. At your Return ſo ſoon and unexpected!
Za. And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too it ſeems.
Confuſion! yet I will contain myſelf.
You're grown a Favourite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſaucy and intruding—
Of.—Madam!
Za. I did not know the Princeſs' Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir—miſtake me not; you think

I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free: But ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Intereſt ſuperior.
Of. You do not come to mock my Miſeries?
Za. I do.
Of. I could at this Time ſpare your Mirth.
Za. I know thou cou'dſt; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What Miſeries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majeſty?
To have contending Queens, at Dead of Night,
Forſake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch, like Tapers, o'er your Hours of Reſt.
O Curſe! I cannot hold—
Of. Come, 'tis too much.
Za. Villain!
Of. How, Madam!
Za. Thou ſhalt die.
Of. I thank you.
Za. Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'dſt live.
Of. Then you may know for whom I'd die.
Za. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm—Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the ſlow Hand
Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of publick View.
Of. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my Pow'r.
Za. Who waits there? As you'll anſwer it, look, this Slave [*To the Guard.*
Attempt no Means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The publick Safety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee,
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe Injuſtice thou haſt done my Love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt Diſtreſs,

And

And all thoſe Ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman ſcorn'd.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

Za. THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy Stay:
Therefore require me not to aſk thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your Accuſation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Oſmyn*; but to that, freſh News
Is ſince arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Truſt,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Oſmyn*, and his Correſpondence
With them who firſt began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is ſign'd;
And Order given for publick Execution.

Za. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart ere *Oſmyn* die.

Sel. It needs not, for the King will ſtrait be here.
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the Life of *Oſmyn*.

Za. What ſhall I ſay? Invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the King, and ſave his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,

I am a Woman, and a Lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more Grief but to ſuppoſe his Death,
Than ſtill to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.
From my Deſpair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's Deſpair—it was Diſtruſt
Before; Diſtruſt will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Diſtruſt, both ſhort-liv'd Pains.
But in Deſpair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.
O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne—Deviſe the Means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

Sel. My Life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

Za. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or ſtop th' approaching Danger?

Sel. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyn*'s Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suſpicion of the Cauſe. Adviſe,
That Execution may be done in private.

Za. On what Pretence?

Sel. Your own Requeſt's enough.
However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cauſe to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyn*'s Int'reſt,
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his Way for an Eſcape.
The State of Things will count'nance all Suſpicions.
Then offer to the King to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant—and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

K. Bear to the Dungeon thoſe rebellious Slaves,
Th' ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And ſpend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to preſent Death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.
Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Oſmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conſpiracy.
K. Then be it ſo.
Stay, Soldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of thoſe who follow'd *Heli*.
Gonſ. None, Sir. Some Papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In *Roderigo*'s Houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if *Alphonſo*
Were ſtill alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their Courſe.
Of the ſame Nature divers Notes have been
Diſpers'd, t' amuſe the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour;
That being ſav'd upon the Coaſt of *Africk*,
He there diſclos'd himſelf to *Albucacim*,
And by a ſecret Compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the Way to this Invaſion;
While he himſelf, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raiſe this Tumult.
Za. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn* then *Alphonſo*!
O Heav'n! a thouſand Things occur at once
To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain Death for him, as ſure Deſpair

For me, if it be known—If not, what Hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt Baſeneſs, now
To yield him up—No, I will ſtill conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.
Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any Time, in *Albucacim*'s Court.
K. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome Hour of Buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our While of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the Day.
Za. You're too ſecure: The Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.
K. His Doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Za. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my Coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King;
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, that a triple League
Of ſtricteſt Friendſhip, was profeſs'd between
Alphonſo, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Oſmyn*.
K. Publick Report is ratified in this.
Za. And *Oſmyn*'s Death requir'd of ſtrong Neceſſity.
K. Give Order ſtrait that all the Pris'ners die.
Za. Forbear a Moment; ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private Ear, and this your Miniſter.
K. Let all except *Gonſalez* leave the Room.

SCENE

SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Za. I am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in Return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your Enemy, I have diſcover'd *Oſmyn*
His private Practice and Conſpiracy
Againſt your State: And fully to diſcharge
Myſelf of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue *Oſmyn* at the Place of Death.

K. Is Treaſon then ſo near us as our Guards!

Za. Moſt certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

K. What's to be done?

Za. That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my Train ſome Mutes,
A Preſent once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Seignior's* Court. Theſe, from their Infancy
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and ſhall
(As there the Cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle *Oſmyn.*

Gonſ. My Lord, the Queen adviſes well.

K. What Off'ring, or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great Services?
To caſt beneath your Feet the Crown you've ſav'd,
Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Za. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict Charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the Pris'ner, but ſuch Mutes as I
Shall ſend.

K. Who waits there?

SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

K. On your Life take heed,
That only *Zara*'s Mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.
Za. They and no other, not the Princeſs' ſelf.
Per. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd.
K. Retire.

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Gonſ. That Interdiction ſo particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence againſt the Princeſs,
Shou'd have more Meaning than appears barefac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not.—Your Majeſty ſure might have ſpar'd
That laſt Reſtraint; you hardly can ſuſpect
The Princeſs is conſed'rate with the *Moor*.
Za. I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far, to viſit him, at his Requeſt.
Gonſ. Ha!
K. How? She viſit *Oſmyn!* What, my Daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Za. And after did ſolicit you on his
Behalf.—
K. Never. You have been miſinform'd.
Za. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whiſper ſpread by ſome,
Who wiſh'd it ſo; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and inſtantly prepare
Inſtruction for my Miniſters of Death.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

Gonſ. There's ſomewhat yet of Myſtery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obſcure and double,
Sometimes concur, and ſometimes diſagree;
I like it not.

K. What doſt thou think, *Gonſalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this Fair one?

Gonſ. I am a little ſlow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*
Diſquiets her too much; which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends—I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her ſo?
I' th' Evening *Oſmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to releaſe him;
I'th' Morning he muſt die again; ere Noon
Her Mutes alone muſt ſtrangle him, or he'll
Eſcape. This put together ſuits not well.

K. Yet, that there's Truth in what ſhe has diſcover'd,
Is manifeſt from every Circumſtance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation—that *Alphonſo* lives,
Agrees expreſly too with her Report.

Gonſ. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealouſy, ſhe has diſcover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needleſs Caution of the Princeſs?
What if ſhe had ſeen *Oſmyn?* tho' 'twere ſtrange,
But if ſhe had, what was't to her? unleſs
She fear'd her ſtronger Charms might cauſe the *Moor*'s
Affection to revolt.

K. I thank thee, Friend,
There's Reaſon in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my Daughter ſaw this *Moor?*
Gonſ. If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſo's Friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his Account to ſee him.
K. Say'ſt thou? By Heaven thou haſt rouz'd a Thought,
That like a ſudden Earthquake ſhakes my Frame;
Confuſion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor.*
Gonſ. That were too hard a Thought—but ſee ſhe comes.
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyn*'s Death, as he's *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſolicit for him.

SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

K. Your coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your Attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have
[Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwollen and red-fleck'd Eyes, that look
As they that had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguiſh? Why this, on the Day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy Nuptials:
But that the Beams of Light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,
Nor ſhall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm.

Alm. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

K. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cauſe,
And look thou anſwer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falſhood.
Why art thou mute? baſe and degenerate Maid!

Gonſ. Dear Madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the King.

Alm. What is't to ſpeak? or wherefore ſhou'd I ſpeak?
What mean theſe Tears, but Grief unutterable?

K. They are the dumb Confeſſions of thy Mind;
They mean thy Guilt; and ſay thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd Conſpirators to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now can'ſt thou ſpeak?

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Boſom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to ſtream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compaſſion, take
Into thy Womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
—I have no Parent elſe—be thou a Mother,
And ſtep between me and the Curſe of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more a Father,
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes;
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

K. Riſe, I command thee riſe—and if thou woud'ſt
Acquit thyſelf of thoſe deteſted Names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed *Oſmyn*.

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
And free of all bad Purpoſes. So Heav'n's
My Witneſs.

The mind agitated by certain paſſions, is prone to bestow ſenſibility upon things inanimate. Here, for example, the Earth, as a common mother, is animated to give refuge against a father's unkindneſs. K. Vile

K. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? O Patience! hear—ſhe owns it!
Confeſſes it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all Pains and Tortures
That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am loſt—there Fate begins to wound.

K. Hear me, then; if thou canſt, reply; know, Traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Oſmyn* is.—

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have borne it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorſeleſs Rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender Fleſh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

K. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curſe—fly my juſt Rage with Speed;
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever Father curſe his kneeling Child!
Never: For always Bleſſings crown that Poſture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
Stooping to raiſe from Earth the filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Bleſſings, and paternal Love:
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth—

K. Be

K. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impreſſion thou haſt made remains.
Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor looſe this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.
K. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go.—Call her Attendants.
[Leonora *and Women return.*
Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Boſom,
I'll not let go 'till you have ſpar'd my Huſband.
K. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? Huſband! Huſband! Damnation!
What Huſband? which? who?
Alm. He, he is my Huſband.
K. Poiſon and Daggers! who?
Alm. O—— [*Faints.*
Conſ. Help, ſupport her.
Alm. Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll ſcrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And clothe their Nakedneſs with my own Fleſh;
Yes, I will ſtrip off Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Huſband
He ſhall be mine, ſtill and for ever mine.
K. What Huſband? who? whom doſt thou mean?
Conſ. She raves!
Alm. O that I did. *Oſmyn*, he is my Huſband.
K. Oſmyn!
Alm. Not *Oſmyn*, but *Alphonſo* is my dear
And wedded Huſband—Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witneſs.
K. Wilder than Winds or Waves thyſelf doſt rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too ſhou'd catch thy Madneſs.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe muſt mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.

Watch

Watch her returning Senſe, and bring me Word:
And look that ſhe attempt not on her Life.

SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants.*

Alm. O ſtay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were—He's gone.
Gonſ. Have Comfort.
Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be of Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move his Pity;
Curs'd theſe weak Hands that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſo*'s Death.
Gonſ. Your too-exceſſive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Senſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.
Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dſt alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.
Gonſ. Ha!
Alm. Why doſt thou ſtart? what doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonſo*'s Breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly Head glares by, all ſmear'd with Blood,
Gaſping as it wou'd ſpeak; and after, ſee!
Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
My Father's Voice! hollow it ſounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo*.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

GONSALEZ *alone.*

She's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd.
Oſmyn Alphonſo! no; ſhe over-rates
My Policy: I ne'er ſuſpected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her Miſtake.
Her Huſband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that ſhou'd deſcend on him,
To grace the Line of my Poſterity?
Hold, let me think—if I ſhould tell the King—
Things come to this Extremity? his Daughter
Wedded already—what if he ſhou'd yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what is paſt;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anſelmo's Race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be aſſur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To ſet him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
This ſubtle Woman will amuſe the King,
If I delay—'twill do—or better ſo.
One to my Wiſh. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Alon. The King expects your Lordſhip.
Gonſ. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'th' way at preſent, good *Alonzo*.
Alon. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay I have not ſeen you.
Gonſ. Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.

Yet

Yet ſtay, I would—but go; anon will ſerve—
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy Help.
I think thou wou'dſt not ſtop to do me Service.
Alon. I am your Creature.
Gonſ. Say thou art my Friend.
I've ſeen thy Sword do noble Execution.
Alon. All that it can your Lordſhip ſhall command.
Gonſ. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word.
Thou'ſt ſeen,
Among the Followers of the captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their Meaning known by Signs.
Alon. I have, my Lord.
Gonſ. Cou'dſt thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the Wearing-garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee ſuch Reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy Wiſh.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your Lordſhip?
Gonſ. At my Apartment. Uſe thy utmoſt Diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen—haſte, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt Obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia*'s Head.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

K. NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you, none? what, not the fa-
v'rite Eunuch?
Nor ſhe herſelf, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?
Per. None, my Lord.
K. Is *Oſmyn* ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?
Per. Faſt bound in double Chains, and at full
Length
He lies ſupine on Earth; with as much Eaſe
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As looſe the Rivets of his Bonds.
K. 'Tis well.
[*A Mute appears, and ſeeing the King retires.*
Ha! ſtop and ſeize that Mute; *Alonzo*, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Boſom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.
[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a Paper.*
Alon. O bloody Proof of obſtinate Fidelity!
K. What doſt thou mean?
Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the Man,
He ſnatch'd from out his Boſom this—and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy Haſte, at once to cram
The Morſel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew his Poniard from his Side,
And on the Inſtant plung'd it in his Breaſt.
K. Remove the Body thence ere *Zara* ſee it.
Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promiſe to *Gonſalez.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

KING, PEREZ.

Per. Whate'er it is, the King's Complexion turns.
K. How's this? My mortal Foe beneath my Roof!
[*Having read the Letter.*
O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury—Ha! who's there?
Per. My Lord.
K. Hence, Slave! how dar'ſt thou 'bide, to watch and pry
Into how poor a Thing a King deſcends;
How like thyſelf, when Paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to ſee me gorge this Bait,
And laſh againſt the Hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that *Osmyn* was *Alphonſo*, knew'ſt
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pander to their Meeting.
Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd—
K. Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where ſhe ſets down—*Still will I ſet thee free*—
[*Reading.*
That ſomewhere is repeated—*I have Power*
O'er them that are thy Guards—Mark that, thou Traitor.
Per. It was your Majeſty's Command, I ſhould Obey her Order.—
K. [*Reading.*] —*And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo—Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonſo!*
Falſe and perfidious *Zara!* Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softneſs, Pity and Compaſſion,

This

This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate within my Breaſt, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor—anſwer me, Slave.
Per. My Service has not merited thoſe Titles.
K. Dar'ſt thou reply? Take that—thy Service? thine? [*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Eaſe? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonſo*'s Heart.
Why doſt thou ſtart? Reſolve, or—
Per. —Sir, I will.
K. 'Tis well—that when ſhe comes to ſet him free,
His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorſe.
[Perez *going.*
—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Diſappointment:
When thou haſt ended him, bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the Sight.
I'll be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,
And laid along as he now lies ſupine,
I ſhall convict her to her Face of Falſhood.
When for *Alphonſo*'s ſhe ſhall take my Hand,
And breathe her Sighs upon my Lips for his,
Sudden I'll ſtart, and daſh her with her Guilt.
But ſee, ſhe comes; I'll ſhun th' Encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give Heed to my Direction.

SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM.

Za. The Mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His

× His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Wou'd, like the raging Dog-ſtar, ſcorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruin in its Courſe. Doſt think
He ſaw me?

Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and ſternly turn'd away.

Za. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.
Thy ſhallow Artifice begets Suſpicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly ſhades
The Face of thy Deſign; alone diſguiſing
What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen; imperfect Miſchief!
Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Haſt ſtung the Traveller; and, after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruſtling Leaves and bended Graſs
Confeſs, and point the Path which thou haſt crept.
O Fate of Fools! officious in Contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and loſt.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer
For my Defect; or that the Means which I
Devis'd to ſerve ſhould ruin your Deſign!
Preſcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs muſt fail: impute not as a Crime
My Nature's Want, but puniſh Nature in me;
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike;
I bare my Breaſt to meet your juſt Revenge.

Za. I have not Leiſure now to take ſo poor
A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on myſelf, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply

To

× A ſimile is improper for one who dreads the diſcovery of a ſecret machination.

To what I give in Charge; for I'm reſolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me inſtantly, with each a Bowl
Of ſuch Ingredients mix'd, as will with Speed
Benumn the living Faculties, and give
Moſt eaſy and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Oſmyn*, yes; be *Oſmyn* or *Alphonſo*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace myſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.

SCENE IV.

SCENE *opening ſhews the Priſon.*

GONSALEZ *alone, diſguis'd like a Mute, with a Dagger.*

Gonſ. Nor Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been buſy here.
There lies my Way, that Door too is unlock'd.
[*Looks in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps—all's dark within, ſave what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly Flame,
By Fits reveals—his Face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll ſteal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noiſe! Somebody coming? 'ſt, *Alonzo?*
No body? Sure he'll wait without—I wou'd
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and ſting him to the Heart:
Then caſt my Skin, and leave it there to anſwer it.
[*Goes in.*

SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

Gar. Where? where, *Alonzo?* where's my Father? where

The

The King? Confuſion! all is on the Rout!
All's loſt, all ruin'd by Surprize and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why doſt thou thus miſlead me?
Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a Moment ſince,
And cou'd not paſs me unperceiv'd—What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what, hoa! My Lord *Gonſalez!*

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

Gonſ. Perdition choak your Clamours—whence this Rudeneſs?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?
Gonſ. No matter—give me firſt to know the Cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd Exclamations.
Gar. The Eaſtern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of Slain that choak the Paſſage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unleſs
The King in Perſon animate our Men
Granada's loſt; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Poſtern fled, and join the Foe.
Gonſ. Wou'd all were falſe as that; for whom you call
The *Moor*, is dead. That *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*;
In whoſe Heart's Blood this Poniard yet is warm
Gar. Impoſſible; for *Oſmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonſo*.
Gonſ. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your eaſy Faith.
[Garcia *goes in.*
Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cauſe of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar.

Gar. [*returning.*] Ruin and Horror! O Heart-wounding Sight!

Conſ. What ſays my Son? what Ruin? ha? what Horror?

Gar. Blaſted my Eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my Tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This Deed—O dire Miſtake! O fatal Blow!
The King—

Conſ. Alon. The King!

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, ſee, attir'd like *Oſmyn*, where he lies.
[*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cauſe?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our Swords againſt
Ourſelves, and expiate with our own his Blood.

Conſ. O Wretch! O curs'd, and raſh, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have ſpilt my Royal Maſter's Blood,
Shou'd make Atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-Murder.

Conſ. O my Son! from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondneſs theſe Ills aroſe;
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While t'other bore the Crown (to wreath thy Brow)
Whoſe Weight has ſunk me ere I reach'd the Shore.

* The following Speech full of Imagery, is not natural in grief & dejection of mind.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
The Shrillneſs of that Shout ſpeaks 'em at Hand.
We have no Time to ſearch into the Cauſe
Of this ſurpriſing and moſt fatal Error.
What's to be done? the King's Death known, will ſtrike
The few remaining Soldiers with Deſpair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.
Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body;
Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*
Gonſ. They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes:
And in the mean Time fed with Expectation
To ſee the King in Perſon at their Head.
Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haſte; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Gonſ. What haſt thou done, *Alonzo?*
Alon. Such a Deed
As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the Crown of univerſal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
Or who can wound the Dead?—I've from the Body
Sever'd the Head, and in an obſcure Corner
Diſpos'd it, muffled in the Mute's Attire,
Leaving to View of them that enter next,
Alone the undiſtinguiſhable Trunk:
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the Guards
For *Oſmyn*, if in ſeeking for the King
They chance to find it.
Gonſ. 'Twas an Act of Horror;

And

And of a Piece with this Day's dire Miſdeeds.
But 'tis no Time to ponder or repent.
Haſte thee, *Alonzo*, haſte thee hence with Speed,
To aid my Son, I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to re-inforce his Arms: At leaſt,
I ſhall make good, and ſhelter his Retreat.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

Za. Silence and Solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the gloomy Ways and iron Doors
That hither lead, nor human Face nor Voice
Is ſeen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Senſe, when enter'd here; from Groans
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
And Craſh of ruſty Bars and creeking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was daſh'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghaſtly Executioners.
Yet more this Stilneſs terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cauſe of this my Errand
And Purpoſe, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has alſo wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death?—
Let 'em ſet down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonſo*
That I am here—ſo. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

SCENE IX.

ZARA *and Mutes.*

Za. What have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus, [*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*

With haggar'd Eyes? why are your Arms acroſs?
Your heavy and deſponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

[*They go to the Scene, which opening ſhe perceives the Body.*

Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! O—I'm loſt.
O *Oſmyn!* O *Alphonſo!* Cruel Fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepared to die, and ſee thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myſelf to give thee Death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Oſmyn*—
O this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous King!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

Sel. I've ſought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found—

Za. Get thee to Hell, and ſeek him there. [*Stabs him.*
His helliſh Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counſel.

Sel. You thought it better then—but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you ſent, by ſome Miſchance was ſeen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body ſtripp'd—
My Tongue faulters, and my Voice fails—I ſink—
Drink not the Poiſon—for *Alphonſo* is— [*Dies.*

Za. As thou art now—and I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain Remedy for that.
But oh, he dy'd, unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what Height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Inſenſible of this laſt Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal Part
Of Senſe; his Soul ſtill ſees, and knows each Purpoſe,
And fix'd Event of my perſiſting Faith.

Then,

Then, wherefore do I pauſe?—give me the Bowl.
[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliſs when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart.
Cold, cold; my Veins are Iſicles and Froſt.
I'll creep into his Boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe—or I ſhall chill his Breaſt,
And fright him from my Arms—See, ſee, he ſlides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark— [*Dies.*
[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

SCENE XI,

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, *&c.*

Alm. O let me ſeek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb, or Priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.
Leon. Heav'ns! what diſmal Scene
Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* ſlain!
Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dimm'd my Sight.
Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who ſeem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling Remorſe too late for what they've done.
But O forbear—lift up your Eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal Place,
Where Miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to ſtab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood—
Alm. O I foreknow, foreſee that Object.
Is it at laſt then ſo? Is he then dead?

What dead at laſt, quite, quite, for ever dead;
There, there I ſee him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds—O more than ſavage!
Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes that did this Deed?
Cou'd Eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
—I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All Things were well; and yet my Huſband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll ſluice this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent looſe.
—Thoſe Men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice deſign'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat—they ſhake
Their Heads, in ſign of Grief and Innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
I underſtand what Med'cine has been here.
O noble Thirſt! yet greedy, to drink all—
—Oh for another Draught of Death—What mean they?
[*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha! point again? 'Tis there, and full I hope.
Thanks to the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment—
Leon. O hold
For Mercy's ſake; upon my Knee I beg—
Alm. With thee the kneeling World ſhou'd beg in vain.
Seeſt thou not there? behold who proſtrate lies,
And pleads againſt thee? who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,
From his pale Lips; I'll kiſs him, ere I drink,
Leſt the rank Juice ſhou'd bliſter on my Mouth,
And ſtain the Colour of my laſt Adieu.
Horror!

∴ Almeria thinking this to be Alphonso's Body, expreſſes ſentiments ſtrain'd & artificial; which nature ſuggeſts not to any perſon upon ſuch an occaſion.

Horror! a headleſs Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
[*Coming nearer the Body, ſtarts and lets fall the Cup.*
But ſpouting Veins, and mangled Fleſh! O, oh!—

SCENE *the laſt.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *Priſoner, Guards and Attendants.*

Alph. Away, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and ſnatch her to my Heart.
Alm. Oh!—
Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving Senſe,
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties,
With the new-fluſhing Ardour of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips, pour the ſoft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinſpire thy Boſom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-ſhaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.
Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?
Alph. O may'ſt thou never dream of leſs Delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial Joys.
Alm. Give me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs,
Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight, againſt my Sight? and ſhall I truſt
That Senſe, which in one Inſtant ſhews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions, and affrighting Phantoms:
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Huſband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too ſhall have Compaſſion—
Alph. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be entirely bleſs'd. Ev'n now,
In this extremeſt Joy my Soul can taſte,

Yet am I daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep;
Thy Father fell, where he deſign'd my Death.
Gonſalez and *Alonzo*, both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their laſt Breath confeſs'd
The juſt Decree of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody Purpoſes.
Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhou'd be thus—
[*She weeps.*
Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.
Ill-fated *Zara!* Ha! a Cup? Alas!
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.
O *Garcia!*—
Whoſe Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
Seeſt thou, how juſt the Hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us who thro' our Innocence ſurvive,
Still in the Paths of Honour perſevere,
And not, from paſt or preſent Ills deſpair:
For Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princeſs, but in ſtatu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his ſour Grimaces.
To poiſon Plays, I ſee them where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like Ratſbane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Pariſh-ſearchers, hir'd
To tell of what Diſeaſe the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to ſpread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what Regret they'r ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the ſame End reſort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Reſpect,
Provided they've a Body to diſſect,
As Suſſex *Men, that dwell upon the Shoar,*
Look out when Storms ariſe, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That ſome well-laden Ship may ſtrike the Sands;
To whoſe rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:

So Criticks throng to ſee a new Play ſplit,
And thrive and proſper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from theſe Proſpects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cauſe.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex deſign'd.

F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion sculp

The Way of the World.

THE

WAY OF THE WORLD,

A

COMEDY.

Audire eſt Operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis— Hor. Sat. 2. l. 1.
—Metuat doti deprenſa.— ibid.

To the Right Honourable

RALPH

EARL of MONTAGUE, &c.

MY LORD,

WHETHER the World will arraign me of Vanity, or not, that I have preſumed to dedicate this Comedy to Your Lordſhip, I am yet in Doubt; though it may be it is ſome Degree of Vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any Time had the Honour of Your Lordſhip's Converſation, cannot be ſuppoſed to think very meanly of that which he would prefer to your Peruſal: Yet it were to incur the Imputation of too much Sufficiency, to pretend to ſuch a Merit as might abide the Teſt of Your Lordſhip's Cenſure.

Whatever Value may be wanting to this Play while it is mine, will be ſufficiently made up to it, when it is once become Your Lordſhip's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have over-rated it more by my

my Dedication, than Your Lordſhip will dignify it by Your Patronage.

That it ſucceeded on the Stage, was almoſt beyond my Expectation; for but little of it was prepared for that general Taſte which ſeems now to be predominant in the Palates of our Audience.

Thoſe Characters which are meant to be ridiculed in moſt of our Comedies, are of Fools ſo groſs, that, in my humble Opinion, they ſhould rather diſturb than divert the well-natured and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and inſtead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compaſſion.

This Reflection moved me to deſign ſome Characters, which ſhould appear ridiculous, not ſo much through a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as through an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the ſame time that it is affected, is alſo falſe. As there is ſome Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, ſo there is ſome Hazard which attends the Progreſs of its Succeſs upon the Stage: For many come to a Play, ſo over-charged with Criticiſm, that they very often let fly their Cenſure, when through their Raſhneſs they have miſtaken their Aim. This I had Occaſion lately to obſerve: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before ſome of theſe haſty Judges could find the Leiſure to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Character of a *Witwoud* and a *Truewit*.

I muſt beg Your Lordſhip's Pardon for this Digreſſion from the true Courſe of this Epiſtle; but that it may not ſeem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the Occaſion of it, in Part of that Excuſe of which I ſtand in need, for recommending

this Comedy to Your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordſhip, and the *Few* ſo qualified, that ſuch who write with Care and Pains can hope to be diſtinguiſhed: For the proſtituted Name of *Poet* promiſcuouſly levels all that bear it.

Terence, the moſt correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to aſſiſt him, at leaſt to ſupport him in his Reputation: And notwithſtanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than neceſſary.

The Purity of his Stile, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Juſtneſs of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of taſting: Some of the coarſeſt Strokes of *Plautus*, ſo ſeverely cenſured by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the Multitude; ſuch, who come with Expectation to laugh at the laſt Act of a Play, and are better entertained with two or three unſeaſonable Jeſts, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable*.

As *Terence* excelled in his Performances, ſo had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings; for he built moſt on the Foundations of *Menander*: His Plots were generally modelled, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander*; and *Menander* had no leſs Light in the Formation of his Characters, from the Obſervations of *Theophraſtus*, of whom he was a Diſciple; and *Theophraſtus* it is known was not only the Diſciple, but the immediate Succeſſor of *Ariſtotle*, the firſt and greateſt Judge of Poetry. Theſe were great Models to deſign by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* poſſeſſed, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Stile, and Juſtneſs of Manners, was not leſs conſiderable, from the Freedom of Converſation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greateſt

greateſt and moſt polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of ſuch a Converſation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happened in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gained a Turn of Stile, or Expreſſion more correct, or at leaſt more corrigible than in thoſe which I have formerly written, I muſt with equal Pride and Gratitude aſcribe it to the Honour of Your Lordſhip's admitting me into Your Converſation, and that of a Society where every body elſe was ſo well worthy of You, in Your Retirement laſt Summer from the Town; for it was immediately after that this Comedy was written. If I have failed in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were ſo many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there ſhould be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If I am not miſtaken, Poetry is almoſt the only Art, which has not yet laid Claim to Your Lordſhip's Patronage. Architecture and Painting, to the great Honour of our Country, have flouriſhed under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean Time, Poetry, the eldeſt Siſter of all Arts, and Parent of moſt, ſeems to have reſigned her Birth-right, by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordſhip; and by permitting others of a later Extraction to prepoſſeſs that Place in Your Eſteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is ſacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to addreſs to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection.

This received Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who conſecrate their Labours to great Men: But

But I could wiſh, at this Time, that this Addreſs were exempted from the common Pretence of all Dedications; and that as I can diſtinguiſh Your Lordſhip even among the moſt Deſerving, ſo this Offering might become remarkable by ſome particular Inſtance of Reſpect, which ſhould aſſure Your Lordſhip, that I am, with all due Senſe of Your extreme Worthineſs and Humanity,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

and moſt Obliged Humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

TO

TO

Mr. CONGREVE,

Occaſioned by his

COMEDY

CALLED THE

WAY OF THE WORLD.

WHEN Pleaſure's falling to the low Delight,
In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight;
No Senſe of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in diſtorted Geſture, Farce and Show:
How could, great Author, your aſpiring Mind
Dare to write only to the Few refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you purſue,
'Tis not in Congreve's *Power to pleaſe but few.*
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dreſs'd Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' ſenſeleſs they 're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a laviſh Portion fell
In ev'ry Way of Writing to excel.
Your Muſe Applauſe to Arabella *brings,*
In Notes as ſweet as Arabella *ſings.*
Whene'er you draw an undiſſembled Woe,
With ſweet Diſtreſs your rural Numbers flow.
Paſtora's *the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,*
Paſtora *ſtill the Echo of the Plain!*

Or if your Muſe deſcribe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman *falling from his Horſe;*
And her own William *glorious in the Strife,*
Beſtowing on the proſtrate Foe his Life:
You the great Act as gen'rouſly rehearſe,
And all the Engliſh *Fury 's in your Verſe.*
By your ſelected Scenes, and handſome Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjuſt Eſteem and fond Deſire,
And teach to ſcorn, what elſe we ſhould admire;
The juſt Impreſſion taught by you we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Play'r;
Whom ſtill that World unjuſtly diſeſteems,
Tho' he, alone, profeſſes what he ſeems:
But when your Muſe aſſumes her Tragick Part,
She conquers and ſhe reigns in ev'ry Heart;
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And gen'rous Pity 's all the Grief they know:
The Widow, who, impatient of Delay,
From the Town-joys muſt maſk it to the Play,
Joins with your Mourning Bride's *reſiſtleſs Moan,*
And weeps a Loſs ſhe ſlighted, when her own;
You give us Torment, and you give us Eaſe,
And vary our Afflictions as you pleaſe.
Is not a Heart ſo kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign;
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd yourſelf, to leave?
But 'tis the only Way you'll e'er deceive.
Then ſtill, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.

R. STEELE.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF thoſe few Fools, who with ill Stars are curſt,
Sure ſcribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worſt:
For they're a Sort of Fools which Fortune *makes,*
And after ſhe has made 'em Fools, forſakes.
With Nature's *Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Caſe,*
For Fortune *favours all her* Idiot-Race:
In her own Neſt the Cuckow-Eggs *we find,*
O'er which ſhe broods to hatch the Changling-Kind.
No Portion for her own ſhe has to ſpare,
So much ſhe doats on her adopted Care.
Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,
Suffer'd at firſt ſome trifling Stakes to win:
But what unequal Hazards do they run!
Each Time they write they venture all they've won:
The Squire that's butter'd ſtill, is ſure to be undone.
This Author, heretofore, has found your Favour,
But pleads no Merit from his paſt Behaviour.
To build on that might prove a vain Preſumption,
Shou'd Grants to Poets made, admit Reſumption:
And in Parnaſſus *he muſt loſe his Seat,*
If that be found a forfeited Eſtate.
He owns, with Toil, he wrought the following Scenes,
But if they're naught ne'er ſpare him for his Pains:
Damn him the more; have no Commiſeration
For Dulneſs on mature Deliberation.
He ſwears he'll not reſent one hiſs'd-off Scene,
Nor, like thoſe peeviſh Wits, his Play maintain,
Who, to aſſert their Senſe, your Taſte arraign.

Some

Plot we think he has, and ſome new Thought;
Humour too, no Farce; but that's a Fault.
e, he thinks, you ought not to expect;
'o reform'd a Town, who dares correct?
'eaſe, this Time, has been his ſole Pretence,
not inſtruct, leſt it ſhou'd give Offence.
'd he by Chance a Knave or Fool expoſe,
hurts none here, ſure here are none of thoſe.
ort, our Play ſhall (with your Leave to ſhew it)
you one Inſtance of a paſſive Poet,
to your Judgments yields all Reſignation;
ve or damn, after your own Diſcretion.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1774.

MEN.

Fainall, in Love with Mrs. *Marwood*,		Mr. *Reddiſh*
Mirabell, in Love with Mrs. *Millamant*,		Mr. *Jefferſon*
Witwoud, *Petulant*,	Followers of *Millamant*,	Mr. *King*, Mr. *Baddeley*
Sir *Wilful Witwoud*, half Brother to *Witwoud*, and Nephew to Lady *Wiſhfort* - - -		Mr. *Yates*
Waitwell, Servant to *Mirabell*,		Mr. *Parſons*

WOMEN.

Lady *Wiſhfort*, Enemy to *Mirabell*, for having falſly pretended Love to her,	Mrs. *Hopkins*
Mrs. *Millamant*, a fine Lady, Niece to Lady *Wiſhfort*, and loves *Mirabell*,	Mrs *Abington*
Mrs. *Marwood*, Friend to Mr. *Fainall*, and likes *Mirabell*,	Miſs *Younge*
Mrs. *Fainall*, Daughter to Lady *Wiſhfort*, and Wife to *Fainall*, formerly Friend to *Mirabell*,	Mrs. *Jefferſon*
Foible, Woman to Lady *Wiſhfort*,	Mrs. *Davies*
Mincing, Woman to Mrs. *Millamant*.	

Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

The Time equal to that of the Preſentation.

THE

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chocolate-houſe.

MIRABELL *and* FAINALL (*riſing from Cards.*) BETTY *waiting.*

Mir. YOU are a fortunate Man, Mr. *Fainall.*

Fain. Have we done?

Mir. What you pleaſe. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your Revenge another Time, when you are not ſo indifferent; you are thinking of ſomething elſe now, and play too negligently; the Coldneſs of a loſing Gameſter leſſens the Pleaſure of the Winter. I'd no more play with a Man that ſlighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalu'd the Loſs of her Reputation.

Mir. You have a Taſte extremely delicate, and are for refining on your Pleaſures.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why ſo reſerv'd? Something has put you out of Humour.

Mir. Not at all: I happen to be grave To-day; and you are gay: that's all.

Fain. Confeſs, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd laſt Night, after I left you; my fair Couſin has ſome Humours that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoic. What, ſome Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mir. Witwoud and *Petulant*; and what was worſe,

her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to ſum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wiſh-fort* came in—

Fain. O there it is then—She has a laſting Paſſion for you, and with Reaſon.—What, then my Wife was there?

Mir. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never ſaw before; ſeeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whiſper'd one another; then complain'd aloud of the Vapours, and after fell into a profound Silence.

Fain. They had a Mind to be rid of you.

Mir. For which Reaſon I reſolv'd not to ſtir. At laſt the good old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with an Invective againſt long Viſits. I would not have underſtood her, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I roſe, and with a conſtrain'd Smile told her, I thought Nothing was ſo eaſy as to know when a Viſit began to be troubleſome. She redden'd, and I withdrew without expecting her Reply.

Fain. You were to blame to reſent what ſhe ſpoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

Mir. She is more Miſtreſs of herſelf, than to be under the Neceſſity of ſuch a Reſignation.

Fain. What? tho' half her Fortune depends upon her marrying with my Lady's Approbation?

Mir. I was then in ſuch a Humour, that I ſhou'd have been better pleas'd if ſhe had been leſs diſcreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you. Laſt Night was one of their Cabal-nights; they have 'em three Times a Week, and meet, by Turns, at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's Inqueſt, to ſit upon the murder'd Reputations of the Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the male Sex ſhou'd be excepted; but ſomebody mov'd that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of

of the Community; upon which Motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd Members.

Mir. And who may have been the Foundreſs of this Sect? My Lady *Wiſhfort*, I warrant, who publiſhes her Deteſtation of Mankind; and full of the Vigour of fifty-five, declares for a Friend and *Rataſia*; and let Poſterity ſhift for itſelf, ſhe'll breed no more.

Fain. The Diſcovery of your ſham Addreſſes to her, to conceal your Love to her Niece, has provok'd this Separation: Had you diſſembled better, Things might have continu'd in the State of Nature.

Mir. I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reaſonable Conſcience; I proceeded to the very laſt Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and complement her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd ſo far, that I told her the malicious Town took Notice that ſhe was grown fat of a ſudden; and when ſhe lay-in of a Dropſy, perſuaded her ſhe was reported to be in Labour. The Devil's in't, if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unleſs a Man ſhou'd endeavour downright perſonally to debauch her; and that my Virtue forbade me. But for the Diſcovery of this Amour, I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. *Marwood.*

Fain. What ſhou'd provoke her to be your Enemy, unleſs ſhe has made you Advances, which you have ſlighted? Women do not eaſily forgive Omiſſions of that Nature.

Mir. She was always civil to me, 'till of late. I confeſs I am not one of thoſe Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Prejudice; and think that ſhe who does not refuſe 'em ev'ry Thing, can refuſe 'em Nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant Man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to ſatisfy a Lady's Longing; you have too much Generoſity, not to be

think ſo; and Complaiſance enough not to contradict him who ſhall tell her ſo.

Fain. For a paſſionate Lover, methinks you are a Man ſomewhat too diſcerning in the Failings of your Miſtreſs.

Mir. And for a diſcerning Man, ſomewhat too paſſionate a Lover; for I like her with all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are ſo natural, or ſo artful, that they become her; and thoſe Affectations which in another Woman wou'd be odious, ſerve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, ſhe once us'd me with that Inſolence, that in Revenge I took her to pieces; ſifted her, and ſeparated her Failings; I ſtudy'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was ſo large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other, to hate her heartily: To which End I ſo us'd myſelf to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Deſign and Expectation, they gave me ev'ry Hour leſs Diſturbance: 'till in a few Days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being diſpleas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all Probability in a little Time longer I ſhall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her Charms, as you are with her Defects, and my Life on't, you are your own Man again.

Mir. Say you ſo?

Fain. I, I, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and ſo forth.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] MESSENGER.

Meſſ. Is one 'Squire *Witwoud* here?

Betty. Yes; What's your Buſineſs?

Meſſ.

Meſſ. I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilfull*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

Betty. He's in the next Room, Friend—That Way.

SCENE V.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

Mir. What, is the chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilful Witwoud!*

Fain. He is expected To-day. Do you know him?

Mir. I have ſeen him, he promiſes to be an extraordinary Perſon; I think you have the Honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is Half-brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Siſter to my Lady *Wiſhfort*, my Wife's Mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you muſt call Couſins too.

Mir. I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to Town in order to equip himſelf for Travel.

Mir. For Travel! Why the Man that I mean is above Forty.

Fain. No Matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* ſhould know we have Blockheads of all Ages.

Mir. I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament to ſave the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

Fain. By no Means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little Loſs, than to be quite eaten up, with being overſtock'd.

Mir. Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-errant, and thoſe of the Squire his Brother, any Thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the Knight,

like a Medlar grafted on a Crab, one will melt in your Mouth, and t'other ſet your Teeth on Edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

Mir. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull* is an odd Mixture of Baſhfulneſs and Obſtinacy.—But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the Monſter in the Tempeſt; and much after the ſame manner. To give t'other his due; he has ſomething of Good-nature, and does not always want Wit.

Mir. Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his Common-place of Compariſons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and ſome few Scraps of other Folks Wit. He is one whoſe Converſation can never be approv'd, yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good Quality, he is not exceptious; for he ſo paſſionately affects the Reputation of underſtanding Raillery, that he will conſtrue an Affront into a Jeſt; and call downright Rudeneſs and ill Language Satire and Fire.

Fain. If you have a Mind to finiſh his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do it at full Length. Behold the Original.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] WITWOUD.

Witw. Afford me your Compaſſion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall*; *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mir. I do from my Soul.

Fain. Why, what's the Matter?

Witw. No Letters for me, *Betty?*

Betty. Did not a Meſſenger bring you one but now, Sir?

Witw. Ay, but no other?

Betty. No, Sir.

Witw.

Witw. That's hard, that's very hard;—A Meſſenger, a Mule, a Beaſt of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyrick in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verſes from one Poet to another. And what's worſe, 'tis as ſure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Mir. A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud!*

Witw. Ay, ay, my Half-brother. My Half-brother he is, no nearer, upon Honour.

Mir. Then 'tis poſſible he may be but half a Fool.

Witw. Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him;—*Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad, I ſay any Thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I ſhou'd aſk a Man of Pleaſure, and the Town, a Queſtion at once ſo foreign and domeſtick. But I talk like an old Maid at a Marriage, I don't know what I ſay: but ſhe's the beſt Woman in the World.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you ſay, or elſe your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Witw. No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall*. Your Judgment, *Mirabell?*

Mir. You had better ſtep and aſk his Wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd.

Witw. Mirabell.

Mir. Ay.

Witw. My Dear, I aſk ten thouſand Pardons;—Gad I have forgot what I was going to ſay to you.

Mir. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Witw. No, but pr'ythee excuſe me,—my Memory is ſuch a Memory.

Mir. Have a Care of ſuch Apologies, *Witwoud*;—for I never knew a Fool but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant?*

Witw. He's reckoning his Money—my Money it was—I have no Luck To-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at Play; —for you are ſure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune muſt be his of Courſe.

Mir. I don't find that *Petulant* confeſſes the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud.*

Witw. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates—*Petulant*'s my Friend, and a very pretty Fellow, and a very honeſt Fellow, and has a Smattering—Faith and Troth a pretty deal of an odd Sort of a ſmall Wit: Nay, I'll do him Juſtice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong him—And if he had any Judgment in the World,—he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

Fain. You don't take your Friend to be over-nicely bred.

Witw. No, no, hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I muſt own—No more Breeding than a Bumbaily, that I grant you—'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life.

Mir. What, Courage?

Witw. Hum, faith I don't know as to that. I can't ſay as to that.—Yes, faith, in a Controverſy he'll contradict any body.

Mir. Though 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

Witw. Well, well, he does not always think before he ſpeaks;—We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuſe him. —I can defend moſt of his Faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him—That indeed I cou'd wiſh were otherwiſe.

Mir. Ay marry, what's that, *Witwoud?*

Witw.

Witw. O pardon me—Expoſe the Infirmities of my Friend!—No, my Dear, excuſe me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's unſincere, or 'tis ſome ſuch Trifle.

Witw. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his Wit will excuſe that: A Wit ſhou'd no more be ſincere, than a Woman conſtant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mir. May be you think him too poſitive?

Witw. No, no, his being poſitive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Converſation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Witw. That! that's his Happineſs—His Want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to ſhew his natural Parts.

Mir. He wants Words.

Witw. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of Words gives me the Pleaſure very often to explain his Meaning.

Fain. He's impudent.

Witw. No, that's not it.

Mir. Vain.

Witw. No.

Mir. What, he ſpeaks unſeaſonable Truths ſometimes, becauſe he has not Wit enough to invent an Evaſion.

Witw. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no; ſince you will have it,—I mean, he never ſpeaks Truth at all,—That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] COACHMAN.

Coachm. Is Maſter *Petulant* here, Miſtreſs?

Betty. Yes.

Coachm. Three Gentlewomen in a Coach would ſpeak with him.

Fain. O brave *Petulant*, Three!

Betty. I'll tell him.

Coachm. You muſt bring Two Diſhes of Chocolate, and a Glaſs of Cinnamon-water.

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD.

Witw. That ſhould be for Two faſting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with the Wind. Now you may know what the Three are.

Mir. You are very free with your Friend's Acquaintance.

Witw. Ay, ay, Friendſhip without Freedom is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or Wine without Toaſting; but to tell you a Secret, theſe are Trulls whom he allows Coach-hire, and ſomething more by the Week, to call on him once a Day at publick Places.

Mir. How!

Witw. You ſhall ſee he won't go to 'em becauſe there's no more Company here to take notice of him—Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do;—Before he found out this Way, I have known him call for himſelf.—

Fain. Call for himſelf? What doſt thou mean?

Witw. Mean! why, he wou'd ſlip you out of this Chocolate-houſe, juſt when you had been talking to him—As ſoon as your Back was turn'd—Whip he was gone;—Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Maſk, ſlap into a Hackney-Coach, and drive hither to the Door again in a Trice! where he wou'd ſend in for himſelf, that I mean, call for himſelf, wait for himſelf, nay, and what's more, not finding himſelf, ſometimes leave a Letter for himſelf.

Mir. I confeſs this is ſomething extraordinary—

I be-

I believe he waits for himſelf now, he is ſo long a coming; O I aſk his Pardon.

SCENE IX.

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD, BETTY.

Betty. Sir, the Coach ſtays.

Pet. Well, well; I come—'Sbud a Man had as good be a profeſs'd Midwife, as a profeſs'd Whoremaſter, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all Hours, and in all Places. Pox on 'em, I won't come—D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come.—Let 'em ſnivel and cry their Hearts out.

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant.*

Pet. All's one, let it paſs—I have a Humour to be cruel.

Mir. I hope they are not Perſons of Condition that you uſe at this Rate.

Pet. Condition! Condition's a dry'd Fig, if I am not in Humour—By this Hand, if they were your—a—a—your What-d'ye-call-'ems themſelves, they muſt wait or rub off, if I want Appetite.

Mir. What-d'ye-call-'ems! What are they, *Witwoud?*

Witw. Empreſſes, my Dear—By your What-d'ye-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

Pet. Ay, *Roxolana's.*

Mir. Cry your Mercy.

Fain. Witwoud ſays they are—

Pet. What does he ſay th'are?—

Witw. I? fine Ladies, I ſay.

Pet. Paſs on, *Witwoud*—Harkee; by this Light, his Relations—Two Coheireſſes his Couſins, and an old Aunt, who loves Catterwauling better than a Conventicle.

Witw. Ha, ha, ha; I had a Mind to ſee how the Rogue

Rogue wou'd come off—Ha, ha, ha; Gad I can't be angry with him; if he had ſaid they were my Mother and my Siſters.

Mir. No!

Witw. No; the Rogue's Wit and Readineſs of Invention charm me. Dear *Petulant.*

Betty. They are gone, Sir, in great Anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps Complexion, ſaves Paint.

Fain. This Continence is all diſſembled; this is in order to have ſomething to brag of the next Time he makes Court to *Millamant*, and ſwear he has abandoned the whole Sex for her Sake.

Mir. Have you not left off your impudent Pretenſions there yet? I ſhall cut your Throat, ſome Time or other, *Petulant*, about that Buſineſs.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that paſs—There are other Throats to be cut—

Mir. Meaning mine, Sir?

Pet. Not I—I mean nobody—I know nothing.—But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World—And they may be Rivals—What then? All 's one for that—

Mir. How! Harkee *Petulant*, come hither—Explain, or I ſhall call your Interpreter.

Pet. Explain! I know nothing—Why, you have an Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wiſhfort*'s?

Mir. True.

Pet. Why that's enough—You and he are not Friends; and if he ſhou'd marry and have a Child, you may be diſinherited, ha?

Mir. Where haſt thou ſtumbled upon all this Truth?

Pet. All 's one for that; why then ſay I know ſomething.

Mir. Come, thou art an honeſt Fellow, *Petulant*, and ſhalt make Love to my Miſtreſs; thou ſha't, Faith. What haſt thou heard of my Uncle?

Pet.

Pet. I? nothing, I. If Throats are to be cut, let Swords claſh; Snug's the Word, I ſhrug and am ſilent.

Mir. O Raillery, Raillery. Come, I know thou art in the Womens Secrets—What you 're a Cabaliſt, I know you ſtay'd at *Millamant*'s laſt Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me? Tell me. If thou hadſt but Good-nature equal to thy Wit, *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is now thy Competitor in Fame, would ſhew as dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye by a Pearl of Orient; he wou'd no more be ſeen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the Sun: Come, I'm ſure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common Senſe then, for the future?

Mir. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that Heav'n may grant it thee in the mean Time.

Pet. Well, harkee.

Fain. Petulant and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover.

Witw. Pſhaw, pſhaw, that ſhe laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part—But that it is almoſt a Faſhion to admire her, I ſhould—Harkee—To tell you a Secret, but let it go no further—Between Friends, I ſhall never break my Heart for her.

Fain. How!

Witw. She 's handſome; but ſhe's a Sort of an uncertain Woman.

Fain. I thought you had dy'd for her.

Witw. Umh—No—

Fain. She has Wit.

Witw. 'Tis what ſhe will hardly allow any body elſe—Now, demme, I ſhou'd hate that, if ſhe were as handſome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not ſo ſure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think ſo?

Witw. We ſtay'd pretty late there laſt Night; and heard

heard ſomething of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to Town,—and is between him and the beſt Part of his Eſtate; *Mirabell* and he are at ſome Diſtance, as my Lady *Wiſhfort* has been told; and you know ſhe hates *Mirabell*, worſe than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a Fiſhmonger hates a hard Froſt. Whether this Uncle has ſeen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot ſay; but there were Items of ſuch a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it ſhou'd come to Life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in ſome ſort unfortunately fobb'd, i'faith.

Fain. 'Tis impoſſible *Millamant* ſhou'd hearken to it.

Witw. Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; ſhe's a Woman, and a Kind of a Humouriſt.

Mir. And this is the Sum of what you cou'd collect laſt Night.

Pet. The Quinteſſence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he ſtay'd longer—Beſides, they never mind him; they ſay any thing before him.

Mir. I thought you had been the greateſt Favourite.

Pet. Ay *tête à tête*; but not in publick, becauſe I make Remarks.

Mir. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, Man. Now he's ſoft, you know, they are not in Awe of him—The Fellow's well-bred, he's what you call a—What-d'ye-call-'em. A fine Gentleman, but he's ſilly withal.

Mir. I thank you. I know as much as my Curioſity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

Witw. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the Ladies talk'd of being there.

Mir. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your Brother Sir *Wilfull*'s Arrival.

Witw. No, no, he comes to his Aunt's, my Lady *Wiſhfort*; Pox on him, I ſhall be troubled with him too; what ſhall I do with the Fool?

Pet.

Pet. Beg him for his Eſtate, that I may beg you afterwards; and ſo have but one Trouble with you both.

Witw. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as Fire in a froſty Morning; thou ſhalt to the *Mall* with us; and we 'll be very ſevere.

Pet. Enough, I 'm in a Humour to be ſevere.

Mir. Are you? Pray then walk by yourſelves,—Let not us be acceſſary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance with your ſenſeleſs Ribaldry; which you roar out aloud as often as they paſs by you; and when you have made a handſome Woman bluſh, then you think you have been ſevere.

Pet. What, what? Then let 'em either ſhew their Innocence by not underſtanding what they hear, or elſe ſhew their Diſcretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to underſtand.

Mir. But haſt not thou then Senſe enough to know that thou ought'ſt to be moſt aſham'd thyſelf, when thou haſt put another out of Countenance?

Pet. Not I, by this Hand—I always take Bluſhing either for a Sign of Guilt, or ill Breeding.

Mir. I confeſs you ought to think ſo. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in Defence of your Practice.

Where Modeſty's Ill-manners, 'tis but fit
That Impudence and Malice paſs for Wit.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. JAMES'*s PARK.*

Mrs. FAINALL, *and Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Mrs. Fain. AY, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we muſt find the Means in ourſelves, and among ourſelves. Men are ever in Extremes; either doating, or averſe. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Senſe, their Jealouſies are inſupportable: And when they ceaſe to love, (we ought to think at leaſt) they loathe; they look upon us with Horror and Diſtaſte; they meet us like the Ghoſts of what we were, and as from ſuch, fly from us.

Mrs. *Mar.* True, 'tis an unhappy Circumſtance of Life, that Love ſhou'd ever die before us; and that the Man ſo often ſhou'd outlive the Lover. But ſay what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To paſs our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuſe the Sweets of Life becauſe they once muſt leave us, is as prepoſterous as to wiſh to have been born old, becauſe we one Day muſt be old. For my part, my Youth may wear and waſte, but it ſhall never ruſt in my Poſſeſſion.

Mrs. *Fain.* Then it ſeems you diſſemble an Averſion to Mankind, only in Compliance to my Mother's Humour.

Mrs. *Mar.* Certainly. To be free; I have no Taſte of thoſe inſipid dry Diſcourſes, with which our Sex of Force muſt entertain themſelves apart from Men. We may affect Endearments to each other, profeſs eternal Friendſhips, and ſeem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to perſevere. Love will reſume his Empire in our Breaſts, and every

every Heart, or ſoon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful Tyrant.

Mrs. *Fain.* Bleſs me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profeſs a Libertine.

Mrs. *Mar.* You ſee my Friendſhip by my Freedom. Come, be as ſincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. *Fain.* Never.

Mrs. *Mar.* You hate Mankind?

Mrs. *Fain.* Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. *Mar.* Your Huſband?

Mrs. *Fain.* Moſt tranſcendently; ay, tho' I ſay it, meritoriouſly.

Mrs. *Mar.* Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. *Fain.* There.

Mrs. *Mar.* I join with you; what I have ſaid has been to try you.

Mrs. *Fain.* Is it poſſible? Doſt thou hate thoſe Vipers, Men?

Mrs. *Mar.* I have done hating 'em, and am now come to deſpiſe 'em; the next Thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. *Fain.* There ſpoke the Spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthefilea.*

Mrs. *Mar.* And yet I am thinking ſometimes to carry my Averſion further.

Mrs. *Fain.* How?

Mrs. *Mar.* Faith, by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly ſenſible of ill Uſage, I think I ſhould do myſelf the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

Mrs. *Fain.* You wou'd not make him a Cuckold?

Mrs. *Mar.* No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. *Fain.* Why, had not you as good do it?

Mrs. *Mar.* O if he ſhou'd ever diſcover it, he wou'd then know the worſt, and be out of his Pain; but

but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealouſy.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ingenious Miſchief! Wou'd thou were married to *Mirabell.*

Mrs. *Mar.* Wou'd I were!

Mrs. *Fain.* You change Colour.

Mrs. *Mar.* Becauſe I hate him.

Mrs. *Fain.* So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what Reaſon have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. *Mar.* I never lov'd him; he is, and always was inſufferably proud.

Mrs. *Fain.* By the Reaſon you give for your Averſion, one wou'd think it diſſembled; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies muſt acquit him.

Mrs. *Mar.* O then it ſeems you are one of his favourable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. *Fain.* Do I? I think I am a little ſick o' the ſudden.

Mrs. *Mar.* What ails you?

Mrs. *Fain.* My Huſband. Don't you ſee him? He turn'd ſhort upon me unawares, and has almoſt overcome me.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] FAINALL *and* MIRABELL.

Mrs. *Mar.* Ha, ha, ha; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. *Fain.* For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My Dear.

Mrs. *Fain.* My Soul.

Fain. You don't look well To-day, Child.

Mrs. *Fain.* D'ye think ſo?

Mir.

Mir. He is the only Man that does, Madam.

Mrs. *Fain.* The only Man that wou'd tell me ſo at leaſt; and the only Man from whom I could hear it without Mortification.

Fain. O my Dear, I am ſatisfy'd of your Tenderneſs; I know you cannot reſent any Thing from me; eſpecially what is an Effect of my Concern.

Mrs. *Fain.* Mr. *Mirabell,* my Mother interrupted you in a pleaſant Relation laſt Night: I wou'd fain hear it out.

Mir. The Perſons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation.—I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be cenſorious.

Mrs. *Fain.* He has a Humour more prevailing than his Curioſity, and will willingly diſpenſe with the hearing of one ſcandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occaſion to make another by being ſeen to walk with his Wife. This Way, Mr. *Mirabell,* and I dare promiſe you will oblige us both.

SCENE III.

FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Fain. Excellent Creature! Well, ſure if I ſhou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I ſhould be a miſerable Man.

Mrs. *Mar.* Ay!

Fain. For having only that one Hope, the Accompliſhment of it, of Conſequence, muſt put an End to all my Hopes; and what a Wretch is he who muſt ſurvive his Hopes! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to ſit down and weep like *Alexander,* when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

Mrs. *Mar.* Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. *Mar.* Pray let us; I have a Reaſon.

Fain.

Fain. You are not jealous?

Mrs. *Mar.* Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. *Mar.* If I am, is it inconſiſtent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honour?

Fain. You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a Fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

Mrs. *Mar.* I think ſhe does not hate him to that Degree ſhe wou'd be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too inſenſible.

Mrs. *Mar.* It may be you are deceiv'd.

Fain. It may be ſo! I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. *Mar.* What?

Fain. That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are falſe.

Mrs. *Mar.* That I am falſe! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know I ſee through all your little Arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally diſſembled your Averſion. Your mutual Jealouſies of one another, have made you claſh, 'till you have both ſtruck Fire. I have ſeen the warm Confeſſion red'ning on your Cheeks, and ſparkling from your Eyes.

Mrs. *Mar.* You do me Wrong.

Fain. I do not—'Twas for my Eaſe to overſee and wilfully neglect the groſs Advances made him by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unſuſpected in my Pleaſures; and take you oftner to my Arms in full Security. But cou'd you think, becauſe the nodding Huſband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful Lover ſlept?

Mrs. *Mar.* And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell.*

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Tis falſe. I challenge you to ſhew an Inſtance that can confirm your groundleſs Accuſation. I hate him.

Fain.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is inſenſible, and your Reſentment follows his Neglect. An Inſtance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof: Your interpoſing in his Love. What Cauſe had you to make Diſcoveries of his pretended Paſſion? To undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obſtacle of his Match with *Millamant*?

Mrs. *Mar.* My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profeſs'd a Friendſhip to her; and could not ſee her eaſy Nature ſo abus'd by that Diſſembler.

Fain. What, was it Conſcience then? Profeſs'd a Friendſhip! O the pious Friendſhips of the female Sex!

Mrs. *Mar.* More tender, more ſincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether profeſſing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha; you are my Wife's Friend too.

Mrs. *Mar.* Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been falſe to her, through ſtrict Fidelity to you, and ſacrific'd my Friendſhip to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the Baſeneſs to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful of the Merit! To you it ſhou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, which ſhou'd lie buried in your Boſom?

Fain. You miſinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the ſlight Account you once cou'd make of ſtricteſt Ties, when ſet in Competition with your Love to me.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Tis falſe, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice—'Twas ſpoke in Scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your Guilt, not your Reſentment, begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a Jealouſy: But you are ſtung to find you are diſcover'd.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Mar.* It ſhall be all diſcover'd. You too ſhall be diſcover'd; be ſure you ſhall. I can but be expos'd—If I do it myſelf I ſhall prevent your Baſeneſs.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. *Mar.* Diſcloſe it to your Wife? own what has paſt between us.

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. *Mar.* By all my Wrongs I'll do't—I'll publiſh to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune: With both I truſted you, you Bankrupt in Honour, as indigent of Wealth.

Fain. Your Fame I have preſerv'd. Your Fortune has been beſtow'd as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleaſures which we both have ſhar'd. Yet, had not you been falſe, I had ere this repaid it—'Tis true—had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have ſtoll'n their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd beyond all Means of Reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune; which then wou'd have deſcended to my Wife;—And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and ſquander it on Love and you?

Mrs. *Mar.* Deceit, and frivolous Pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? What's Pretence? Am I not impriſon'd, fetter'd? Have I not a Wife? Nay a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handſome Widow; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and ſomething of a Conſtitution to buſtle thro' the Ways of Wedlock and this World. Will you be reconcil'd to Truth and me?

Mrs. *Mar.* Impoſſible. Truth and you are inconſiſtent—I hate you, and ſhall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. *Mar.* I loathe the Name of Love after ſuch

Uſage; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd aſperſe me, I ſcorn you moſt. Farewell.

Fain. Nay, we muſt not part thus.

Mrs. *Mar.* Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm ſorry.

Mrs. *Mar.* I care not—Let me go—Break my Hands, do—I'd leave 'em to get looſe.

Fain. I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here?

Mrs. *Mar.* Well, I have deſerv'd it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. *Mar.* Poor diſſembling!—O that—Well, it is not yet—

Fain. What? What is it not? What is not yet? Is it not yet too late—

Mrs. *Mar.* No, it is not yet too late—I have that Comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. *Mar.* But not to loathe, deteſt, abhor Mankind, myſelf and the whole treacherous World.

Fain. Nay, this is Extravagance—Come, I aſk your Pardon—No Tears—I was to blame. I cou'd not love you and be eaſy in my Doubts—Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you Wrong; and any Way, ev'ry Way will make Amends;—I'll hate my Wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all ſhe's worth, and we'll retire ſomewhere, any where, to another World. I'll marry thee—Be pacify'd—'Sdeath! they come, hide your Face, your Tears—You have a Maſk, wear it a Moment. This Way, this Way; be perſuaded.

SCENE III.

MIRABELL, *and Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. *Fain.* They are here yet.

Mir. They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. *Fain.* While I only hated my Huſband, I cou'd bear to ſee him; but ſince I have deſpis'd him, he's too offenſive.

Mir. O you ſhou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. *Fain.* Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiſcretion.

Mir. You ſhou'd have juſt ſo much Diſguſt for your Huſband, as may be ſufficient to make you reliſh your Lover.

Mrs. *Fain.* You have been the Cauſe that I have lov'd without Bounds; and wou'd you ſet Limits to that Averſion, of which you have been the Occaſion? Why did you make me marry this Man?

Mir. Why do we daily commit diſagreeable and dangerous Actions? To ſave that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of our Loves had produ'd that Conſequence, of which you were apprehenſive, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Huſband? I knew *Fainall* to be a Man laviſh of his Morals, an intereſted and profeſſing Friend, a falſe and a deſigning Lover; yet one whoſe Wit and outward fair Behaviour have gain'd a Reputation with the Town, enough to make that Woman ſtand excus'd, who has ſuffer'd herſelf to be won by his Addreſſes. A better Man ought not to have been ſacrific'd to the Occaſion; a worſe had not anſwer'd to the Purpoſe. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. *Fain.* I ought to ſtand in ſome Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell.*

Mir. In Juſtice to you, I have made you privy to my whole Deſign, and put it in your Pow'r to ruin or advance my Fortune.

Mrs. *Fain.* Whom have you inſtructed to repreſent your pretended Uncle?

Mir. Waitwell, my Servant.

Mrs. *Fain.* He is an humble Servant to *Foible* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Intereſt.

Mir.

Mir. Care is taken for that—She is won and worn by this Time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. *Fain.* Who?

Mir. *Wait-well* and *Foible.* I wou'd not tempt my Servant to betray me by truſting him too far. If your Mother, in hopes to ruin me, ſhou'd conſent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Moſca* in the *Fox*, ſtand upon Terms; ſo I made him ſure before-hand.

Mrs. *Fain.* So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will diſcover the Impoſture betimes; and releaſe her, by producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

Mir. Yes, upon Condition that ſhe conſent to my Marriage with her Niece, and ſurrender the Moiety of her Fortune in her Poſſeſſion.

Mrs. *Fain.* She talk'd laſt Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

Mir. That was by *Foible*'s Direction, and my Inſtruction, that ſhe might ſeem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. *Fain.* Well, I have an Opinion of your Succeſs; for I believe my Lady will do any Thing to get an Huſband; and when ſhe has this, which you have provided for her, I ſuppoſe ſhe will ſubmit to any Thing to get rid of him.

Mir. Yes, I think the good Lady would marry any Thing that reſembled a Man, though 'twere no more than what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. *Fain.* Female Frailty! We muſt all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a falſe Appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mir. An old Woman's Appetite is deprav'd like that of a Girl—'Tis the Green-ſickneſs of a ſecond Childhood; and like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, ſerves but to uſher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom.

Mrs. *Fain.* Here's your Miſtreſs.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, MINCING.

Mir. Here ſhe comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan ſpread and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders—Ha, no; I cry her Mercy.

Mrs. *Fain.* I ſee but one poor empty Sculler; and he tows her Woman after him.

Mir. You ſeem to be unattended, Madam.—You us'd to have the *Beau-monde* throng after you; and a Flock of gay fine Perukes hovering round you.

Witw. Like Moths about a Candle—I had like to have loſt my Compariſon for Want of Breath.

Mill. O I have deny'd myſelf Airs To-day. I have walk'd as faſt through the Croud—

Witw. As a Favourite juſt diſgraced; and with as few Followers.

Mill. Dear Mr. *Witwoud*, Truce with your Similitudes: For I am as ſick of 'em—

Witw. As a Phyſician of a good Air—I cannot help it, Madam, tho' 'tis againſt myſelf.

Mill. Yet again! *Mincing*, ſtand between me and his Wit.

Witw. Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a Skreen before a great Fire. I confeſs I do blaze To-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. *Fain.* But, dear *Millamant*, why were you ſo long?

Mill. Long! Lord, have I not made violent Haſte? I have aſk'd every living Thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new Faſhion.

Witw. Madam, Truce with your Similitudes—No, you met her Huſband, and did not aſk him for her.

Mir. By your Leave, *Witwoud*, that were like enquiring

quiring after an old Faſhion, to aſk a Huſband for his Wife.

Witw. Hum, a Hit, a Hit, a palpable Hit, I confeſs it.

Minc. You were dreſs'd before I came abroad.

Mill. Ay, that's true—O but then I had—*Mincing*, what had I? Why was I ſo long?

Minc. O Mem, your Laſhip ſtaid to peruſe a Pacquet of Letters.

Mill. O ay, Letters—I had Letters—I am perſecuted with Letters—I hate Letters—No Body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—They ſerve one to pin up one's Hair.

Witw. Is that the Way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters? I find I muſt keep Copies.

Mill. Only with thoſe in Verſe, Mr. *Witwoud.* I never pin up my Hair with Proſe. I think I try'd once, *Mincing.*

Minc. O Mem, I ſhall never forget it.

Mill. Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the Morning.

Minc. 'Till I had the Cramp in my Fingers, I'll vow, Mem. And all to no Purpoſe. But when your Laſhip pins it up with Poetry, it ſits ſo pleaſant the next Day as any Thing, and is ſo pure and ſo crips.

Witw. Indeed! ſo crips.

Minc. You're ſuch a Critick, Mr. *Witwoud.*

Mill. Mirabell, did you take Exceptions laſt Night? O ay, and went away—Now I think on't I'm angry—no, now I think on't I'm pleas'd—For I believe I gave you ſome Pain.

Mir. Does that pleaſe you?

Mill. Infinitely! I love to give Pain.

Mir. You wou'd affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of Pleaſing.

Mill. O I aſk your Pardon for that—One's Cruelty

is one's Power, and when one parts with one's Cruelty, one parts with one's Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mir. Ay, ay, ſuffer your Cruelty to ruin the Object of your Power, to deſtroy your Lover—And then how vain, how loſt a Thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handſome when you've loſt your Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Inſtant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he beſtows your Charms—Your Glaſs is all a Cheat. The Ugly and the Old, whom the Looking-glaſs mortifies, yet after Commendation can be flatter'd by it, and diſcover Beauties in it: For that reflects our Praiſes, rather than your Face.

Mill. O the Vanity of theſe Men! *Fainall*; d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handſome! Now you muſt know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handſome. Beauty the Lover's Gift!—Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why, one makes Lovers as faſt as one pleaſes, and they live as long as one pleaſes, and they die as ſoon as one pleaſes: And then if one pleaſes one makes more.

Witw. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making ſo many Card-matches.

Mill. One no more owes one's Beauty to a Lover, than one's Wit to an Echo: They can but reflect what we look and ſay; vain empty Things if we are are ſilent or unſeen, and want a Being.

Mir. Yet, to thoſe two vain empty Things, you owe two of the greateſt Pleaſures of your Life.

Mill. How ſo?

Mir. To your Lover you owe the Pleaſure of hearing yourſelves prais'd; and to an Echo the Pleaſure of hearing yourſelves talk.

Witw. But I know a Lady that loves Talking ſo inceſſantly, ſhe won't give an Echo fair Play; ſhe has that

that everlaſting Rotation of Tongue, that an Echo muſt wait 'till ſhe dies, before it can catch her laſt Words.

Mill. O Fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave theſe Men.

Mir. Draw off *Witwoud*. [*Aſide to Mrs.* Fainall.]

Mrs. *Fain.* Immediately. I have a Word or two for Mr, *Witwoud*.

SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

Mir. I wou'd beg a little private Audience too—You had the Tyranny to deny me laſt Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

Mill. You ſaw I was engag'd.

Mir. Unkind. You had the Leiſure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who viſit you from their exceſſive Idleneſs; beſtowing on your Eaſineſs that Time, which is the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you find Delight in ſuch Society? It is impoſſible they ſhou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it ſhou'd be to you as a Mortification; for ſure to pleaſe a Fool is ſome Degree of Folly.

Mill. I pleaſe myſelf—Beſides, ſometimes to converſe with Fools is for my Health.

Mir. Your Health! Is there a worſe Diſeaſe than the Converſation of Fools?

Mill. Yes, the Vapours; Fools are Phyſick for it, next to *Aſſa-fœtida*.

Mir. You are not in a Courſe of Fools?

Mill. Mirabell, if you perſiſt in this offenſive Freedom—you'll diſpleaſe me—I think I muſt reſolve, after all, not to have you—We ſhan't agree.

Mir. Not in our Phyſick, it may be.

Mill. And yet our Diſtemper in all Likelihood will

be the ſame; for we ſhall be ſick of one another. I ſhan't endure to be reprimanded, nor inſtructed; 'tis ſo dull to act always by Advice, and ſo tedious to be told of one's Faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell*—I 'm reſolv'd—I think—You may go—Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

Mir. I wou'd give ſomething that you did not know, I cou'd not help it.

Mill. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you ſay to me?

Mir. I ſay that a Man may as ſoon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honeſty, as win a Woman with Plain-dealing and Sincerity.

Mill. Sententious *Mirabell!* Pr'ythee don't look with that violent and inflexible wiſe Face, like *Solomon* at the Dividing of the Child in an old Tapeſtry Hanging.

Mir. You are merry, Madam; but I would perſuade you for a Moment to be ſerious.

Mill. What, with that Face? No, if you keep your Countenance, 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is ſomething very moving in a lovefick Face. Ha, ha, ha—Well I won't laugh, don't be peeviſh—Heigho! Now I 'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a Watch-light. Well *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me, woo me now—Nay, if you are ſo tedious, fare you well;—I ſee they are walking away.

Mir. Can you not find in the Variety of your Diſpoſition one Moment—

Mill. To hear you tell me *Foible*'s marry'd, and your Plot like to ſpeed—No.

Mir. But how you came to know it—

Mill. Without the Help of the Devil, you can't imagine; unleſs ſhe ſhould tell me herſelf. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to

conſider;

conſider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VI.

MIRABELL *alone.*

I have ſomething more—Gone—Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Caſe of more ſteady Contemplation; a very Tranquility of Mind and Manſion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not a more whimſical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point of the Compaſs to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion not Method is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wiſe from the Dictates of Reaſon, and yet perſevere to play the Fool by the Force of Inſtinct—O here come my Pair of Turtles.—What, billing ſo ſweetly! Is not *Valentine's* Day over with you yet?

SCENE VII.

[*To him*] WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

Mir. Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why ſure you think you were married for your own Recreation, and not for my Conveniency.

Wait. Your Pardon, Sir. With Submiſſion, we have indeed been ſolacing in lawful Delights; but ſtill with an Eye to Buſineſs, Sir. I have inſtructed her as well as I could. If ſhe can take your Directions as readily as my Inſtructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a proſperous Way.

Mir. Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible.*

Foi. O-las, Sir, I'm ſo aſham'd—I'm afraid my

Lady has been in a thouſand Inquietudes for me. But I proteſt, Sir, I made as much Haſte as I could.

Wait. That ſhe did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that ſhe did not make more.

Mir. That I believe.

Foi. But I told my Lady, as you inſtructed me, Sir, That I had a Proſpect of ſeeing Sir *Rowland* your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladyſhip's Picture in my Pocket to ſhew him; which I 'll be ſure to ſay has made him ſo enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lie at her Ladyſhip's Feet, and worſhip the Original.

Mir. Excellent *Foible!* Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

Wait. I think ſhe has profited, Sir; I think ſo.

Foi. You have ſeen Madam *Millamant*, Sir?

Mir. Yes.

Foi. I told her, Sir, becauſe I did not know that you might find an Opportunity; ſhe had ſo much Company laſt Night.

Mir. Your Diligence will merit more—In the mean Time. [*Gives Money.*

Foi. O dear Sir, your humble Servant.

Wait. Spouſe.

Mir. Stand off, Sir, not a Penny—Go on and proſper, *Foible*—The Leaſe ſhall be made good, and the Farm ſtock'd, if we ſucceed.

Foi. I don't queſtion your Generoſity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Succeſs. If you have no more Commands, Sir, I 'll be gone; I 'm ſure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dreſs 'till I come.—O dear, I 'm ſure that [*Looking out.*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a Maſk; if ſhe has ſeen me with you I 'm ſure ſhe 'll tell my Lady. I 'll make haſte home and prevent her. Your Servant, Sir. B'w'y *Waitwell.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

Wait. Sir *Rowland,* if you pleaſe. The Jade's ſo pert upon her Preferment ſhe forgets herſelf.

Mir. Come Sir, will you endeavour to forget yourſelf—and transform into Sir *Rowland.*

Wait. Why Sir; it will be impoſſible I ſhou'd remember myſelf—Married, knighted, and attended all in one Day! 'Tis enough to make any Man forget himſelf. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former Self; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell.* Nay, I ſhan't be quite the ſame *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember, I'm married, and can't be my own Man again.

Ay, there's my Grief; that's the ſad Change of Life,
To loſe my Title, and yet keep my Wife.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Wiſhfort's *Houſe.*

Lady WISHFORT *at her Toilet,* PEG *waiting.*

L. *Wiſh.* MErciful! no News of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* I have no more Patience—If I have not fretted myſelf 'till I am pale again, there's no Veracity in me. Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear, Sweet-heart? An errant Aſh-colour, as I'm

a Perſon. Look you how this Wench ſtirs! Why doſt thou not fetch me a little Red? Didſt thou not hear me, Mopus?

Peg. The red *Ratafia* does your Ladyſhip mean, or the Cherry-brandy?

L. *Wiſh.* *Ratifia*, Fool! No, Fool. Not the *Ratafia*, Fool—Grant me Patience! I mean the *Spaniſh* Paper, Ideot; Complexion. Darling Paint, Paint, Paint; doſt thou underſtand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee? Why doſt thou not ſtir, Puppet? thou wooden Thing upon Wires.

Peg. Lord, Madam, your Ladyſhip is ſo impatient—cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carried the Key with her.

L. *Wiſh.* Pox take you both—Fetch me the Cherry-brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady WISHFORT.

I 'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmſick* the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding—Wench; come, come, Wench, what art thou doing? Sipping? Taſting? Save thee, doſt thou not know the Bottle?

SCENE III.

Lady WISHFORT, PEG *with a Bottle and China Cup.*

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a Cup.

L. *Wiſh.* A Cup, ſave thee, and what a Cup haſt thou brought! Doſt thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *Acorn*? Why didſt thou not bring thy Thimble? Haſt thou ne'er a Braſs Thimble clinking in thy Pocket with a Bit of Nutmeg? I warrant

warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.—So—again. See who that is— [*One knocks.*] Set down the Bottle firſt. Here, here, under the Table—What, wou'dſt thou go with the Bottle in thy Hand, like a Tapſter. As I'm a Perſon, this Wench has liv'd in an Inn upon the Road, before ſhe came to me, like *Maritornes* the *Aſturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No Madam, Mrs. *Marwood.*

L. *Wiſh.* O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in, good *Marwood.*

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Mrs. *Mar.* I'm ſurpriz'd to find your Ladyſhip in *diſhabillé* at this Time of Day.

L. *Wiſh. Foible*'s a loſt Thing; has been abroad ſince Morning, and never heard of ſince.

Mrs. *Mar.* I ſaw her but now, as I came maſk'd thro' the Park, in Conference with *Mirabell.*

L. *Wiſh.* With *Mirabell!* You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning that Traitor. She durſt not have the Confidence. I ſent her to negotiate an Affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. *Mar.* O Madam, you cannot ſuſpect Mrs. *Foible*'s Integrity.

L. *Wiſh.* O, he carries Poiſon in his Tongue that wou'd corrupt Integrity itſelf. If ſhe has given him an Opportunity, ſhe has as good as put her Integrity into his Hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity to an Opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—Dear Friend retire into my Cloſet, that I may examine her with more Freedom—You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you—There are Books over the

Chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan*'s Works, to entertain you—Go, you Thing, and ſend her in. [*To* Peg.

SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

L. *Wiſh.* O *Foible*, where haſt thou been? what haſt thou been doing?

Foi. Madam, I have ſeen the Party.

L. *Wiſh.* But what haſt thou done?

Foi. Nay, 'tis your Ladyſhip has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man ſo enamour'd—ſo tranſported! Well, if worſhiping of Pictures be a Sin—Poor Sir *Rowland*, I ſay.

L. *Wiſh.* The Miniature has been counted like—But haſt thou not betray'd me, *Foible?* Haſt thou not detected me to that faithleſs *Mirabell?*—What hadſt thou to do with him in the Park? Anſwer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foi. So, the Devil has been before-hand with me; what ſhall I ſay?—Alas, Madam, could I help it, if I met that confident Thing? Was I in Fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladyſhip's Account, I'm ſure you wou'd not ſuſpect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worſt, I cou'd have borne: But he had a Fling at your Ladyſhip too; and then I could not hold: But i'faith I gave him his own.

L. *Wiſh.* Me! What did the filthy Fellow ſay?

Foi. O Madam; 'tis a Shame to ſay what he ſaid—With his Taunts and his Fleers, toſſing up his Noſe. Humh (ſays he) what you are a hatching ſome Plot (ſays he) you are ſo early abroad, or catering (ſays he) ferreting for ſome diſbanded Officer, I warrant—Half-pay is but thin Subſiſtence (ſays he)—Well, what Penſion does your Lady propoſe?

poſe? Let me ſee (ſays he); what, ſhe muſt come down pretty deep now, ſhe's ſuperannuated (ſays he) and—

L. *Wiſh.* Odds my Life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poiſon'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poiſon'd in his Wine. I'll ſend for *Robin* from *Locket*'s—immediately.

Foi. Poiſon him! Poiſoning's too good for him. Starve him, Madam, ſtarve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him diſinherited. O you wou'd bleſs yourſelf, to hear what he ſaid.

L. *Wiſh.* A Villain! ſuperannuated!

Foi. Humh (ſays he) I hear you are laying Deſigns againſt me too (ſays he) and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my Uncle; (he does not ſuſpect a Word of your Ladyſhip;) but (ſays he) I'll fit you for that. I warrant you (ſays he) I'll hamper you for that (ſays he) you and your old Frippery too (ſays he) I'll handle you—

L. *Wiſh.* Audacious Villain! handle me; wou'd he durſt—Frippery! old Frippery! Was there ever ſuch a foul-mouth'd Fellow? I'll be marry'd To-morrow, I'll be contracted To-night.

Foi. The ſooner the better, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* Will Sir *Rowland* be here, ſay'ſt thou? when, *Foible?*

Foi. Incontinently, Madam. No new Sheriff's Wife expects the Return of her Huſband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir *Rowland* burns for the dear Hour of kiſſing your Ladyſhip's Hand after Dinner.

L. *Wiſh.* Frippery! ſuperannuated Frippery! I'll frippery the Villain; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags: A Tatterdemallion—I hope to ſee him hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Pent-houſe, or a Gibbet Thief. A ſlander-mouth'd Railer: I warrant the ſpendthrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the

Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-Day. I'll ſpoil his Credit with his Taylor. Yes, he ſhall have my Niece with her Fortune, he ſhall.

Foi. He! I hope to ſee him lodge in *Ludgate* firſt, and angle into *Black-Eryars* for Braſs Farthings, with an old Mitten.

L. *Wiſh.* Ay dear *Foible.*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible.* He has put me out of all Patience. I ſhall never recompoſe my Features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me, that I am abſolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible.*

Foi. Your Ladyſhip has frown'd a little too raſhly, indeed Madam. There are ſome Cracks diſcernible in the white Varniſh.

L. *Wiſh.* Let me ſee the Glaſs—Cracks, ſay'ſt thou? Why I am arrantly flay'd—I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou muſt repair me, *Foible,* before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I ſhall never keep up to my Picture.

Foi. I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you; and now a little of the ſame Art muſt make you like your Picture. Your Picture muſt ſit for you, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* But art thou ſure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? Or will he not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, *Foible,* and puſh? For if he ſhou'd not be importunate—I ſhall never break Decorums—I ſhall die with Confuſion, if I am forc'd to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I ſhall ſwoon if he ſhou'd expect Advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Neceſſity of breaking her Forms. I won't be too coy neither.—I won't give him Deſpair—But a little Diſdain is not amiſs; a little Scorn is alluring.

Foi. A little Scorn becomes your Ladyſhip.

L. *Wiſh.* Yes, but Tenderneſs becomes me beſt—A Sort of a Dyingneſs—You ſee that Picture has a Sort

Sort of a—Ha *Foible?* A Swimmingneſs in the Eyes —Yes, I'll look ſo—My Niece affects it; but ſhe wants Features. Is Sir *Rowland* handſome? Let my Toilet be remov'd—I'll dreſs above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handſome? Don't anſwer me. I won't know: I'll be ſurpriz'd; I'll be taken by Surprize.

Foi. By Storm, Madam. Sir *Rowland*'s a briſk Man.

L. *Wiſh.* Is he! O then he'll importune, if he's a briſk Man. I ſhall ſave Decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal Terror at the Apprehenſion of offending againſt Decorums. O I'm glad he is a briſk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible.*

SCENE VI.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. *Fain.* O *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, leſt I ſhou'd come too late. That Devil, *Marwood*, ſaw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will diſcover it to my Lady.

Foi. Diſcover what, Madam?

Mrs. *Fain.* Nay, nay, put not on that ſtrange Face. I am privy to the whole Deſign, and know that *Waitwell*, to whom thou wert this Morning marry'd, is to perſonate *Mirabell*'s Uncle, and as ſuch, winning my Lady, to involve her in thoſe Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only muſt releaſe her, by his making his Conditions to have my Couſin and her Fortune left to her own Diſpoſal.

Foi. O dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladyſhip that was deficient; but I thought the former good Correſpondence between your Ladyſhip and Mr. *Mirabell* might have hinder'd his communicating this Secret.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fain.* Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Fol. O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is ſuch a ſweet winning Gentleman—But your Ladyſhip is the Pattern of Generoſity.—Sweet Lady, to be ſo good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chuſe but be grateful. I find your Ladyſhip has his Heart ſtill. Now, Madam, I can ſafely tell your Ladyſhip our Succeſs. Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I manag'd myſelf. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is ſo incens'd, that ſhe 'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* To-night, ſhe ſays;—I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for aſking for, as they ſay of a *Welſh* Maidenhead.

Mrs. *Fain.* O rare *Foible!*

Foi. Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Succeſs. I would be ſeen as little as poſſible to ſpeak to him—beſides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me—She has a Month's Mind; but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.—[*Calls.*] *John*—remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is ſo impatient, I fear ſhe 'll come for me, if I ſtay.

Mrs. *Fain.* I'll go with you up the Back-ſtairs, leſt I ſhou'd meet her.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. MARWOOD *alone.*

Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a Go-between of this Importance? Yes, I ſhall watch you. Why this Wench is the *Paſs-partout*, a very Maſter-key to every body's ſtrong Box. My Friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it ſo ſwimmingly? I thought there was ſomething in it; but it ſeems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from

from a Want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit: elſe you could never be ſo cool to fall from a Principal to be an Aſſiſtant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generoſity, that I confeſs. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your Match.—O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Aſs: If I were a Painter, I would draw him like an Ideot, a Driveler with a Bib and Bells. Man ſhou'd have his Head and Horns, and Woman the reſt of him. Poor ſimple Fiend! Madam *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her—'Twere better for him you had not been his Confeſſor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counſel cloſer. I ſhall not prove another Pattern of Generoſity—he has not oblig'd me to that with thoſe Exceſſes of himſelf; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymiſt upon the Day of Projection.

SCENE VIII.

[*To her*] *Lady* WISHFORT.

L. *Wiſh.* O dear *Marwood*, what ſhall I ſay for this rude Forgetfulneſs—But my dear Friend is all Goodneſs.

Mrs. *Mar.* No Apologies, dear Madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

L. *Wiſh.* As I'm a Perſon I am in a very Chaos to think I ſhou'd ſo forget myſelf—But I have ſuch an Olio of Affairs, really I know not what to do—[*Calls*]—*Foible*—I expect my Nephew Sir *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too:—Why *Foible*—He means to travel for Improvement.

Mrs. *Mar.* Methinks Sir *Wilfull* ſhou'd rather think of Marrying than Travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

L. *Wiſh.*

L. *Wiſh.* O he's in leſs Danger of being ſpoil'd by his Travels—I am againſt my Nephew's marrying too young. It will be Time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd Diſcretion to chuſe for himſelf.

Mrs. *Mar.* Methinks Mrs. *Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very uſual with young Gentlemen.

L. *Wiſh.* I promiſe you I have thought on't—And ſince 'tis your Judgment, I'll think on't again. I aſſure you I will; I value your Judgment extremely. On my Word I'll propoſe it.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] FOIBLE.

L. *Wiſh.* Come, come *Foible*—I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner—I muſt make haſte.

Foi. Mr. *Witwoud* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladyſhip.

L. *Wiſh.* O dear, I can't appear 'till I am dreſs'd. Dear *Marwood* ſhall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable Haſte. Dear Friend, excuſe me.

SCENE X.

Mrs. MARWOOD, *Mrs.* MILLAMANT, MINCING.

Mill. Sure never any thing was ſo unbred as that odious Man.—*Marwood*, your Servant.

Mrs. *Mar.* You have a Colour, what's the Matter?

Mill. That horrid Fellow, *Petulant*, has provok'd me into a Flame—I have broke my Fan—*Mincing*, lend me yours.—Is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

Mrs. *Mar.* No. What has he done?

Mill.

Mill. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has ſaid nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry thing that has been ſaid. For my part, I thought *Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

Min. I vow Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fit.

Mill. Well, 'tis a lamentable Thing, I ſwear, that one has not the Liberty of chuſing one's Acquaintance as one does one's Cloaths.

Mrs. *Mar.* If we had that Liberty, we ſhou'd be as weary of one Set of Acquaintance, tho' never ſo good, as we are of one Suit, tho' never ſo fine. A Fool and a *Doily* Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Variety.

Mill. I could conſent to wear 'em, if they wou'd wear alike; but Fools never wear out—They are ſuch *Drap-de-berry* Things! Without one cou'd give 'em to one's Chambermaid after a Day or two.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Twere better ſo indeed. Or what think you of the Play-houſe? A fine gay gloſſy Fool ſhou'd be given there, like a new Maſking-habit after the Maſquerade is over, and we have done with the Diſguiſe. For a Fool's Viſit is always a Diſguiſe; and never admitted by a Woman of Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Senſe. If you wou'd but appear barefac'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as eaſily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your Hood and Scarf. And indeed 'tis Time, for the Town has found it: The Secret is grown too big for the Pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly*'s great Belly; ſhe may lace it down before, but it burniſhes on her Hips. Indeed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammel* can her Face, that goodly Face, which in Defiance of her Rheniſh-Wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Maſk.

Mill. I'll take my Death, *Marwood*, you are more cenſorious than a decay'd Beauty, or a diſcarded Toaſt.

Toaſt. *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dreſſing here; their Folly is leſs provoking than your Malice.

SCENE XI.

MILLAMANT, MARWOOD.

Mill. The Town has found it! What has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you diſcover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reaſon why you diſcover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. *Mar.* You are nettled.

Mill. You're miſtaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. *Mar.* Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Fan, if you don't mitigate thoſe violent Airs.

Mill O ſilly! Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh immoderately. Poor *Mirabell!* His Conſtancy to me has quite deſtroy'd his Complaiſance for all the World beſide. I ſwear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be ſo coy—If I had the Vanity to think he wou'd obey me, I wou'd command him to ſhew more Gallantry—'Tis hardly well-bred to be ſo particular on one Hand, and ſo inſenſible on the other. But I deſpair to prevail, and ſo let him follow his own Way. Ha, ha, ha. Pardon me, dear Creature, I muſt laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Mar.* What Pity 'tis, ſo much fine Raillery, and deliver'd with ſo ſignificant Geſture, ſhou'd be ſo unhappily directed to miſcarry.

Mill. Hæ? Dear Creature I aſk your Pardon—I ſwear I did not mind you.

Mrs. *Mar.* Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think a Thing impoſſible, when I ſhall tell him by telling you—

Mill. O dear, what? for it is the ſame Thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Mar.* That I deteſt him, hate him, Madam.

Mill. O Madam, why ſo do I—And yet the Creature loves me; ha, ha, ha. How can one forbear laughing to think of it—I am a Sybil if I am not amaz'd to think what he can ſee in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handſomer—and within a Year or two as young—If you cou'd but ſtay for me, I ſhou'd overtake you—But that cannot be—Well, that Thought makes me melancholic—Now I'll be ſad.

Mrs. *Mar.* Your merry Note may be chang'd ſooner than you think.

Mill. D'ye ſay ſo? Then I'm reſolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] MINCING.

Minc. The Gentlemen ſtay but to comb, Madam; and will wait on you.

Mill. Deſire Mrs. ——, that is in the next Room to ſing the Song I wou'd have learnt Yeſterday. You ſhall hear it, Madam—Not that there's any great Matter in it—But 'tis agreeable to my Humour.

SONG.

Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A ſickly Flame, which if not fed expires;
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming Fires.

II.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties ſigh'd in vain.

Then

III.

Then I alone the Conqueſt prize,
When I inſult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I ſee
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] PETULANT, WITWOUD.

Mill. Is your Animoſity compos'd, Gentlemen?

Witw. Rallery, Rallery, Madam, we have no Animoſity—We hit off a little Wit now and then, but no Animoſity—The Falling-out of Wits is like the Falling-out of Lovers—We agree in the main, like Treble and Baſe. Ha, *Petulant!*

Pet. Ay in the main—But when I have a Humour to contradict—

Witw. Ay, when he has a Humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contradict one another like two Battledores; for Contradictions beget one another like *Jews.*

Pet. If he ſays Black's Black—If I have a Humour to ſay 'tis Blue—Let that paſs—All's one for that. If I have a Humour to prove it, it muſt be granted.

Witw. Not poſitively muſt—But it may—it may.

Pet. Yes, it poſitively muſt, upon Proof poſitive.

Pet. Ay, upon Proof poſitive it muſt; but upon Proof preſumptive it only may. That's a logical Diſtinction now, Madam.

Mrs. *Mar.* I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one Thing, and Learning's another; but a Debate's a Debate, that I aſſert.

Witw. Petulant's an Enemy to Learning; he relies altogether on his Parts.

Pet.

Pet. No, I'm no Enemy to Learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. *Mar.* That's a Sign indeed its no Enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, it's no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

Mill. Well, an illiterate Man's my Averſion. I wonder at the Impudence of an illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

Witw. That I confeſs I wonder at too.

Mill. Ah! to marry an Ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

Pet. Why ſhould a Man be any further from being marry'd tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The Ordinary's paid for ſetting the *Pſalm*, and the Pariſh Prieſt for reading the Ceremony. And for the reſt which is to follow in both Caſes, a Man may do it without Book—So all's one for that.

Mill. D'ye hear the Creature? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone.

SCENE XIV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD *in a Riding-dreſs*, *Mrs.* MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOOTMAN.

Wit. In the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Tis your Brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Witw. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almoſt forgot him; I have not ſeen him ſince the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my Lady's dreſſing. Here's Company; if you pleaſe to walk in, in the mean Time.

Sir *Wil.* Dreſſing! What, it's but Morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we ſhou'd count it to-

wards Afternoon in our Parts, down in *Shropſhire*—Why then belike my Aunt han't din'd yet—Ha, Friend?

Foot. Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* My Aunt, Sir? yes my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir—Why, what, doſt thou not know me, Friend? Why then ſend ſome Body hither that does. How long haſt thou liv'd with thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

Foot. A week, Sir; longer than any in the Houſe, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir *Wil.* Why then belike thou doſt not know thy Lady, if thou ſee'ſt her; ha, Friend!

Foot. Why truly, Sir, I cannot ſafely ſwear to her Face in a Morning, before ſhe is dreſs'd. 'Tis like I may give a ſhrewd Gueſs at her by this Time.

Sir *Wil.* Well, pr'ythee try what thou canſt do; if thou canſt not gueſs, enquire her out; do'ſt hear, Fellow? and tell her, her Nephew, Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, is in the Houſe.

Foot. I ſhall, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Hold ye, hear me, Friend; a Word with you in your Ear: Pr'ythee who are theſe Gallants?

Foot. Really, Sir, I can't tell; here come ſo many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE XV.

Sir WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Sir *Wil.* Oons, this Fellow knows leſs than a Starling; I don't think a' knows his own Name.

Mrs. *Mar.* Mr. *Witwoud*, your Brother is not behindhand in Forgetfulneſs—I fancy he has forgot you too.

Witw. I hope ſo—The Devil take him that remembers firſt, I ſay.

Sir *Wil.* Save you Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. *Mar.* For Shame, Mr. *Witwoud*; why won't you ſpeak to him?—And you, Sir.

Witw. Petulant, ſpeak.

Pet. And you, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* No Offence, I hope. [*Salutes* Marwood.

Mrs. *Mar.* No ſure, Sir.

Witw. This is a vile Dog, I ſee that already. No Offence! Ha, ha, ha! To him; to him, *Petulant*, ſmoke him.

Pet. It ſeems as if you had come a Journey, Sir; hem, hem. [*Surveying him round.*

Sir *Wil.* Very likely, Sir, that it may ſeem ſo.

Pet. No Offence! I hope, Sir.

Witw. Smoke the Boots, the Boots; *Petulant*, the Boots; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Wil.* May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

Pet. Sir, I preſume upon the Information of your Boots.

Sir *Wil.* Why, 'tis like you may, Sir: If you are not ſatisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will ſtep to the Stable, you may enquire further of my Horſe, Sir.

Pet. Your Horſe, Sir! Your Horſe is an Aſs, Sir!

Sir *Wil.* Do you ſpeak by Way of Offence, Sir!

Mrs. *Mar.* The Gentleman's merry, that's all, Sir—S'life, we ſhall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horſe and Aſs, before they find one another out.—You muſt not take any Thing amiſs from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not miſtaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwoud.*

Sir *Wil.* Right, Lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, ſo I write myſelf; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the Lady *Wiſhfort* of this Manſion.

Mrs. *Mar.* Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir *Wil.* Hum! What, ſure 'tis not—Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis—'Sheart I know not whether 'tis or no—Yea but 'tis, by the *Rekin.* Brother *Antony!* What *Tony*, i'faith! What do'ſt thou not know me? By'r Lady nor I thee, thou art ſo becravated, and ſo beperriwig'd—'Sheart why do'ſt not ſpeak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

Witw. 'Odſo Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir *Wil.* Your Servant! Why your's, Sir. Your Servant agin—'Sheart, and your Friend and Servant to that—And a—*(puff)* and a Flap Dragon for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be ſo cold and ſo courtly!

Witw. No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence.—A Pox, is this your Inns o' Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders, and your Betters?

Wit. Why, Brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as ſhort as a *Shrewſbury* Cake, if you pleaſe. But I tell you 'tis not modiſh to know Relations in Town. You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers ſlabber and kiſs one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants—'Tis not the Faſhion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir *Wil.* The Faſhion's a Fool; and you're a Fop, dear Brother. 'Sheart, I've ſuſpected this—By 'r Lady I conjectur'd you were a Fop, ſince you began to change the Stile of your Letters, and write in a Scrap of Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpœna*. I might expect this when you left off *Honour'd Brother*; and *hoping you are in good Health*, and ſo forth—To begin with a *Rat me, Knight, I'm ſo ſick of a laſt Night's Debauch*—O'ds Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a Bottle, and ſo conclude—You cou'd write News before you were out of your Time, when you liv'd with honeſt *Pumple-Noſe* the Attorney of *Furnival*'s Inn—You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends round the *Rekin*. We could have *Gazettes* then, and *Dawks*'s Letter, and the Weekly Bill, 'till of late Days.

Pet. 'Slife, *Witwoud*, were you ever an Attorney's *Clerk*? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*. Ha, ha, ha!

Witw.

Witw. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pſhaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to conſent to that, Man, to come to *London*. He had the Diſpoſal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound 'Prentice to a Felt-maker in *Shrewſbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I ſuppoſe, you have ſerv'd your Time; and now you may ſet up for yourſelf.

Mrs. *Mar.* You intend to travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir *Wil.* Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to ſail upon the ſalt Seas, if my Mind hold.

Pet. And the Wind ſerve.

Sir *Wil.* Serve or not ſerve, I ſhan't aſk Licenſe of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Diſcourſe to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam—Yes, I have ſettl'd my Concerns, I may ſay now, and am minded to ſee foreign Parts. If an how that the Peace holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. *Mar.* I thought you had deſigned for *France* at all Adventures.

Sir *Wil.* I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am ſomewhat dainty in making a Reſolution,—becauſe when I make it I keep it. I don't ſtand ſhill I, ſhall I, then; if I ſay't, I'll do't: But I have Thoughts to tarry a ſmall Matter in Town, to learn ſomewhat of your *Lingo* firſt, before I croſs the Seas. I'd gladly have a Spice of your *French* as they ſay, whereby to hold Diſcourſe in foreign Countries.

Mrs. *Mar.* Here's an Academy in Town for that Uſe.

Sir *Wil.* There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. *Mar.* No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

Witw. Yes, reſin'd like a *Dutch* Skipper from a Whale-fiſhing.

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] *Lady* WISHFORT, *and* FAINALL.

L. *Wiſh.* Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your Servant.

Fain. Sir *Wilfull*, your moſt faithful Servant.

Sir *Wil.* Counſin *Fainall*, give me your Hand.

L. *Wiſh.* Counſin *Witwoud*, your Servant; Mr. *Petulant*, your Servant—Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any Thing after your Journey, Nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almoſt ready.

Sir *Wil.* I'm very well I thank you, Aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous Offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the Faſhion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your Relations. Here's your Couſin *Tony*; belike, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of Offence.

L. *Wiſh.* O he's a Rallier, Nephew—My Couſin's a Wit: And your great Wits always rally their beſt Friends to chuſe. When you have been Abroad, Nephew, you'll underſtand Raillery better.

[Fainall and *Mrs.* Marwood *talk apart.*

Sir *Wil.* Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean Time; and rail when that Day comes.

SCENE XVII.

[*To them*] MINCING.

Minc. Mem, I am come to acquaint your Laſhip that Dinner is impatient.

Sir *Wil.* Impatient? Why then belike it won't ſtay 'till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a Pair of Slippers?—My Man's with his Horſes, I warrant.

L. *Wiſh.* Fy, fy, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off

off your Boots here—Go down into the Hall—Dinner ſhall ſtay for you—My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam.—Gentlemen, will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. *Mar.* I'll follow you, Madam,—before Sir *Wilfull* is ready.

SCENE XVIII.

Mrs. MARWOOD, FAINALL.

Fain. Why then *Foible*'s a Bawd, an errant, rank, match-making Bawd. And I it ſeems am a Huſband, a rank Huſband; and my Wife a very errant, rank Wife,—all in the Way of the *World*. 'Sdeath! to be a Cuckold by Anticipation, a Cuckold in Embryo! Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child. 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, to be out-jilted—out-matrimony'd—If I had kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere ſomewhat—but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be outſtripp'd by my Wife—'tis ſcurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. *Mar.* Then ſhake it off; you have often wiſh'd for an Opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But firſt prevent their Plot,—the Half of *Millamant*'s Fortune is too conſiderable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Damn him, that had been mine—had you not made that fond Diſcovery—That had been forfeited, had they been married. My Wife had added Luſtre to my Horns, by that Increaſe of Fortune. I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Forehead had been furniſh'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's Hall.

Mrs. *Mar.* They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you ſtill, if you can away with your Wife. And ſhe's no worſe than when you had her—I dare ſwear ſhe had given up her Game before ſhe was marry'd.

Fain. Hum! That may be—

Mrs. *Mar.* You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than

you expected, why ſhould you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The Means, the Means.

Mrs. *Mar.* Diſcover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct; threaten to part with her—My Lady loves her, and will come to any Compoſition to ſave her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, juſt upon the Diſcovery of this Impoſture. My Lady will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and ſacrifice Niece, and Fortune, and all at that Conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm; if ſhe ſhou'd flag in her Part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. Faith, this has an Appearance.

Mrs. *Mar.* I'm ſorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour a Match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull*, that may be an Obſtacle.

Fain. O for that Matter leave me to manage him; I'll diſable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*: After Dinner, I'll ſet his Hand in.

Mrs. *Mar.* Well, how do you ſtand affected towards your Lady?

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me ſee—I am marry'd already; ſo that's over—My Wife has play'd the Jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; ſo there's an End of Jealouſy. Weary of her, I am and ſhall be—No, there's no End of that; No, no, that were much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repoſe. Now for my Reputation,—As to my own, I marry'd not for it; ſo that's out of the Queſtion.—And as to my Part in my Wife's—Why ſhe had parted with hers before; ſo bringing none to me, ſhe can take none from me; 'tis againſt all Rule of Play, that I ſhould loſe to one, who has not wherewithal to ſtake.

Mrs. *Mar.* Beſides you forget, Marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! Faith and that's well thought on; Marriage

Marriage is honourable, as you ſay; and if ſo, wherefore ſhould Cuckoldom be a Diſcredit, being deriv'd from ſo honourable a Root?

Mrs. *Mar.* Nay, I know not; if the Root be honourable, why not the Branches?

Fain. So, ſo, why this Point's clear—Well, how do we proceed?

Mrs. *Mar.* I will contrive a Letter which ſhall be deliver'd to my Lady at the Time when that Raſcal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her. It ſhall come as from an unknown Hand—for the leſs I appear to know of the Truth, the better I can play the Incendiary. Beſides, I wou'd not have *Foible* provok'd if I could help it,—becauſe you know ſhe knows ſome Paſſages—Nay, I expect all will come out—But let the Mine be ſprung firſt, and then I care not if I am diſcover'd.

Fain. If the worſt come to the worſt,—I'll turn my Wife to Graſs—I have already a Deed of Settlement of the beſt Part of her Eſtate, which I wheedl'd out of her; and that you ſhall partake at leaſt.

Mrs. *Mar.* I hope you are convinc'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll be no more jealous.

Fain. Jealous, no,—by this Kiſs—let Huſbands be jealous; but let the Lover ſtill believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his Pleaſure, and prepare the Joy that follows, when he proves his Miſtreſs true. But let Huſbands Doubts convert to endleſs Jealouſy; or if they have Belief, let it corrupt to Superſtition, and blind Credulity. I am ſingle, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll diſown the Order. And ſince I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Creſt.

All Huſbands muſt, or Pain, or Shame endure;
The Wiſe too jealous are, Fools too ſecure.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[SCENE *continues.*]

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

L. *Wiſh.* IS Sir *Rowland* coming, ſay'ſt thou, *Foible?* and are Things in Order?

Foi. Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-lights in the Sconces, and plac'd the Footmen in a Row in the Hall, in their beſt Liveries, with the Coachman and Poſtilion to fill up the Equipage.

L. *Wiſh.* Have you pullvill'd the Coachman and Poſtilion, that they may not ſtink of the Stable, when Sir *Rowland* comes by?

Foi. Yes, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* And are the Dancers and the Muſick ready, that he may be entertain'd in all Points with Correſpondence to his Paſſion?

Foi. All is ready, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* And—well—and how do I look, *Foible?*

Foi. Moſt killing well, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* Well, and how ſhall I receive him? In what Figure ſhall I give his Heart the firſt Impreſſion? There is a great deal in the firſt Impreſſion. Shall I ſit?—No, I won't ſit—I'll walk—ay, I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him—No, that will be too ſudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little Dreſſing-Room. There's a Couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the firſt Impreſſion on a Couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow, with one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful Way—Yes—and then as ſoon as he appears, ſtart, ay, ſtart and be ſurpriz'd, and riſe to meet him in a pretty Diſorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a Levee from a Couch in ſome Confuſion—It

ſhews

ſhews the Foot to Advantage, and furniſhes with Bluſhes, and re-compoſing Airs beyond Compariſon. Hark! There's a Coach.

Foi. 'Tis he, Madam.

L. *Wiſh.* O dear, has my Nephew made his Addreſſes to *Millamant?* I order'd him.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is ſet in to Drinking, Madam, in the Parlour.

L. *Wiſh.* Odds my Life, I'll ſend him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll ſend him as I go—When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long along with Sir *Rowland.*

SCENE II.

Mrs. MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Foi. Madam, I ſtay'd here, to tell your Ladyſhip that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this Half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at Leiſure?

Mill. No—What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuſe myſelf.—Bid him come another Time.

There never yet was Woman made,
Nor ſhall, but to be curs'd.

[*Repeating and walking about.*

That's hard!

Mrs. *Fain.* You are very fond of Sir *John Suckling* To-day, *Millamant*, and the Poets.

Mill. He? Ay, and filthy Verſes—So I am.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, Madam. Shall I ſend Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Mill. Ay, if you pleaſe, *Foible*, ſend him away,—or ſend him hither,—juſt as you will, dear *Foible.*—

I think I'll ſee him—Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

Thyrſis, *a Youth of the inſpir'd Train.*

[*Repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull*—Thou haſt Philoſophy to undergo a Fool, thou art marry'd and haſt Patience—I would confer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. *Fain.* I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your Proxy in this Affair; but I have Buſineſs of my own.

SCENE III.

[*To them*] *Sir* WILFULL.

Mrs. *Fain.* O Sir *Wilfull*, you are come at the critical Inſtant. There's your Miſtreſs up to the Ears in Love and Contemplation; purſue your Point, now or never.

Sir *Wil.* Yes; my Aunt will have it ſo,—I would gladly have been encourag'd with a Bottle or two, becauſe I'm ſomewhat wary at firſt, before I am acquainted;—but I hope, after a Time, I ſhall break my Mind—that is, upon further Acquaintance—So for the preſent, Couſin, I'll take my Leave—If ſo be you'll be ſo kind to make my Excuſe, I'll return to my Company—

This while Mirla. *walks about repeating to herſelf.*

Mrs. *Fain.* O fy, Sir *Wilfull!* What, you muſt not be daunted.

Sir *Wil.* Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not ſo much for that—for if ſo be that I ſet on't, I'll do't. But only for the preſent, 'tis ſufficient 'till further Acquaintance, that's all—your Servant.

Mrs. *Fain.* Nay, I'll ſwear you ſhall never loſe ſo favourable an Opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the Door.

SCENE IV.

Sir WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

Sir *Wil.* Nay, nay, Couſin,—I have forgot my Gloves,—What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the Door indeed, I think—Nay, Couſin *Fainall*, open the Door—Pſhaw, what a Vixen Trick is this?—Nay, now a'has ſeen me too—Couſin, I made bold to paſs thro' as it were—I think this Door's inchanted—

Mill. [*Repeating.*]

I pr'ythee ſpare me, gentle Boy,
Preſs me no more for that ſlight Toy.

Sir *Will.* Anan? Couſin, your Servant.

Mill. —*That fooliſh Trifle of a Heart*
—Sir *Wilfull!*

Sir *Wil.* Yes—your Servant. No Offence I hope, Couſin.

Mill. [*Repeating.*]

I ſwear it will not do its Part,
Tho' thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy Power and Art.

Natural, eaſy *Suckling!*

Sir *Wil.* Anan? *Suckling?* No ſuch Suckling neither, Couſin, nor Stripling: I thank Heav'n, I'm no Minor.

Mill. Ah Ruſtick, ruder than *Gothick.*

Sir *Wil.* Well, well, I ſhall underſtand your *Lingo* one of theſe Days, Couſin, in the mean while I muſt anſwer in plain *Engliſh.*

Mill. Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir *Wilfull?*

Sir *Wil.* Not at preſent, Couſin.—Yes, I made bold to ſee, to come and know if that how you were diſpos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if ſo be that I might not be troubleſome, I would have fought a Walk with you.

Mill. A Walk? What then?

Sir

Sir *Wil.* Nay nothing—Only for the Walk's Sake, that's all—

Mill. I nauſeate Walking; 'tis a Country Diverſion; I loath the Country, and every Thing that relates to it.

Sir *Wil.* Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may—Here are Choice of Paſtimes here in Town, as Plays and the like, that muſt be confeſs'd indeed.—

Mill. Ah l'etourdie! I hate the Town too.

Sir *Wil.* Dear Heart, that's much—Hah! that you ſhould hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are ſome can't reliſh the Town, and others can't away with the Country,—'tis like you may be one of thoſe, Couſin.

Mill. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may.—You have nothing further to ſay to me?

Sir *Wil.* Not at preſent, Couſin.—'Tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private—I may break my Mind in ſome Meaſure—I conjecture you partly gueſs—However that's as Time ſhall try,—but ſpare to ſpeak and ſpare to ſpeed, as they ſay.

Mill. If it is of no great Importance, Sir *Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have juſt now a little Buſineſs—

Sir *Wil.* Enough, enough, Couſin: Yes, yes, all a Caſe—When you're diſpos'd. Now's as well as another Time; and another Time as well as now. All's one for that,—Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no Haſte; it will keep cold, as they ſay—Couſin, your Servant.—I think this Door's lock'd.

Mill. You may go this Way, Sir.

Sir *Wil.* Your Servant, then with your Leave I'll return to my Company.

Mill. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

Like Phœbus *ſung the no leſs am'rous Boy.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

Mir. Like Daphne *ſhe, as lovely and as coy.* Do you lock yourſelf up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd, to ſignify that here the Chace muſt end, and my Purſuit be crown'd. for you can fly no further?—

Mill. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the laſt Moment, tho' I am upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you ſhould ſolicit me as much as if I were wavering at the Grate of a Monaſtery, with one Foot over the Threſhold. I'll be ſolicited to the very laſt, nay, and afterwards.

Mir. What, after the laſt?

Mill. O, I ſhould think I was poor, and had nothing to beſtow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Eaſe; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Solicitation.

Mir. But do not you know, that when Favours are conferr'd upon inſtant and tedious Solicitation, that they diminiſh in their Value, and that both the Giver loſes the Grace, and the Receiver leſſens his Pleaſure?

Mill. It may be in Things of common Application; but never ſure in Love. O, I hate a Lover, that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty of his Miſtreſs. There is not ſo impudent a Thing in Nature, as the ſawcy Look of an aſſured Man, confident of Succeſs. The pedantick Arrogance of a very Huſband has not ſo pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unleſs I am firſt made ſure of my Will and Pleaſure.

Mir. Would you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the firſt now, and ſtay for the other 'till after Grace?

Mill.

Mill. Ah don't be impertinent—My dear Liberty, ſhall I leave thee? My faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, muſt I bid you then Adieu? Ay-h adieu—My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, ye *Douceurs*, ye *Sommeils du Matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impoſſible—Poſitively *Mirabell*, I'll lie a-bed in a Morning as long I pleaſe.

Mir. Then I'll get up in a Morning as early as I pleaſe.

Mill. Ah! idle Creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd Names after I'm marry'd; poſitively I won't be call'd Names.

Mir. Names!

Mill. Ay, as Wife, Spouſe, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the reſt of that nauſeous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are ſo fulſomly familiar—I ſhall never bear that—Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiſs before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and Sir *Francis:* Nor go to *Hyde-Park* together the firſt *Sunday* in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whiſpers; and then never be ſeen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the firſt Week, and aſham'd of one another ever after. Let us never viſit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very ſtrange and well bred: Let us be as ſtrange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

Mir. Have you any more Conditions to offer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reaſonable.

Mill. Trifles,—As Liberty to pay and receive Viſits to and from whom I pleaſe; to write and receive Letters, without Interrogatories or wry Faces on your Part; to wear what I pleaſe; and chooſe Converſation with regard only to my own Taſte; to have no Obligation upon me to converſe with Wits that I don't like, becauſe they are your Acquaintance; or to be intimate

intimate with Fools, becauſe they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I pleaſe, dine in my Dreſſing-Room when I'm out of Humour, without giving a Reaſon. To have my Cloſet inviolate; to be ſole Empreſs of my Tea-table, which you muſt never preſume to approach without firſt aſking Leave. And laſtly, wherever I am, you ſhall always knock at the Door before you come in. Theſe Articles ſubſcrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by Degrees dwindle into a Wife.

Mir. Your Bill of Fare is ſomething advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have I Liberty to offer Conditions—That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond Meaſure enlarg'd into a Huſband.

Mill. You have free Leave, propoſe your utmoſt; ſpeak and ſpare not.

Mir. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general; that you admit no ſworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex: No ſhe Friend to ſkreen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make Trial of a mutual Secreſy. No Decoy-duck to wheedle you a *Fop-ſcrambling* to the Play in a Maſk—Then bring you Home in a pretended Fright, when you think you ſhall be found out—And rail at me for miſſing the Play, and diſappointing the Frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my Conſtancy.

Mill. Deteſtable *Imprimis!* I go to the Play in a Maſk!

Mir. Item, I article, that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I ſhall: And while it paſſes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which End, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Maſks for the Night made of Oil'd-ſkins, and I know not what—Hog's Bones, Hare's Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roaſted Cat. In ſhort, I forbid all Commerce

merce with the Gentlewoman in *What-d'ye-call-it* Court. *Item*, I ſhut my Doors againſt all Bawds with Baſkets, and Penny-worths of *Muſlin*, *China*, *Fans*, *Atlaſſes*, &c.—*Item*, when you ſhall be Breeding—

Mill. Ah! name it not.

Mir. Which may be preſum'd, with a Bleſſing on our Endeavours—

Mill. Odious Endeavours!

Mir. I denounce againſt all ſtrait-lacing, ſqueezing for a Shape, 'till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sugar-loaf; and inſtead of a Man-child, make me Father to a Crooked-billet. Laſtly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-table* I ſubmit.—But with *Proviſo*, that you exceed not in your Province; but reſtrain yourſelf to native and ſimple *Tea-table* Drinks, as *Tea*, *Chocolate*, and *Coffee*. As likewiſe to genuine and authoriz'd *Tea-table* Talk—Such as mending of Faſhions, ſpoiling Reputations, railing at abſent Friends, and ſo forth—But that on no Account you encroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and preſume to drink Healths, or toaſt Fellows; for Prevention of which I baniſh all *foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-table*, as *Orange-brandy*, all *Aniſeed*, *Cinnamon*, *Citron*, and *Barbadoes-waters*, together with *Rataſia*, and the moſt noble Spirit of *Clary*.—But for *Couſlip-wine*, *Poppy-water*, and all *Dormitives*, thoſe I allow.—Theſe *Proviſos* admitted, in other Things I may prove a tractable and complying Huſband.

Mill. O horrid *Proviſos!* filthy ſtrong Waters! I toaſt Fellows, odious Men! I hate your odious *Proviſos*.

Mir. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiſs your Hand upon the Contract? and here comes one to be a Witneſs to the Sealing of the Deed.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mill. Fainall, what ſhall I do? ſhall I have him? I think I muſt have him.

Mrs. *Fain.* Ay, ay, take him, take him; what ſhou'd you do?

Mill. Well then—I'll take my Death I'm in a horrid Fright—*Fainall*, I ſhall never ſay it—Well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. *Fain.* Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him ſo in plain Terms: For I am ſure you have a Mind to him.

Mill. Are you? I think I have—and the horrid Man looks as if he thought ſo too—Well, you ridiculous Thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiſs'd, nor I won't be thank'd—Here kiſs my Hand tho'—So, hold your Tongue now, don't ſay a Word.

Mrs. *Fain. Mirabell*, there's a Neceſſity for your Obedience;—You have neither Time to talk nor ſtay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conſcience if ſhe ſhou'd ſee you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover Time enough to return to Sir *Rowland*, who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair Way to ſucceed. Therefore ſpare your Ecſtacies for another Occaſion, and ſlip down the Back-ſtairs, where *Foible* waits to conſult you.

Mill. Ay, go, go. In the mean Time I ſuppoſe you have ſaid ſomething to pleaſe me.

Mir. I am all Obedience.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

Mrs. *Fain.* Yonder Sir *Wilfull*'s drunk; and ſo noiſy, that my Mother has been forc'd to leave Sir *Rowland*

Rowland to appeaſe him; but he anſwers her only with Singing and Drinking—What they may have done by this Time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Mill. Well, if *Mirabell* ſhould not make a good Huſband, I am a loſt Thing; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. *Fain.* So it ſeems; for you mind not what's ſaid to you.—If you doubt him, you had beſt take up with Sir *Wilful*.

Mill. How can you name that ſuperannuated Lubber? foh!

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] WITWOUD *from Drinking.*

Mrs. *Fain.* So, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Witw. Left 'em? I could ſtay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten Chriſt'nings—I am tipſy with laughing—If I had ſtaid any longer I ſhould have burſt,—I muſt have been let out and pierc'd in the Sides like an unſiz'd Camlet—Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd; my Lady came in like a *Noli proſequi*, and ſtopt the Proceedings.

Mill. What was the Diſpute?

Witw. That's the Jeſt; there was no Diſpute. They could neither of 'em ſpeak for Rage; and ſo fell a ſputt'ring at one another like two roaſting Apples.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] PETULANT *drunk.*

Witw. Now *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? Gad my Head begins to whim it about—Why doſt thou not ſpeak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fiſh.

Pet.

Pet. Look you, Mrs. *Millamant*—if you can love me, dear Nymph—ſay it—and that's the Concluſion—paſs on, or paſs off,—that's all.

Witw. Thou haſt utter'd *Volumes*, *Folios*, in leſs than *Decimo Sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an Epitomizer of Words.

Pet. Witwoud—You are an Annihilator of Senſe.

Witw. Thou art a Retailer of Phraſes; and doſt deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a Maker of Pincuſhions—thou art in Truth (metaphorically ſpeaking) a Speaker of Shorthand.

Pet. Thou art (without a Figure) juſt one Half of an Aſs, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy Half-brother, is the reſt—A *Gemini* of Aſſes ſplit, would make juſt four of you

Witw. Thou doſt bite, my dear Muſtard-ſeed; kiſs me for that.

Pet. Stand off—I'll kiſs no more Males,—I have kiſs'd your *Twin* yonder in a Humour of Reconciliation, 'till he *(hiccup)* riſes upon my Stomach like a Radiſh.

Mill. Eh! filthy Creature—what was the Quarrel?

Pet. There was no Quarrel—there might have been a Quarrel.

Witw. If there had been Words enow between 'em to have expreſs'd Provocation, they had gone together by the Ears like a Pair of Caſtanets.

Pet. You were the Quarrel.

Mill. Me!

Pet. If I have a Humour to quarrel, I can make leſs Matters conclude Premiſes,—If you are not handſome, what then; If I have a Humour to prove it?—If I ſhall have my Reward, ſay ſo; if not, fight for your Face the next Time yourſelf—I'll go ſleep.

Witw. Do, wrap thyſelf up like a *Woodlouſe*, and dream Revenge—And hear me, if thou canſt learn to write by To-morrow Morning, pen me a Challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

Pet.

Pet. Carry your Miſtreſs's *Monkey* a *Spider*,—go flea Dogs, and read Romances—I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. *Fain.* He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this Pickle?

Witw. A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the Knight.—Your Huſband's Advice; but he ſneak'd off.

SCENE X.

Sir WILFULL *drunk*, *Lady* WISHFORT, WITWOUD, MILLAMANT, *Mrs.* FAINALL.

L. *Wiſh.* Out upon't, out upon't! at Years of Diſcretion, and comport yourſelf at this Rantipole Rate!

Sir *Wil.* No Offence, Aunt.

L. *Wiſh.* Offence? As I'm a Perſon, I'm aſham'd of you—Fogh! how you ſtink of Wine! D'ye think my Niece will ever endure ſuch a *Borachio*! you're an abſolute *Borachio*.

Sir *Wil. Borachio!*

L. *Wiſh.* At a Time when you ſhou'd commence an Amour, and put your beſt Foot foremoſt—

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, an you grutch me your Liquor, make a Bill—Give me more Drink, and take my Purſe.

Sings. *Pry'thee fill me the Glaſs*
'Till it laugh in my Face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a Laſs
Is an ignorant Aſs,
For a Bumper *has not its Fellow.*

But if you wou'd have me marry my Couſin—ſay the Word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull* will do't, that's the Word,

Word, — *Wilfull* will do't, that's my Creſt — my Motto, I have forgot.

L. *Wiſh.* My Nephew's a little overtaken, Couſin— but 'tis with drinking your Health—O' my Word, you are oblig'd to him—

Sir *Wil. In Vino Veritas*, Aunt:—If I drunk your Health To-day, Couſin,—I am a *Borachio*. But if you have a Mind to be marry'd, ſay the Word, and ſend for the Piper; *Wilfull* will do't. If not, duſt it away, and let's have t'other Round—*Tony*, Odsheart where's *Tony*—*Tony*'s an honeſt Fellow, but he ſpits after a Bumper, and that's a Fault.

Sings *We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, Boys.*
Put the Glaſs then around with the Sun, Boys.
Let Apollo's *Example invite us;*
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
And that makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honeſt Soaker, he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, Aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*—your *Antipodes* are a good raſcally Sort of topſy-turvy Fellows—If I had a Bumper I'd ſtand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em—A Match or no Match, Couſin, with the hard Name——Aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If ſhe has her Maidenhead let her look to't; if ſhe has not, let her keep her own Counſel in the mean Time, and cry out at the nine Months End.

Mill. Your Pardon, Madam, I can ſtay no longer— Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful. Egh! how he ſmells! I ſhall be overcome if I ſtay. Come, Couſin.

SCENE XI.

Lady WISHFORT, *Sir* WILFULL, *Mr.* WITWOUD, FOIBLE.

L. *Wiſh.* Smells! He wou'd poiſon a Tallow-Candler

Chandler and his Family. Beaſtly Creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*—for thou art not fit to live in a Chriſtian Commonwealth, thou beaſtly Pagan.

Sir *Wil. Turks!* no; no *Turks*, Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the Grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Muſſulman* is a dry Stinkard—No Offence, Aunt. My Map ſays that your *Turk* is not ſo honeſt a Man as your Chriſtian—I cannot find by the Map that your *Mufti* is orthodox—Whereby it is a plain Caſe, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and *(hiccup)* Greek for Claret.

Sings. *To drink is a Chriſtian Diverſion,*
Unknown to the Turk *or the* Perſian:
Let Mahometan *Fools*
Live by Heatheniſh Rules,
And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and Coffee;
But let Britiſh *Lads ſing,*
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan *and* Sophi.

Ah, *Tony!* [Foible *whiſpers Lady* Wiſhfort.

L. *Wiſh.* Sir *Rowland* impatient? Good-lack! What ſhall I do with this beaſtly Tumbrill?—Go lie down and ſleep, you Sot—Or as I'm a Perſon, I'll have you baſtinado'd with Broom-ſticks. Call up the Wenches with Broom-ſticks.

Sir *Wil.* Ahey? Wenches, where are the Wenches?

L. *Wiſh.* Dear Couſin *Witwoud* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of Moment that invades me with ſome Precipitation—You will oblige me to all Futurity.

Witw. Come, Knight—Pox on him, I don't know what to ſay to him—Will you go to a Cock-Match?

Sir

Sir *Wil.* With a Wench, *Tony?* Is ſhe a Shakebag, Sirrah? Let me bite your Cheek for that.

Witw. Horrible! He has a Breath like a Bagpipe—Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian?*

Sir *Wil.* Lead on, little *Tony*—I'll follow thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*; Sirrah thou ſhalt be my *Tantony*, and I'll be thy *Pig*.

—*And a Fig for your* Sultan *and* Sophi.

L. *Wiſh.* This will never do. It will never make a Match—At leaſt before he has been Abroad.

SCENE XII.

Lady WISHFORT, WAITWELL *diſguiſed as for Sir* ROWLAND.

L. *Wiſh.* Dear Sir *Rowland*, I am confounded with Confuſion at the Retroſpection of my own Rudeneſs,—I have more Pardons to aſk than the *Pope* diſtributes in the Year of *Jubilee*. But I hope where there is likely to be ſo near an Alliance,—we may unbend the Severity of *Decorum*—and diſpenſe with a little Ceremony.

Wait. My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Tranſport;—and 'till I have the Poſſeſſion of your adorable Perſon, I am tantaliz'd on the Rack; and do but hang, Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

L. *Wiſh.* You have Exceſs of Gallantry, Sir *Rowland*; and preſs Things to a Concluſion, with a moſt prevailing Vehemence—But a Day or two for Decency of Marriage.—

Wait. For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will break my Heart—or if that ſhould fail, I ſhall be poiſon'd. My Nephew will get an Inkling of my Deſigns, and poiſon me,—and I would willingly ſtarve him before I die—I would gladly go out

of the World with that Satisfaction.—That would be ſome Comfort to me, if I could but live ſo long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

L. *Wiſh.* Is he ſo unnatural, ſay you? Truly I would contribute much both to the ſaving of your Life, and the Accompliſhment of your Revenge—Not that I reſpect myſelf; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you!

L. *Wiſh.* O Sir *Rowland*, the Hours that he has dy'd away at my Feet, the Tears that he has ſhed, the Oaths that he has ſworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the Trances and the Tremblings, the Ardors and the Ecſtacies, the Kneelings and the Riſings, the Heart-heavings and the Hand-gripings, the Pangs and the pathetick Regards of his proteſting Eyes! Oh no Memory can regiſter.

Wait. What, my Rival! Is the Rebel my Rival? a'dies.

L. *Wiſh.* No, don't kill him at once, Sir *Rowland*, ſtarve him gradually Inch by Inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three Weeks he ſhall be bare-foot; in a Month out at Knees with begging an Alms—he ſhall ſtarve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his Head, and then go out in a Stink like a Candle's End upon a Save-all.

L. *Wiſh.* Well, Sir *Rowland*, you have the Way.—You are no Novice in the Labyrinth of Love—You have the Clue—But as I am a Perſon, Sir *Rowland*, you muſt not attribute my Yielding to any ſiniſter Appetite, or Indigeſtion of Widowhood; nor impute my Complacency to any Lethargy of Continence—I hope you do not think me prone to any Iteration of Nuptials.—

Wait. Far be it from me—

L. *Wiſh.* If you do, I proteſt I muſt recede—or think that I have made a Proſtitution of Decorums;

but in the Vehemence of Compaſſion, and to ſave the Life of a Perſon of ſo much Importance—

Wait. I eſteem it ſo—

L. *Wiſh.* Or elſe you wrong my Condeſcenſion—

Wait. I do not, I do not—

L. *Wiſh.* Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

L. *Wiſh.* If you think the leaſt Scruple of Carnality was an Ingredient—

Wait. Dear Madam, no. You are all *Camphire* and *Frankincenſe*, all *Chaſtity* and *Odour*.

L. *Wiſh.* Or that—

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] FOIBLE.

Foi. Madam, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who muſt deliver it into your own Hands.

L. *Wiſh.* Sir *Rowland*, will you give me Leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Perſon who would ſuffer Racks in Honour's Cauſe, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you inceſſantly.

SCENE XIV.

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

Wait. Fy, fy!—What a Slavery have I undergone! Spouſe, haſt thou any *Cordial?* I want *Spirits*.

Foi. What a waſhy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hour's Lying and Swearing to a fine Lady?

Wait. O, ſhe is the Antidote to Deſire. Spouſe, thou wilt fare the worſe for't—I ſhall have no Appetite to Iteration of Nuptials—this eight and forty Hours—By this Hand, I'd rather be a Chairman in

the Dog-days—than act Sir *Rowland* 'till this Time To-morrow.

SCENE XV.

[*To them*] *Lady* WISHFORT *with a Letter.*

L. *Wiſh.* Call in the Dancers; — Sir *Rowland*, we'll ſit, if you pleaſe, and ſee the Entertainment. [*Dance.*

Now with your Permiſſion, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruſe my Letter—I would open it in your Preſence, becauſe I would not make you uneaſy. If it ſhould make you uneaſy I would burn it—ſpeak if it does—but you may ſee, the Superſcription is like a Woman's Hand.

Foi. By Heaven! Mrs. *Marwood*'s. I know it.—My Heart aches—get it from her— [*To him.*

Wait. A Woman's Hand? No Madam, that's no Woman's Hand, I ſee that already. That's ſome Body whoſe Throat muſt be cut.

L. *Wiſh.* Nay, Sir *Rowland*, ſince you give me a Proof of your Paſſion by your Jealouſy, I promiſe you I'll make a Return, by a frank Communication—You ſhall ſee it—we'll open it together—look you here.

Reads—*Madam, tho' unknown to you* [Look you there, 'tis from No-body that I know] *I have that Honour for your Character, that I think myſelf oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir* Rowland *is a Cheat and a Raſcal*—

O Heavens! what's this?

Foi. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd!

Wait. How, how; let me ſee, let me ſee—reading, *A Raſcal and diſguis'd, and ſuborn'd for that Impoſture*—O Villany! O Villany!—*By the Contrivance of*—

L. *Wiſh.* I ſhall faint, I ſhall die, ho!

Foi. Say 'tis your Nephew's Hand.—Quickly, his Plot, ſwear it, ſwear it.—

Wait.

Wait. Here's a Villain! Madam; don't you perceive it, don't you ſee it?

L. *Wiſh.* Too well, too well. I have ſeen too much.

Wait. I told you at firſt I knew the Hand—A Woman's Hand? The Raſcal writes a Sort of a large Hand; your *Roman* Hand—I ſaw there was a Throat to be cut preſently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew, I'd piſtol him—

Foi. O Treachery! But are you ſure, Sir *Rowland*, it is his Writing?

Wait. Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this Pearl of *India?* I have twenty Letters in my Pocket from him, in the ſame Character.

L. *Wiſh.* How!

Foi. O what Luck it is, Sir *Rowland*, that you were preſent at this Juncture! This was the Buſineſs that brought Mr. *Mirabell* diſguis'd to Madam *Millamant* this Afternoon. I thought ſomething was contriving, when he ſtole by me and would have hid his Face.

L. *Wiſh.* How, how!—I heard the Villain was in the Houſe indeed; and now I remember, my Niece went away abruptly, when Sir *Wilfull* was to have made his Addreſſes.

Foi. Then, then, Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladyſhip, to diſcompoſe you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland.*

Wait. Enough; his Date is ſhort.

Foi. No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the Law.

Wait. Law! I care not for Law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cauſe—My Lady ſhall be ſatisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it coſt me my Life.

L. *Wiſh.* No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight; if you ſhou'd be kill'd I muſt never ſhew my Face; or hang'd,—O conſider my Reputation, Sir *Rowland*—

No, you ſhan't fight,—I'll go in and examine my Niece; I'll make her confeſs. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by all your Love, not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd, Madam; I obey. But ſome Proof you muſt let me give you;—I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Eſtate, and deliver that into your Hands.

L. *Wiſh.* Ay, dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be ſome Comfort, bring the black Box.

Wait. And may I preſume to bring a Contract to be ſign'd this Night? May I hope ſo far?

L. *Wiſh.* Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Diſcovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in ſpite of Treachery; ay, and get an Heir that ſhall defeat the laſt remaining Glimpſe of Hope in my abandon'd Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow:

Ere long you ſhall ſubſtantial Proof receive
That I'm an arrant Knight——

Foi.—Or arrant Knave.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

[SCENE *Continues.*]

Lady WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

L. *Wiſh.* OUT of my Houſe, out of my Houſe, thou *Viper*, thou *Serpent*, that I have foſter'd; thou Boſom Traitreſs, that I rais'd from nothing

nothing—Begone, begone, begone, go, go—That I took from waſhing of old Gauſe and weaving of dead Hair, with a bleak blue Noſe, over a Chaffing-diſh of ſtarv'd Embers, and dining behind a Traverſe-Rag, in a Shop no bigger than a Birdcage,—go, go, ſtarve again, do, do.

Foi. Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

L. Wiſh. Away, out, out, go ſet up for yourſelf again—do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three-penny-worth of ſmall Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under a Brandyſeller's Bulk, or againſt a dead Wall by a Balladmonger. Go, hang out an old *Friſoneer-gorget*, with a Yard of yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd Maſk, two Rows of Pins and a Child's Fiddle; a Glaſs Necklace, with the Beads broken, and a quilted Night-Cap with one Ear. Go, go, drive a Trade.—Theſe were your Commodities, you treacherous Trull, this was the Merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my Houſe, plac'd you next myſelf, and made you Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Neſt?

Foi. No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience—I'll confeſs all. Mr. *Mirabell* ſeduc'd me; I am not the firſt that he has wheedled with his diſſembling Tongue; your Ladyſhip's own Wiſdom has been deluded by him, then how ſhould I, a poor Ignorant, defend myſelf? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he aſſur'd me your Ladyſhip ſhould come to no Damage—Or elſe the Wealth of the *Indies* ſhould not have brib'd me to conſpire againſt ſo good, ſo ſweet, ſo kind a Lady as you have been to me.

L. *Wiſh.* No Damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a caſt Serving-man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hoſpital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage! O thou frontleſs Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Actreſs.

Foi. Pray do but hear me, Madam; he could not marry your Ladyſhip, Madam—No, indeed, his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was marry'd to me firſt, to ſecure your Ladyſhip. He could not have bedded your Ladyſhip; for if he had conſummated with your Ladyſhip, he muſt have run the Riſque of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy—Yes, indeed, I enquir'd of the Law in that Caſe before I would meddle or make.

L. *Wiſh.* What, then I have been your Property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it ſeems,—while you were catering for *Mirabell*; I have been Broker for you? What, have you made a paſſive Bawd of me?—this exceeds all Precedent; I am brought to fine Uſes, to become a Botcher of ſecond-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews!* I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baſte you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you, as I'm a Perſon. Your Turtle is in Cuſtody already: You ſhall coo in the ſame Cage, if there be a Conſtable or Warrant in the Pariſh.

Foi. O that ever I was born! O that I was ever marry'd!—a Bride, ay I ſhall be a *Bridewell* Bride. Oh!

SCENE II.

Mrs. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

Mrs. *Fain.* Poor *Foible*, what's the Matter?

Foi. O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Conſtable; I ſhall be had to a Juſtice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to Priſon already.

Mrs. *Fain.* Have a good Heart, *Foible*; *Mirabell*'s gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwoud*'s and my Huſband's doing.

Foi. Yes, yes, I know it, Madam; ſhe was in my Lady's Cloſet, and overheard all that you ſaid to me before Dinner. She ſent the Letter to my Lady;

Lady; and that miſſing Effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this Plot to arreſt *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the Papers; and in the mean Time Mrs. *Marwood* declared all to my Lady.

Mrs. *Fain.* Was there no Mention made of me in the Letter—My Mother does not ſuſpect my being in the Confederacy; I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' ſhe has told my Huſband.

Foi. Yes, Madam; but my Lady did not ſee that Part: We ſtifled the Letter before ſhe read ſo far. Has that miſchievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladyſhip then?

Mrs. *Fain.* Ay, all's out; my Affair with *Mirabell*, every Thing diſcover'd. This is the laſt Day of our living together, that's my Comfort.

Foi. Indeed! Madam; and ſo 'tis a Comfort if you knew all,—he has been even with your Ladyſhip; which I cou'd have told you long enough ſince, but I love to keep Peace and Quietneſs by my good Will: I had rather bring Friends together, than ſet them at Diſtance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. *Fain.* Say'ſt thou ſo, *Foible?* Canſt thou prove this?

Foi. I can take my Oath of it, Madam, ſo can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood*, to conceal ſomething that paſſed in our Chamber one Evening when we were at *Hyde Park*;—and we were thought to have gone a Walking: But we went up unawares,—tho' we were ſworn to Secrecy too; Madam *Marwood* took a Book and ſwore us upon it: But it was but a Book of Poems.—So long as it was not a Bible-Oath, we may break it with a ſafe Conſcience.

Mrs. *Fain.* This Diſcovery is the moſt opportune Thing I could wiſh—Now, *Mincing!*

SCENE III.

[*To them*] MINCING.

Minc. My Lady wou'd ſpeak with Mrs. *Foible*, Mem. Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has ſet your Spouſe at Liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide yourſelf in my Lady's Cloſet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Paſſion, at ſomething Mr. *Fainall* has ſaid; he ſwears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane, I vow. He ſays, Mem, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorc'd.

Mrs. *Fain.* Does your Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc. Yes Mem, they have ſent me to ſee if Sir *Wilfull* be ſober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is reſolved to have him, I think, rather than loſe ſuch a vaſt Sum as Six thouſand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. *Fain.* *Foible*, you muſt tell *Mincing*, that ſhe muſt prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foi. Yes, yes, Madam.

Minc. O, yes, Mem, I'll vouch any Thing for your Ladyſhip's Service, be what it will.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

L. *Wiſh.* O my dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodneſs? To you I owe the timely Diſcovery of the falſe Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impoſtor Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an Interceſſor with my Son-in-Law, to ſave the Honour of my Houſe, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter

Daughter. Well Friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad World, or elſe I would retire to Deſarts and Solitudes; and feed harmleſs Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the World, and retire by ourſelves, and be Shepherdeſſes.

Mrs. *Mar.* Let us firſt diſpatch the Affair in Hand, Madam. We ſhall have Leiſure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concern'd in the Treaty.

L. *Wiſh.* O Daughter, Daughter, is it poſſible thou ſhould'ſt be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Fleſh of my Fleſh, and as I may ſay, another Me, and yet tranſgreſs the minute Particle of ſevere Virtue? Is it poſſible you ſhould lean aſide to Iniquity, who have been caſt in the direct Mould of Virtue? I have not only been a Mould, but a Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World.

Mrs. *Fain.* I don't underſtand your Ladyſhip.

L. *Wiſh.* Not underſtand! Why, have you not been naught? Have you not been ſophiſticated? Not underſtand? Here I am ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cuckoldoms*. I muſt pawn my Plate and my Jewels, and ruin my Niece, and all little enough—

Mrs. *Fain.* I am wrong'd and abus'd, and ſo are you. 'Tis a falſe Accuſation, as falſe as Hell, as falſe as your Friend there, ay, or your Friend's Friend, my falſe Huſband.

Mrs. *Mar.* My Friend, Mrs. *Fainall?* Your Huſband my Friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. *Fain.* I know what I mean, Madam, and ſo do you; and ſo ſhall the World at a Time convenient.

Mrs. *Mar.* I am ſorry to ſee you ſo paſſionate, Madam. More Temper would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am ſorry my Zeal to ſerve your Ladyſhip and Family ſhould admit of Miſ-

conſtruction, or make me liable to Affronts. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not perſonally concern'd.

L. *Wiſh.* O dear Friend, I am ſo aſham'd that you ſhould meet with ſuch Returns;—You ought to aſk Pardon on your Knees, ungrateful Creature; ſhe deſerves more from you, than all your Life can accompliſh—O don't leave me deſtitute in this Perplexity;—No, ſtick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. *Fain.* I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd—Stick to you? ay, like a Leach, to ſuck your beſt Blood—ſhe'll drop off when ſhe's full. Madam, you ſhan't pawn a Bodkin, nor part with a Braſs Counter, in Compoſition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aſperſions: I know my own Innocence, and dare ſtand a Trial.

SCENE V.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

L. *Wiſh.* Why, if ſhe ſhould be innocent, if ſhe ſhould be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,—and I promiſe you, her Education has been very unexceptionable—I may ſay it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impreſs upon her tender Years a young Odium and Averſion to the very Sight of Men,—ay Friend, ſhe wou'd ha' ſhriek'd if ſhe had but ſeen a Man, 'till ſhe was in her Teens. As I'm a Perſon 'tis true—She was never ſuffer'd to play with a Male-child, tho' but in Coats; nay, her very Babies were of the *Feminine Gender*,—O, ſhe never look'd a Man in the Face, but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a Shift to put upon her for a Woman, by the Help of his long Garments, and his ſleek Face; 'till ſhe was going in her Fifteen.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Twas much ſhe ſhould be deceiv'd ſo long.

L. *Wiſh.* I warrant you, or ſhe would never have borne to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures againſt Singing and Dancing, and ſuch Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays, and profane Muſick-meetings, where the lewd Trebles ſqueak nothing but Bawdy, and the Baſſes roar Blaſphemy. O, ſhe would have ſwoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obſcene Play-book—and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be naught? What, a Whore? And thought it Excommunication to ſet her Foot within the Door of a Play-houſe. O dear Friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as ſhe ſays, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. *Mar.* Prove it, Madam? What, and have your Name proſtituted in a publick Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of bawling Lawyers? To be uſher'd in with an *O Yez* of Scandal; and have your Caſe open'd by an old fumbling Letcher in a Coif like a Man-midwife, to bring your Daughter's Infamy to Light; to be a Theme for legal Punſters, and Quibblers by the Statute; and become a Jeſt, againſt a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for a Jeſt in any Record; not even in *Doomſday-book*; to diſcompoſe the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin*; while the good Judge, tickl'd with the Proceeding, ſimpers under a grey Beard, and fidges off and on his Cuſhion, as if he had ſwallow'd *Cantharides*, or ſate upon *Cow-itch*.

L. *Wiſh.* O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. *Mar.* And then to have my young Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes, like 'Prentices at a Conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before Drawers in an Eating-houſe.

L. *Wiſh.* Worſe and worſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Mar.* Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it muſt after this be conſign'd by the Short-hand Writers to the publick Preſs; and from thence be transferr'd to the Hands, nay, into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounder-man's: And this you muſt hear 'till you are ſtunn'd; nay, you muſt hear nothing elſe for ſome Days.

L. *Wiſh.* O, 'tis inſupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myſelf and my all, my Niece and her all—any Thing, every Thing for Compoſition.

Mrs. *Mar.* Nay, Madam, I adviſe nothing; I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniencies which perhaps you have overſeen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*; if he will be ſatisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I ſhall be glad. You muſt think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

SCENE VI.

FAINALL, *Lady* WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

L. *Wiſh.* Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood*: No, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, Madam; I have ſuffer'd myſelf to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you ſhall enjoy your own proper Eſtate during Life; on Condition you oblige yourſelf never to marry, under ſuch Penalty as I think convenient.

L. *Wiſh.* Never to marry!

Fain. No more Sir *Rowland*s—the next Impoſture may not be ſo timely detected.

Mrs. *Mar.* That Condition, I dare anſwer, my Lady will conſent to, without Difficulty; ſhe has already but too much experienc'd the Perfidiouſneſs of

of Men. Beſides, Madam, when we retire to our Paſtoral Solitude, we ſhall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

L. *Wiſh.* Ay, that's true; but in Caſe of Neceſſity; as of Health, or ſome ſuch Emergency—

Fain. O, if you are preſcrib'd Marriage, you ſhall be conſider'd; I will only reſerve to myſelf the Power to chooſe for you. If your Phyſick be wholeſome, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife ſhall ſettle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made over already; and for her Maintenance depend entirely on my Diſcretion.

L. *Wiſh.* This is moſt inhumanly ſavage; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muſcovite* Huſband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czariſh* Majeſty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, amongſt other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at preſent practis'd in the Northern Hemiſphere. But this muſt be agreed unto, and that poſitively. Laſtly, I will be endow'd, in Right of my Wife, with that fix thouſand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. *Millamant*'s Fortune in your Poſſeſſion; and which ſhe has forfeited (as will appear by the laſt Will and Teſtament of your deceaſed Huſband, Sir *Jonathan Wiſhfort*) by her Diſobedience in contracting herſelf againſt your Conſent or Knowledge; and by refuſing the offer'd Match with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, which you, like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

L. *Wiſh.* My Nephew was *Non compos*; and could not make his Addreſſes.

Fain. I come to make Demands—I'll hear no Objections.

L. *Wiſh.* You will grant me Time to conſider?

Fain. Yes, while the Inſtrument is drawing, to which you muſt ſet your Hand 'till more ſufficient Deeds can be perfected, which I will take Care ſhall be done with all poſſible Speed. In the mean While I will

I will go for the ſaid Inſtrument, and 'till my Return you may ballance this Matter in your own Diſcretion.

SCENE VII.

Lady WISHFORT, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

L. *Wiſh.* This Inſolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; muſt I be ſubject to this mercileſs Villain?

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Tis ſevere indeed, Madam, that you ſhou'd ſmart for your Daughter's Wantonneſs.

L. *Wiſh.* 'Twas againſt my Conſent that ſhe marry'd this Barbarian; but ſhe wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out.—Ah! her firſt Huſband, my Son *Languiſh*, wou'd not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my Choice, this is hers; ſhe is match'd now with a Witneſs—I ſhall be mad, dear Friend; is there no Comfort for me? Muſt I live to be confiſcated at this Rebel-rate?—Here come two more of my *Ægyptian* Plagues too.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your Servant.

L. *Wiſh.* Out *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir *Wil.* I confeſs I have been a little in Diſguiſe, as they ſay,—'Sheart! and I'm ſorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no Offence, Aunt—and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man ſay fairer? If I have broke any Thing I'll pay for't, an it coſt a Pound. And ſo let that content for what's paſt, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleaſure you, I'm willing to marry my Couſin. So pray let's all be

be Friends, ſhe and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witneſs.

L. *Wiſh.* How's this, dear Niece? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

Mill. I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repoſe, Madam; and to convince you that I had no Hand in the Plot, as you were miſinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Perſon, and be a Witneſs that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*; and for the Contract that paſs'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Reſignation of it in your Ladyſhip's Preſence;—He is without, and waits your Leave for Admittance.

L. *Wiſh.* Well, I'll ſwear I am ſomething reviv'd at this Teſtimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor,—I fear I cannot fortify myſelf to ſupport his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I ſee him I fear I ſhall turn to Stone, and petrify inceſſantly.

Mill. If you diſoblige him he may reſent your Refuſal, and inſiſt upon the Contract ſtill. Then 'tis the laſt Time he will be offenſive to you.

L. *Wiſh.* Are you ſure it will be the laſt Time?—If I were ſure of that—ſhall I never ſee him again?

Mill. Sir *Wilfull*, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, the Gentleman's a civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why we are ſworn Brothers and Fellow-travellers. We are to be *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, he and I—He is to be my Interpreter in foreign Parts. He has been over-ſeas once already; and with *Proviſo* that I marry my Couſin, will croſs 'em once again, only to bear me Company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in,—an I ſet on't once, he ſhall come in; and ſee who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the Door and hems.*

Mrs. *Mar.* This is precious Fooling, if it wou'd paſs; but I'll know the Bottom of it.

L. *Wiſh.*

L. *Wish.* O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mrs. *Mar.* Not far, Madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE IX.

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, *Sir* WILFULL, MIRABELL.

Sir *Wil.* Look up, Man, I'll ſtand by you; 'sbud, an ſhe do frown, ſhe can't kill you;—Beſides—harkee, ſhe dare not frown deſperately, becauſe her Face is none of her own; 'Sheart, and ſhe ſhou'd, her Forehead wou'd wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream-cheeſe; but mum for that, Fellow-traveller.

Mir. If a deep Senſe of the many Injuries I have offer'd to ſo good a Lady, with a ſincere Remorſe, and a hearty Contrition, can but obtain the leaſt Glance of Compaſſion, I am too happy,—Ah Madam, there was a Time—But let it be forgotten—I confeſs I have deſervedly forfeited the high Place I once held, of ſighing at your Feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in Diſdain—I come not to plead for Favour;—Nay, not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity—I am going where I never ſhall behold you more.—

Sir *Wil.* How, Fellow-traveller!—You ſhall go by yourſelf then.

Mir. Let me be pitied firſt; and afterwards forgotten—I aſk no more.

Sir *Wil.* By'r Lady a very reaſonable Requeſt, and will coſt you nothing, Aunt.—Come, come, forgive and forget, Aunt; why you muſt, an you are a Chriſtian.

Mir. Conſider, Madam, in Reality, you cou'd not receive much Prejudice; it was an innocent Device; tho' I confeſs it had a Face of Guiltineſs,—it was at moſt an Artifice which Love contriv'd—And Errors which

which Love produces have ever been accounted *venial*. At leaſt think it is Puniſhment enough, that I have loſt what in my Heart I hold moſt dear; that to your cruel Indignation I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay, all my Hopes of future Comfort.

Sir *Wil.* An he does not move me, wou'd I may never be o' the *Quorum*.—An it were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again,—I wou'd I might never take Shipping—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I ſhall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry;—One doleful Sigh more from my Fellow-traveller, and 'tis diſſolv'd.

L. *Wiſh.* Well, Nephew, upon your Account—Ah, he has a falſe inſinuating Tongue—Well, Sir, I will ſtifle my juſt Reſentment, at my Nephew's Requeſt—I will endeavour what I can to forget,—but on *Proviſo* that you reſign the Contract with my Niece immediately.

Mir. It is in Writing, and with Papers of Concern; but I have ſent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all Acknowledgments for your tranſcendent Goodneſs.

L. *Wiſh.* Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue;—When I did not ſee him, I cou'd have brib'd a Villain to his Aſſaſſination; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have ſo long lain ſmother'd in my Breaſt.— [*Aſide.*

SCENE X.

[*To them*] FAINALL, *Mrs.* MARWOOD.

Fain. Your Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expir'd. Here is the Inſtrument, are you prepar'd to ſign?

L. *Wiſh.* If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My

My Niece exerts a lawful Claim, having match'd herſelf by my Direction to Sir *Wilfull*.

Fain. That Sham is too groſs to paſs on me—tho' 'tis impos'd on you, Madam.

Mill. Sir, I have given my Conſent.

Mir. And, Sir, I have reſign'd my Pretenſions.

Sir *Wil.* And, Sir, I aſſert my Right; and will maintain it in Defiance of you, Sir, and of your Inſtrument. S'heart, an you talk of an Inſtrument, Sir, I have an old Fox by my Thigh ſhall hack your Inſtrument of *Ram Vellum* to Shreds, Sir. It ſhall not be ſufficient for a *Mittimus*, or a Taylor's Meaſure; therefore withdraw your Inſtrument, Sir, or by 'r Lady I ſhall draw mine.

L. *Wiſh.* Hold, Nephew, hold.

Mill. Good Sir *Wilfull* reſpite your Valour.

Fain. Indeed? Are you provided of your Guard, with your ſingle Beef-eater there? But I am prepar'd for you; and inſiſt upon my firſt Propoſal. You ſhall ſubmit your own Eſtate to my Management, and abſolutely make over my Wife's to my ſole Uſe; as purſuant to the Purport and Tenor of this other Covenant.—I ſuppoſe, Madam, your Conſent is not requiſite in this Caſe; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your Reſignation; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right—You may draw your Fox if you pleaſe, Sir, and make a *Bear-garden* Flouriſh ſomewhere elſe: For here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wiſhfort*, muſt be ſubſcrib'd, or your darling Daughter's turn'd adrift, like a leaky Hulk to ſink or ſwim, as ſhe and the Current of this lewd Town can agree.

L. *Wiſh.* Is there no Means, no Remedy, to ſtop my Ruin? Ungrateful Wretch! Doſt thou not owe thy Being, thy Subſiſtence to my Daughter's Fortune?

Fain. I'll anſwer you when I have the Reſt of it in my Poſſeſſion.

Mir. But that you won'd not accept of a Remedy from

from my Hands—I own I have not deſerv'd you ſhou'd owe any Obligation to me; or elſe perhaps I could adviſe—

L. *Wiſh.* O what? what? to ſave me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's paſt; nay, I'll conſent to any Thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

Mir. Ay, Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have diſpos'd of her, who only could have made me a Compenſation for all my Services;—But be it as it may, I am reſolv'd I'll ſerve you, you ſhall not be wrong'd in this ſavage Manner.

L. *Wiſh.* How! Dear Mr. *Mirabell*, can you be ſo generous at laſt! But it is not poſſible.—Harkee, I'll break my Nephew's Match; you ſhall have my Niece yet, and all her Fortune, if you can but ſave me from this imminent Danger.

Mir. Will you? I take you at your Word. I aſk no more. I muſt have Leave for two Criminals to appear.

L. *Wiſh.* Ay, ay, any Body, any Body.

Mir. Foible is one, and a Penitent.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] *Mrs.* FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

Mrs. *Mar.* O my Shame! [Mira, *and Lady go to Mrs.* Fainall *and* Foible] theſe corrupt Things are brought hither to expoſe me. [*To* Fainall.

Fain. If it muſt all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World.* That ſhall not urge me to relinquiſh or abate one Tittle of my Terms; no, I will inſiſt the more.

Foi. Yes indeed, Madam, I'll take my Bible-Oath of it.

Min. And ſo will I, Mem.

L. *Wiſh.*

L. *Wiſh.* O *Marwood, Marwood*, art thou falſe! My Friend deceive me! Haſt thou been a wicked Accomplice with that profligate Man?

Mrs. *Mar.* Have you ſo much Ingratitude and Injuſtice, to give Credit againſt your Friend, to the Aſperſions of two ſuch mercenary Trulls?

Min. Mercenary, Mem! I ſcorn your Words. 'Tis true, we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue Garret; by the ſame Token, you ſwore us to Secrecy upon *Meſſalina*'s Poems. Mercenary! No, if we would have been mercenary, we ſhou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us ſufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an inſignificant Thing—Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. *Mirabell*'s Expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, Thing, that was a Wife, ſhall ſmart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body ſhall be naked as your Reputation.

Mrs. *Fain.* I deſpiſe you, and defy your Malice—You have aſpers'd me wrongfully—I have prov'd your Falſehood—Go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but ſtarve together—Periſh.

Fain. Not while you are worth a Groat, indeed my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

L. *Wiſh.* Ah, Mr. *Mirabell*, this is ſmall Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

Mir. O in good Time—Your Leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] WAITWELL *with a Box of Writings.*

L. *Wiſh.* O Sir *Rowland*—Well Raſcal.

Wait. What your Ladyſhip pleaſes.—I have brought the black Box at laſt, Madam.

Mir. Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promiſe.

L. *Wiſh.*

L. *Wiſh.* Ay, dear Sir.

Mir. Where are the Gentlemen?

Wait. At hand, Sir, rubbing their Eyes—juſt riſen from Sleep.

Fain. S'death! what's this to me? I'll not wait your private Concerns.

SCENE XIII.

[*To them.*] PETULANT, WITWOUD.

Pet. How now? what's the Matter? whoſe Hand's out?

Wit. Heyday! what, are you all got together, like Players at the End of the laſt Act?

Mir. You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requeſted your Hands as Witneſſes to a certain Parchment.

Witw. Ay I do, my Hand I remember—*Petulant* ſet his Mark.

Mir. You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as ſhall appear—You do not remember, Gentlemen, any Thing of what that Parchment contained—

[*Undoing the Box.*

Witw. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mir. Very well; now you ſhall know—Madam, your Promiſe.

L. *Wiſh.* Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honour.

Mir. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now Time that you ſhou'd know, that your Lady, while ſhe was at her own Diſpoſal, and before you had by your Inſinuations wheedled her out of a pretended Settlement of the greateſt Part of her Fortune—

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mir. Yes, Sir, I ſay, that this Lady while a Widow, having it ſeems receiv'd ſome Cautions reſpecting your Inconſtancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from

from her own partial Opinion and Fondneſs of you ſhe cou'd never have ſuſpected—ſhe did, I ſay, by the wholeſome Advice of Friends, and of Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this ſame as her Act and Deed to me in Truſt, and to the Uſes within mention'd. You may read if you pleaſe—[*holding out the Parchment.*] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may ſerve your Occaſions.

Fain. Very likely, Sir. What's here? Damnation! [*Reads.*] *A Deed of Conveyance of the whole Eſtate real of* Arabella Languiſh, *Widow, in Truſt, to* Edward Mirabell.

Confuſion!

Mir. Even ſo, Sir; 'tis *The Way of the World*, Sir; of the Widows of the World. I ſuppoſe this Deed may bear an elder Date than what you have obtain'd from your Lady.

Fain. Perfidious Fiend! then thus I'll be reveng'd—

[*Offers to run at Mrs.* Fainall.

Sir *Wil.* Hold, Sir; now you may make your *Bear-garden* flouriſh ſomewhere elſe, Sir.

Fain. Mirabell, you ſhall hear of this, Sir, be ſure you ſhall—Let me paſs, Oaf.

Mrs. *Fain.* Madam, you ſeem to ſtifle your Reſentment: You had better give it Vent.

Mrs. *Mar.* Yes, it ſhall have Vent—and to your Confuſion, or I'll periſh in the Attempt.

SCENE *The Laſt.*

Lady WISHFORT, MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, *Mrs.* FAINALL, *Sir* WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOIBLE, MINCING. WAITWELL.

L. *Wiſh.* O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain thou haſt inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fain.* Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious Friend, to whoſe Advice all is owing.

L. *Wiſh.* Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your Promiſe—and I muſt perform mine.—Firſt, I pardon for your Sake Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*—The next Thing is to break the Matter to my Nephew—and how to do that—

Mir. For that, Madam, give yourſelf no Trouble—let me have your Conſent—Sir *Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Compaſſion upon Lovers, and generouſly engag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our Service; and now deſigns to proſecute his Travels.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, Aunt, I have no Mind to marry. My Couſin's a fine Lady, and the Gentleman loves her, and ſhe loves him, and they deſerve one another; my Reſolution is to ſee foreign Parts—I have ſet on't—and when I'm ſet on't, I muſt do't. And if theſe two Gentlemen wou'd travel too, I think they may be ſpar'd.

Pet. For my Part, I ſay little—I think Things are beſt; off or on.

Wait. I'gad I underſtand nothing of the Matter,—I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a Dancing School.

L. *Wiſh.* Well Sir, take her, and with her all the Joy I can give you.

Mill. Why does not the Man take me? Wou'd you have me give myſelf to you over again?

Mir. Ay, and over and over again; [*kiſſes her Hand*] I wou'd have you as often as poſſibly I can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too well, that's all my Fear.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, you'll have Time enough to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean Time; that we who are not Lovers may have ſome other Employment, beſides looking on.

Mir. With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wilfull.* What ſhall we do for Muſick?

Foi. O Sir, ſome that were provided for Sir *Rowland*'s Entertainment are yet within Call. [*A Dance.*

L. *Wiſh.* As I am a Perſon I can hold out no longer;—I have waſted my Spirits ſo To-day already, that I am ready to ſink under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have ſome Fears upon me yet, that my Son *Fainall* will purſue ſome deſperate Courſe.

Mir. Madam, diſquiet not yourſelf on that Account; to my Knowledge his Circumſtances are ſuch, he muſt of Force comply. For my Part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a Reunion: In the mean Time, Madam, [*To Mrs.* Fainall] let me before theſe Witneſſes reſtore to you this Deed of Truſt; it may be a Means, well manag'd, to make you live eaſily together.

From hence let thoſe be warn'd, who mean to wed;
Leſt mutual Falſhood ſtain the Bridal-Bed:
For each Deceiver to his Coſt may find,
That Marriage Frauds too oft are paid in kind.

[Exeunt Omnes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

AFTER our Epilogue *this Crowd dimiſſes,*
I'm thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.
But pray conſider, ere you doom its Fall,
How hard a Thing 'twou'd be, to pleaſe you all.
There are ſome Criticks ſo with Spleen diſeas'd,
They ſcarcely come inclining to be pleas'd:
And ſure he muſt have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleaſes any one againſt his Will.
Then, all bad Poets we are ſure are Foes,
And how their Number's ſwell'd the Town well knows:
In ſhoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit;
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
But that they have been damn'd for Want of Wit.
Since when, they, by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.
Others there are whoſe Malice we'd prevent;
Such, who watch Plays, with ſcurrilous Intent,
To mark out who by Characters *are meant.*
And tho' no perfect Likeneſs they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.
Theſe wiſe Falſe-gloſſes feed their own Ill-nature,
And turn to Libel, *what was meant a* Satire.
May ſuch malicious Fops *this Fortune find,*
To think themſelves alone the Fools *deſign'd:*

If any are ſo arrogantly vain,
To think they ſingly *can ſupport a* Scene,
And furniſh Fool *enough to entertain.*
For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,
That Satire *ſcorns to ſtoop ſo meanly low,*
As any one abſtracted Fop *to ſhow.*
For, as when Painters form a matchleſs Face,
They from each Fair-one *catch ſome diff'rent Grace;*
And ſhining Features in one Portrait blend,
To which no ſingle Beauty muſt pretend:
So Poets oft, do in one Piece expoſe
Whole Belles Aſſemblées *of* Coquets *and* Beaux.

THE

THE

JUDGMENT of PARIS:

A

MASQUE.

———*Vincis utramque Venus.*
Ov. Art. Am. L. 1.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The SCENE *is a Landſkip of a beautiful Paſture ſuppoſed on Mount* Ida. *The Shepherd* Paris *is ſeen ſeated under a Tree, and playing on his Pipe; his Crook and Scrip,* &c. *lying by him. While a Symphony is playing,* Mercury *deſcends with his* Caduceus *in one Hand, and an Apple of Gold in the other: After the Symphony he ſings.*

MERCURY.

FROM high *Olympus*, and the Realms above,
Behold I come the Meſſenger of *Jove*;
His dread Commands I bear:
Shepherd, ariſe and hear;
Ariſe, and leave awhile thy rural Care;
Forbear thy woolly Flock to feed,
And lay aſide thy tuneful Reed;
For thou to greater Honours art decreed.

PARIS.

O *Hermes*, I thy Godhead know,
By thy winged Heels and Head,
By thy Rod that wakes the Dead,
And guides the Shades below.
Say, wherefore doſt thou ſeek this humble Plain,
To greet a lowly Swain?
What does the mighty Thunderer ordain?

MERCURY.

This radiant Fruit behold,
More bright than burniſh'd Gold;

Three Goddeſſes for this contend:
See now they deſcend,
And this Way they bend,
Shepherd, take the golden Prize,
Yield it to the brighteſt Eyes.

[Juno, Pallas *and* Venus *are ſeen at a Diſtance deſcending in ſeveral Machines.*

PARIS.

O raviſhing Delight!
What Mortal can ſupport the Sight?
Alas! too weak is human Brain,
So much Rapture to ſuſtain.
I faint, I fall! O take me hence,
Ere Ecſtaſy invades my aching Senſe;
Help me, *Hermes*, or I die,
Save me from Exceſs of Joy.

MERCURY.

Fear not, Mortal; none ſhall harm thee,
With my ſacred Rod I'll charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou may'ſt ev'ry Grace diſcover.
Though a thouſand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not, Mortal, none ſhall wound thee.

In two Parts. *Par.*
Happy thou of human Race,
Gods with thee would change their Place.
With no God I'd change my Place,
Happy I of human Race. [Mer. *aſcends.*

[*While a Symphony is playing,* Juno *deſcends from her Machine; after the Symphony ſhe ſings.*

JUNO.

Saturnia, Wife of thund'ring *Jove*, am I,
Belov'd by him, and Empreſs of the Sky;
Shepherd, fix on me thy wond'ring Sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

[*Symphony for* Pallas.

PALLAS.

This Way, Mortal, bend thy Eyes,
Pallas claims the golden Prize;

A Vir-

A Virgin Goddeſs free from Stain,
And Queen of Arts and Arms I reign.
[*Symphony for* Venus.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain,
Let not *Venus* ſue in vain;
Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, and ſhe rules Love.
Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am ſhe,

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am ſhe.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

JUNO and PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

VENUS.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

Chorus of all three.
Hither turn to me again,
To me, to me, for I am ſhe;
Hither turn thee, gentle Swain.

PARIS.

I.

Diſtracted I turn, but I cannot decide;
So equal a Title ſure never was try'd.
United, your Beauties ſo dazzle the Sight,
That loſt in Amaze,
I giddily gaze,
Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a Torrent of Light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heavenly Fair,
For Three at a Time there's no Mortal can bear;

And ſince a gay Robe an ill Shape may diſguiſe,
When each is undreſt
I'll judge of the beſt,
For 'tis not a Face that muſt carry the Prize.

JUNO ſings alone.

I.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings ſhalt tread,
Joys in Circles Joys ſhall meet,
Which Way e'er thy Fancies lead.

III.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleaſures are;
Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Bleſſings I beſtow,
Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.

CHORUS.

Let Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd;
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

PALLAS ſings alone.

I.

Awake, awake, thy Spirits raiſe,
Waſte not thus thy youthful Days,
Piping, Toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Loſt in wanton and inglorious Eaſe.

II.

Hark, Hark! the glorious Voice of War
Calls aloud, for Arms prepare:
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial Muſick charms the joyful Air,
(Symphony)

PALLAS ſings.

O what Joys does Conqueſt yield!
When returning from the Field,
O how glorious 'tis to ſee
The godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!
Laurel Wreaths his Head ſurrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet ſounding,
Every Voice in Chorus join'd.
To me, kind Swain, the Prize reſign,
And Fame and Conqueſt ſhall be thine.

CHORUS.

O how glorious 'tis to ſee
The godlike Hero crown'd with Victory!
(Symphony.)

VENUS ſings alone.

Stay, lovely Youth, delay thy Choice;
Take Heed leſt empty Names enthrall thee;
Attend to *Cytherea*'s Voice;
O! I who am Love's Mother call thee.
Far from thee be anxious Care,
And racking Thoughts that vex the Great:
Empire's but a gilded Snare,
And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.
One only Joy Mankind can know,
And Love alone can that beſtow.

CHORUS.

One only Joy, &c.

VENUS ſings.

I.

Nature fram'd thee ſure for Loving,
Thus adorn'd with every Grace;
Venus' ſelf thy Form approving,
Looks with Pleaſure on thy Face.

II.

Happy Nymph who ſhall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms!
Should bright *Helen* once behold thee,
She'd ſurrender all her Charms.

III.

Faireſt ſhe, all Nymphs tranſcending,
That the Sun himſelf has ſeen,
Were ſhe for the Crown contending,
Thou wou'dſt own her Beauty's Queen.

IV.

Gentle Shepherd, if my Pleading
Can from thee the Prize obtain,
Love himſelf thy Conqueſt aiding,
Thou that matchleſs Fair ſhalt gain.

PARIS.

I yield, I yield, O take the Prize,
And ceaſe, O ceaſe, th'inchanting Song;
All Love's Darts are in thy Eyes,
And Harmony falls from thy Tongue.
Forbear, O Goddeſs of Deſire,
Thus my raviſh'd Soul to move;
Forbear to fan the raging Fire,
And be propitious to my Love.

Here Paris *gives to* Venus *the golden Apple. Several* Cupids *deſcend, the three* Graces *alight from the Chariot of* Venus, *they call the* Hours, *who aſſemble; with all the Attendants on* Venus. *All join in a Circle round her, and ſing the laſt grand* Chorus; *while* Juno *and Pallas aſcend.*

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither all ye Graces, *all ye* Loves,
Hither all ye Hours *resort*;
Billing Sparrows, cooing Doves;
Come all the Train of Venus' *Court.*
Sing all great Cytherea's *Name*;
Over Empire, over Fame,
Her Victory proclaim.
Sing, Sing and spread the joyful News around,
The Queen of Love, is Queen of Beauty crown'd.

SEMELE.

AN

OPERA.

A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori, & in hac re, sicut in omnibus, inconstantissimo.

Seneca, Ep. 99.

ARGUMENT

Introductory to the

OPERA of SEMELE.

AFTER Jupiter's *Amour with* Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor, *King of* Phœnicia, *he again incenſes* Juno *by a new Affair in the ſame Family*; viz. *with* Semele, *Niece to* Europa, *and Daughter to* Cadmus *King of* Thebes. Semele *is on the Point of Marriage with* Athamas; *which Marriage is about to be ſolemniz'd in the Temple of* Juno, *Goddeſs of Marriages, when* Jupiter *by ill Omens interrupts the Ceremony*; *and afterwards tranſports* Semele *to a private Abode prepared for her.* Juno, *after many Contrivances, at length aſſumes the Shape and Voice of* Ino, *Siſter to* Semele; *by the Help of which Diſguiſe, and artful Inſinuations, ſhe prevails with her to make a Requeſt to* Jupiter,

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, *which being granted, muſt end in her utter Ruin.*

This Fable is related in Ovid. Metam. L. 3. *but there* Juno *is ſaid to impoſe on* Semele *in the Shape of an old Woman, her Nurſe. 'Tis hoped, the Liberty taken in ſubſtituting* Ino *inſtead of the old Woman will be excuſed: It was done, becauſe* Ino *is interwoven in the Deſign by her Love of* Athamas; *to whom ſhe was married, according to* Ovid; *and, becauſe her Character bears a Proportion with the Dignity of the other Perſons repreſented. This Reaſon, it is preſumed, may be allowed in a Thing intirely fictitious; and more eſpecially being repreſented under the Title of an* Opera, *where greater Abſurdities are every Day excuſed.*

It was not thought requiſite to have any Regard either to Rhyme, or Equality of Meaſure, in the Lines of that Part of the Dialogue which was deſigned for the Recitative Stile *in Muſick. For as that Stile in Muſick is not confined to the ſtrict Obſervation of* Time *and* Meaſure, *which is required in the Compoſition of* Airs *and* Sonatas, *ſo neither is it neceſſary that the ſame Exactneſs in Numbers, Rhymes, or Meaſure, ſhould be obſerved in Words deſigned to be ſet in that Manner, which muſt ever be obſerved in the Formation of* Odes *and* Sonnets. *For, what they call* Recitative *in Muſick, is only a*

more

ARGUMENT.

more tuneable Speaking; it is a Kind of Proſe in Muſick; its Beauty conſiſts in coming near Nature, and in improving the natural Accents of Words by more pathetick or emphatical Tones.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Jupiter.
Cadmus, King of *Thebes.*
Athamas, a Prince of *Bœotia*, in Love with and deſigned to marry *Semele.*
Somnus.
Apollo.
Cupid.
Zephyrs.
Loves.
Shepherds.
Satyrs.

Juno.
Iris.
Semele, Daughter to Cadmus, beloved by and in Love with *Jupiter.*
Ino, Siſter to *Semele*, in Love with *Athamas.*
Shepherdeſſes.

Chief Prieſt of *Juno*, other Prieſts and Augurs.

SCENE, *BOEOTIA.*

SEMELE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Temple of* JUNO, *near the Altar is a Golden Image of the Goddeſs. Prieſts are in their Solemnities, as after a Sacrifice newly offered; Flames ariſe from the Altar, and the Statue of* JUNO *is ſeen to bow.*

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, *and* INO.

FIRST PRIEST.

BEHOLD! auſpicious Flaſhes riſe;
Juno accepts our Sacrifice;
The grateful Odour ſwift aſcends,
And ſee, the Golden Image bends.

FIRST and SECOND PRIEST.

Lucky Omens bleſs our Rites,
And ſure Succeſs ſhall crown your Loves;
Peaceful Days and fruitful Nights
Attend the Pair that ſhe approves.

CADMUS.

Daughter, obey,
Hear, and obey.
With kind Conſenting
Eaſe a Parent's Care;
Invent no new Delay.

ATHAMAS.

O hear a faithful Lover's Pray'r;
On this auſpicious Day
Invent no new Delay.

CADMUS

CADMUS and *ATHAMAS*:
Hear, and obey;
Invent no new Delay
On this auſpicious Day.

SEMELE [*apart.*]
Ah me!
What Refuge now is left me?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my Miſeries!
O *Jove* aſſiſt me.
Can *Semele* forego thy Love,
And to a Mortal's Paſſion yield?
Thy Vengeance will o'ertake
Such Perfidy.
If I deny, my Father's Wrath I fear.
O *Jove*, in Pity teach me which to chuſe,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuſe.

ATHAMAS.
See, ſhe bluſhing turns her Eyes;
See, with Sighs her Boſom panting:
If from Love thoſe Sighs ariſe,
Nothing to my Bliſs is wanting.
Hymen *haſte, thy Torch prepare,*
Love already his has lighted;
One ſoft Sigh has cur'd Deſpair,
And more than my paſt Pains requited.

INO.
Alas! ſhe yields,
And has undone me:
I can no longer hide my Paſſion;
It muſt have Vent—
Or inward Burning
Will conſume me.
O *Athamas*—
I cannot utter it—

ATHAMAS.
On me fair *Ino* calls
With mournful Accent,

He

Her Colour fading,
And her Eyes o'erflowing!

INO.

O *Semele!*

SEMELE.

On me ſhe calls,
Yet ſeems to ſhun me!
What would my Siſter?
Speak—

INO.

Thou haſt undone me.

CADMUS.

Why doſt thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our ſolemn Rites prophane?
Can he, or ſhe, thy Woes relieve?
Or I? Of whom doſt thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

ATHAMAS.

Can I thy Woes relieve?

SEMELE.

Can I aſſuage thy Pain?

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, and *SEMELE.*

Of whom doſt thou complain?

INO.

Of all; but all, I fear, in vain.

[*It lightens, and Thunder is heard at a Diſtance; then, a Noiſe of Rain; the Fire is ſuddenly extinguiſhed on the Altar: The Chief Prieſt comes forward.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Avert theſe Omens, all ye Pow'rs!
Some God averſe our holy Rites controlls.
O'erwhelm'd with ſudden Night, the Day expires!
Ill-boding Thunder on the Right-hand rolls.
And *Jove* himſelf deſcends in Show'rs,
To quench our late propitious Fires.

CHORUS

CHORUS of PRIESTS.

Avert theſe Omens, all ye Pow'rs!

SECOND PRIEST.

Again auſpicious Flaſhes riſe.
Juno accepts our Sacrifice.

[*Flames are again kindled on the Altar, and the Statue nods.*

THIRD PRIEST.

Again the fickly Flame decaying dies:
Juno aſſents, but angry *Jove* denies.

[*The Fire is again extinguiſh'd.*

ATHAMAS [*apart.*]

Thy Aid, Pronubial *Juno*, *Athamas* implores.

SEMELE [*apart.*]

Thee *Jove*, and thee alone, thy *Semele* adores.

[*A loud Clap of Thunder; the Altar ſinks.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Ceaſe, ceaſe your Vows, 'tis impious to proceed;
Be gone, and fly this holy Place with Speed:
This dreadful Conflict is of dire Preſage;
Be gone, and fly from *Jove*'s impending Rage.

[*All but the Prieſts come forward. The Scene cloſes on the Prieſts, and ſhews to View the Front and Outſide of the Temple.* Cadmus *leads off* Semele. *Attendants follow.* Athamas *and* Ino *remain.*

SCENE II.

ATHAMAS, INO.

ATHAMAS.

O *Athamas*, what Torture haſt thou borne!
And O, what haſt thou yet to bear!
From Love, from Hope, from near Poſſeſſion torn,
And plung'd at once in deep Deſpair.

INO.

Turn hopeleſs Lover, turn thy Eyes,
And ſee a Maid bemoan,
In flowing Tears and aching Sighs,
Thy Woes, too like her own.

ATHAMAS.

She weeps!
The gentle Maid, in tender Pity,
Weeps to behold my Miſery!
So *Semele* would melt
To ſee another mourn.
Such unavailing Mercy is in Beauty found,
Each Nymph bemoans the Smart
Of every bleeding Heart,
But that where ſhe herſelf inflicts the Wound.

INO.

Ah me, too much afflicted!

ATHAMAS.

Can Pity for another's Pain
Cauſe ſuch Anxiety!

INO.

Coud'ſt thou but gueſs
What I endure;
Or cou'd I tell thee—
Thou, *Athamas*,
Wou'dſt for a While
Thy Sorrows ceaſe, a little ceaſe,
And liſten for a While
To my Lamenting.

ATHAMAS.

Of Grief too ſenſible
I know your tender Nature.
Well I remember,
When I oft have ſu'd
To cold, diſdainful *Semele*;
When I with Scorn have been rejected;
Your tuneful Voice my Tale would tell,
In Pity of my ſad Deſpair;
And, with ſweet Melody, compel
Attention from the flying Fair.

INO.

Too well I ſee
Thou wilt not underſtand me.

Whence cou'd proceed ſuch Tenderneſs?
Whence ſuch Compaſſion?
Inſenſible! Ingrate!—
Ah no, I cannot blame thee:
For by Effects unknown before,
Who cou'd the hidden Cauſe explore?
Or think that Love cou'd act ſo ſtrange a Part,
To plead for Pity in a Rival's Heart.

ATHAMAS.

Ah me, what have I heard!
She does her Paſſion own.

INO.

What, had I not deſpair'd,
You never ſhou'd have known.
You've undone me;
Look not on me;
Guilt upbraiding,
Shame invading;
Look not on me;
You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

With my Life, I wou'd atone
Pains you've borne, to me unknown.
Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſhun me.

INO.

Look not on me,
You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

Ceaſe, ceaſe to ſhun me:
Love, Love alone
Has both undone.

INO, ATHAMAS.

Love, Love alone
Has both undone.

SCENE

SCENE III.

[*To them*] *Enter* CADMUS *attended.*

CADMUS.

Ah wretched Prince, doom'd to diſaſtrous Love!
Ah me, of Parents moſt forlorn!
Prepare, O *Athamas*, to prove
The ſharpeſt Pangs that e'er were borne:
Prepare with me our common Loſs to mourn.

ATHAMAS.

Can Fate, or *Semele*, invent
Another, yet another Puniſhment?

CADMUS.

Wing'd with our Fears, and pious Haſte,
From *Juno*'s Fane we fled;
Scarce we the braſen Gates had paſs'd,
When *Semele* around her Head
With azure Flames was grac'd,
Whoſe lambent Glories in her Treſſes play'd.
While this we ſaw with dread Surprize,
Swifter than Lightning downwards tending
An Eagle ſtoopt, of mighty Size,
On Purple Wings deſcending;
Like Gold his Beak, like Stars ſhone forth his Eyes,
His ſilver-plumy Breaſt with Snow contending:
Sudden he ſnatch'd the trembling Maid,
And ſoaring from our Sight convey'd;
Diffuſing ever as he leſſening flew
Celeſtial Odour, and Ambroſial Dew.

ATHAMAS.

O Prodigy, to me of dire Portent!

INO.

To me, I hope, of fortunate Event.

SCENE IV.

Enter to them the Chief Prieſt, with Augurs and other Prieſts.

CADMUS.

See, ſee, *Jove*'s Prieſts and holy Augurs come:
Speak, ſpeak, of *Semele* and me declare the Doom.

FIRST AUGUR.

Hail Cadmus, *hail!* Jove *ſalutes the* Theban *King.*
Ceaſe your Mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of Mirth and Triumph ſing.

SECOND AUGUR.

Endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Love
Semele *enjoys above;*
On her Boſom Jove *reclining,*
Uſeleſs now his Thunder lies,
To her Arms his Bolts reſigning,
And his Lightning to her Eyes.
Endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Love
Semele *enjoys above.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Haſte, haſte, haſte, to Sacrifice prepare,
Once to the Thunderer, once to the Fair:
Jove *and* Semele *implore:*
Jove *and* Semele *like Honours ſhare,*
Whom Gods admire, let Men adore.
Haſte, haſte, haſte, to Sacrifice prepare.

Chorus of Prieſts and Augurs.

Hail, Cadmus, *hail!* Jove *ſalutes the* Theban *King.*
Ceaſe your Mourning,
Joys returning,
Songs of Mirth and Triumph ſing. [Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is a pleaſant Country, the Proſpect is terminated by a beautiful Mountain adorn'd with Woods and Waterfalls.* JUNO *and* IRIS *deſcend in different Machines.* JUNO *in a Chariot drawn by Peacocks;* IRIS *on a Rainbow; they alight and meet.*

JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy Stay,
From *Samos* have I wing'd my Way,
To meet thy ſlow Return;
Thou know'ſt what Cares infeſt
My anxious Breaſt,
And how with Rage and Jealouſy I burn:
Then why this long Delay?

IRIS.

With all his Speed not yet the Sun
Thro' half his Race has run,
Since I to execute thy dread Command
Have thrice encompaſs'd Seas and Land.

JUNO.

Say, where is *Semele*'s Abode?
'Till that I know,
Tho' thou hadſt on Lighting rode,
Still thou tedious art and ſlow.

IRIS.

Look where *Citheron* proudly ſtands,
Bœotia parting from *Cecropian* Lands.
High on the Summit of that Hill,
Beyond the Reach of mortal Eyes,
By *Jove*'s Command, and *Vulcan's* Skill,
Behold a new-erected Palace riſe.

There from mortal Cares retiring,
She reſides in ſweet Retreat;
On her Pleaſure, Jove *requiring,*
All the Loves and Graces wait.

Thither Flora *the Fair*
With her Train muſt repair,
Her amorous Zephyr *attending,*
All her Sweets ſhe muſt bring
To continue the Spring,
Which never muſt there know an Ending.

Bright Aurora, *'tis ſaid,*
From her old Lover's Bed
No more the grey Orient adorning,
For the future muſt riſe
From fair Semele's *Eyes,*
And wait till ſhe wakes for the Morning.

JUNO.

No more—I'll hear no more.
How long muſt I endure?——
How long with Indignation burning,
From impious Mortals
Bear this Inſolence!
Awake *Saturnia* from thy Lethargy;
Seize, deſtroy the curſt Adultereſs.
Scale proud *Citheron*'s Top:
Snatch her, tear her in thy Fury,
And down, down to the Flood of *Acheron*
Let her fall, let her fall, fall:
Rolling down the Depths of Night,
Never more to behold the Light.
If I am own'd above,
Siſter and Wife of *Jove*;
(Siſter at leaſt I ſure may claim,
Tho' Wife be a neglected Name,)
If I th' imperial Scepter ſway——I ſwear
By Hell———
Tremble thou Uniuerſe this Oath to hear,
Not one of curſt *Agenor*'s Race to ſpare.

IRIS

IRIS.

Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
What Obſtacles you muſt ſurmount;
With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
Whoſe Entrance two fierce Dragons guard:
At each Approach they laſh their forky Stings.
And clap their braſen Wings:
And as their ſcaly Horors riſe,
They all at once diſcloſe
A thouſand fiery Eyes,
Which never know Repoſe.

JUNO.

Hence *Iris*, hence away,
Far from the Realms of Day;
O'er *Scythian* Hills to the *Meotian* Lake
A ſpeedy Flight we'll take:
There, *Somnus* I'll compell
His downy Bed to leave and ſilent Cell:
With Noiſe and Light I will his Peace moleſt,
Nor ſhall he ſink again to pleaſing Reſt,
'Till to my vow'd Revenge he grants Supplies,
And ſeals with Sleep the wakeful Dragon's Eyes.

[*They aſcend.*

SCENE II.

The SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace of* SEMELE; *ſhe is ſleeping*; DOVES *and* ZEPHYRS *waiting.*

CUPID.

See, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd ſtill panting ſhe lies;
While yet in her Mind ſhe repeats the Delight,
How ſweet is the Slumber that ſteals on her Eyes!
Come Zephyrs, *come, while* Cupid *ſings,*
Fan her with your ſilky Wings;
New Deſire
I'll inſpire,

And revive the dying Flames;
Dance around her
While I wound her,
And with Pleaſure fill her Dreams.

[A Dance of *Zephyrs*, after which Semele *awakes*, and riſes.

SEMELE.

O Sleep, why doſt thou leave me?
Why thy viſionary Joys remove?
O Sleep, again deceive me,
To my Arms reſtore my wand'ring Love.

SCENE III.

Two LOVES *lead in* JUPITER; *while he meets and embraces* SEMELE, CUPID *ſings.*

CUPID.

Sleep forſaking,
Seize him waking;
Love has ſought him,
Back has brought him;
Mighty Jove *tho' he be*
And tho' Love cannot ſee,
Yet by feeling about
He has found him out,
And has caught him.

SEMELE.

Let me not another Moment
Bear the Pangs of Abſence,
Since you have form'd my Soul for loving,
No more afflict me
With Doubts and Fears, and cruel Jealouſy.

JUPITER.

Lay your Doubts and Fears aſide,
And for Joys alone provide;
Tho' this human Form I wear,
Think not I Man's Falſhood bear.

You

You are mortal and require
Time to reſt and to reſpire,
Nor was I abſent
Tho' a While withdrawn
To take Petitions
From the needy World.
While Love was with thee
I was preſent;
Love and I are one.

SEMELE.

If chearful Hopes
And chilling Fears,
Alternate Smiles,
Alternate Tears,
Eager Panting,
Fond Deſiring,
With Grief now fainting,
Now with Bliſs expiring;
If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.

BOTH.

If this be Love, not you alone,
But Love and I are one.

SEMELE.

Ah me!

JUPITER.

Why ſighs my *Semele?*
What gentle Sorrow
Swells thy ſoft Boſom?
Why tremble thoſe fair Eyes
With interrupted Light?
Where hov'ring for a Vent,
Amidſt their humid Fires,
Some new-form'd Wiſh appears.
Speak, and obtain.

SEMELE.

At my own Happineſs
I ſigh and tremble;

Mortals whom Gods affect
Have narrow Limits ſet to Life,
And cannot long be bleſs'd.
Or if they could——
A God may prove inconſtant.

JUPITER.

Beware of Jealouſy:
Had *Juno* not been jealous,
I ne'er had left *Olympus*,
Nor wander'd in my Love.

SEMELE.

With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me.
Cauſeleſs doubting or deſpairing,
Raſhly truſting, idly fearing.
If obtaining.
Still complaining,
If conſenting
Still repenting;
Moſt complying
When denying,
And to be follow'd, only flying.
With my Frailty don't upbraid me,
I am Woman as you made me.

JUPITER.

Thy Sex of *Jove* the Maſter-piece,
Thou of thy Sex, art moſt excelling.
Frailty in thee is Ornament,
In thee Perfection.
Giv'n to agitate the Mind,
And keep awake Mens Paſſions;
To baniſh Indolence,
And dull Repoſe,
The Foes of Tranſport
And of Pleaſure.

SEMELE.

Still I am mortal,
Still a Woman;

And

And ever when you leave me,
Tho' compaſs'd round with Deities
Of Loves and Graces,
A Fear invades me,
And conſcious of a Nature
Far inferior,
I ſeek for Solitude,
And ſhun Society.

JUPITER [*apart.*]

Too well I read her Meaning,
But muſt not underſtand her.
Aiming at Immortality
With dangerous Ambition,
She wou'd dethrone *Saturnia*;
And reigning in my Heart
Wou'd reign in Heav'n.
Leſt ſhe too much explain,
I muſt with Speed amuſe her;
It gives the Lover double Pain,
Who hears his Nymph complain,
And hearing muſt refuſe her.

SEMELE.

Why do you ceaſe to gaze upon me?
Why muſing turn away:
Some other Object
Seems more pleaſing.

JUPITER.

Thy needleſs Fears remove,
My faireſt, lateſt, only Love.
By my Command,
Now at this Inſtant,
Two winged *Zephyrs*
From her downy Bed
Thy much-lov'd *Ino* bear;
And both together
Waft her hither
Thro' the balmy Air.

SEMELE.

Shall I my Sifter ſee!
The dear Companion
Of my tender Years.

JUPITER.

See, ſhe appears,
But ſees not me;
For I am viſible
Alone to thee.
While I retire, riſe and meet her,
And with Welcomes greet her.
Now all this Scene ſhall to *Arcadia* turn,
The Seat of happy Nymphs and Swains,
There without the Rage of Jealouſy they burn,
And taſte the Sweets of Love without its Pains.

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *retires.* SEMELE *and* INO *meet and embrace. The* SCENE *is totally changed, and ſhews an open Country. Several Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes enter.* SEMELE *and* INO *having entertained each other in dumb Shew, ſit and obſerve the rural Sports, which end the ſecond Act.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is the Cave of Sleep. The God of Sleep lying on his Bed. A ſoft Symphony is heard. Then the Muſick changes to a different Movement.*

JUNO, *and* IRIS.

JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake,
Raiſe thy reclining Head;

IRIS.

IRIS.

Thyſelf forſake,
And lift up thy heavy Lids of Lead.

SOMNUS [*waking.*]

Leave me, loathſome Light;
Receive me, ſilent Night.
Lethe, *why does thy lingring Current ceaſe?*
O murmur, murmur me again to Peace.
[Sinks down again.

IRIS.

Dull God, can'ſt thou attend the Water's Fall,
And not hear *Saturnia* call!

JUNO.

Peace, *Iris*, Peace, I know how to charm him,
Paſitheas's Name alone can warm him.

JUNO, IRIS.

Only Love on Sleep has Pow'r;
O'er Gods and Men
Tho' Somnus *reign,*
Love alternate has his Hour.

JUNO.

Somnus, ariſe,
Diſcloſe thy tender Eyes;
For *Paſithea*'s Sight
Endure the Light:
Somnus, ariſe.

SOMNUS [*riſing.*]

More ſweet is that Name
Than a ſoft purling Stream;
With Pleaſure repoſe I'll forſake,
If you'll grant me but her to ſooth me awake.

JUNO.

My Will obey,
She ſhall be thine.
Thou with thy ſofter Pow'rs
Firſt *Jove* ſhalt captivate,
To *Morpheus* then give Order,
Thy various Miniſter,

That with a Dream in Shape of *Semele*,
But far more beautiful,
And more alluring,
He may invade the ſleeping Deity;
And more to agitate
His kindling Fire,
Still let the Phantom ſeem
To fly before him,
That he may wake impetuous,
Furious in Deſire;
Unable to refuſe whatever Boon
Her Coyneſs ſhall require.

SOMNUS.

I tremble to comply.

JUNO.

To me thy leaden Rod reſign,
To charm the Centinels
On Mount *Citheron*;
Then caſt a Sleep on mortal *Ino*:
That I may ſeem her Form to wear,
When I to *Semele* appear.
Obey my Will, thy Rod reſign,
And *Paſithea* ſhall be thine.

SOMNUS.

All I muſt grant, for all is due
To *Paſithea*, Love and you.

JUNO.

Away let us haſte,
Let neither have Reſt,
'Till the ſweeteſt of Pleaſures we prove;
'Till of Vengeance poſſeſs'd
I doubly am bleſs'd,
And thou art made happy in Love.

[*Ex.* Juno *and* Iris.

[Somnus *retires within his Cave; the Scene changes to* Semele's *Apartment.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

SEMELE [*alone.*]

SEMELE.

love and am lov'd, yet more I deſire;
Ah, how fooliſh a Thing is Fruition!
Is one Paſſion cools, ſome other takes Fire,
And I'm ſtill in a longing Condition.
What'er I poſſeſs
Soon ſeems an Exceſs,
For ſomething untry'd I petition;
Tho' daily I prove
The Pleaſures of Love,
die for the Joys of Ambition.

SCENE III.

Enter JUNO *as* INO, *with a Mirror in her Hand.*

JUNO [*apart.*]
Thus ſhaped like *Ino*,
With Eaſe I ſhall deceive her,
And in this Mirrour ſhe ſhall ſee
Herſelf as much transform'd as me.
Do I ſome Goddeſs ſee! [*To her.*
Or is it *Semele?*

SEMELE.
Dear Siſter, ſpeak,
Whence this Aſtoniſhment?

JUNO.
Your Charms improving
To divine Perfection,
Shew you were late admitted
Amongſt celeſtial Beauties,
Has *Jove* conſented?
And are you made immortal?

SEMELE.

Ah no, I ſtill am mortal,
Nor am I ſenſible
Of any Change or new Perfection.

JUNO. [*Giving her the Glaſs.*

Behold in this Mirror
Whence comes my Surpriſe?
Such Luſtre and Terror
Unite in your Eyes,
That mine cannot fix on a Radiance ſo bright;
'Tis unſafe for the Senſe, and too ſlipp'ry for Sight.

SEMELE. [*Looking in the Glaſs.*

O Ecſtaſy of Happineſs!
Celeſtial Graces
I diſcover in each Feature!
Myſelf I ſhall adore,
If I perſiſt in gazing;
No Object ſure before
Was ever half ſo pleaſing.
How did that Glance become me!
But take this flatt'ring Mirror from me!
Yet once again let me view me.
Ah charming all o'er!
[Offering the Glaſs, withdraws her Hand again.
Here—hold, I'll have one Look more,
Tho' that Look I were ſure would undo me.

JUNO. [*Taking the Glaſs from her.*

Be wiſe as you are beautiful,
Nor loſe this Opportunity.
When *Jove* appears,
All ardent with Deſire,
Refuſe his proffer'd Flame
'Till you obtain a Boon without a Name.

SEMELE.

Can that avail me?

JUNO,

JUNO.

Unknowing your Intent,
And eager for poſſeſſing,
He unawares will grant
The nameleſs Bleſſing.
But bind him by the Stygian *Lake,*
Leſt Lover-like his Word be break.

SEMELE.

But how ſhall I attain
To Immortality?

JUNO.

Conjure him by his Oath
Not to approach your Bed
In Likeneſs of a Mortal,
But like himſelf, the mighty Thunderer,
In Pomp of Majeſty,
And heav'nly Attire;
As when he proud *Saturnia* charms,
And with ineffable Delights
Fills her encircling Arms,
And pays the Nuptial Rites.
By this Conjunction
With entire Divinity,
You ſhall partake of heav'nly Eſſence,
And thenceforth leave this mortal State
To reign above,
Ador'd by *Jove*,
In ſpite of jealous *Juno*'s Hate.

SEMELE.

Thus let my Thanks be paid,
Thus let my Arms embrace thee;
And when I'm a Goddeſs made,
With Charms like mine I'll grace thee.

JUNO.

Rich Odours fill the fragrant Air,
And *Jove*'s Approach declare.
I muſt retire—

SEMELE.

Adieu—Your Counſel I'll purſue.

JUNO,

JUNO [*apart.*]
And ſure Deſtruction will enſue.
Vain wretched Fool—[*To her*] Adieu.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

JUPITER *enters, offers to embrace* SEMELE; *ſhe looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.*

JUPITER.
Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair,
Sooth my uneaſy Care:
In my Dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I purſu'd thee,
For you fled from my Pray'r,
And bid me deſpair.
Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair.

SEMELE.
Tho' 'tis eaſy to pleaſe ye,
And hard to deny;
Tho' Poſſeſſing's a Bleſſing
For which I could die,
I dare not, I cannot comply.

JUPITER.
When I languiſh with Anguiſh,
And tenderly ſigh,
Can you leave me, deceive me,
And ſcornfully fly?
Ah, fear not; you muſt not deny.

SEMELE, JUPITER.
I dare not, I cannot comply.
Ah, fear not; you muſt not deny.

JUPITER.
O *Semele,*
Why art thou thus inſenſible?
Were I a Mortal,

Thy

Thy barbarous Diſdaining
Would ſurely end me,
And Death at my Complaining
In Pity would befriend me.

SEMELE.

I ever am granting,
You always complain;
I always am wanting,
Yet never obtain.

JUPITER.

Speak, ſpeak your Deſire,
I'm all over Fire.
Say what you require,
I'll grant it—now let us retire.

SEMELE.

Swear by the *Stygian* Lake.

JUPITER.

By that tremendous Flood I ſwear,
Ye *Stygian* Waters hear,
And thou *Olympus* ſhake,
In Witneſs to the Oath I take.

[*Thunder at a Diſtance, and underneath.*

SEMELE.

You'll grant what I require.

JUPITER.

I'll grant what you require.

SEMELE.

Then caſt off this human Shape which your wear,
And Jove *ſince you are, like* Jove *too appear,*
When next you deſire I ſhould charm ye.
As when Juno *you bleſs,*
So you me muſt careſs,
And with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

JUPITER.

Ah! take heed what you preſs,
For beyond all Redreſs,
Should I grant what you wiſh, I ſhall harm ye.

SEMELE.

SEMELE.

I'll be pleas'd with no leſs,
Than my Wiſh in Exceſs;
Let the Oath you have taken alarm ye:
Haſte, haſte, and prepare,
For I'll know what you are;
So with all your Omnipotence arm ye.

SCENE V.

She withdraws, JUPITER *remains penſive and dejected.*

JUPITER.

Ah! whither is ſhe gone! unhappy Fair!
Why did ſhe wiſh?—Why did I raſhly ſwear?
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall.
Anon, when I appear
The mighty Thunderer,
Arm'd with inevitable Fire;
She needs muſt inſtantly expire.
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall.
My ſofteſt Lightning yet I'll try,
And mildeſt melting Bolt apply:
In vain—for ſhe was fram'd to prove
None but the lambent Flames of Love.
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt Recall,
She muſt a Victim fall.

SCENE VI.

JUNO *appears in her Chariot aſcending.*

JUNO.

Above Meaſure
Is the Pleaſure

Which

Which my Revenge ſupplies.
Love's a Bubble
Gain'd with Trouble,
And in poſſeſſing dies.
With what Joy ſhall I mount to my Heav'n again,
At once from my Rival and Jealouſy freed!
The Sweets of Revenge make it worth while to reign,
And Heav'n will hereafter be Heav'n indeed!
[She aſcends.

SCENE VII.

The SCENE *opening diſcovers* SEMELE *lying under a Canopy, leaning penſively. While a mournful Symphony is playing ſhe looks up and ſees* JUPITER *deſcending in a black Cloud; the Motion of the Cloud is ſlow. Flaſhes of Lightning iſſue from either Side, and Thunder is heard grumbling in the Air.*

SEMELE.

Ah me! too late I now repent
My Pride and impious Vanity.
He comes! far off his Lightnings ſcorch me.
—I feel my Life conſuming:
I burn, I burn—I faint—for Pity I implore—
O help, O help—I can no more. [*Dies.*

As the Cloud which contains Jupiter *is arrived juſt over the Canopy of* Semele, *a ſudden and great Flaſh of Lightning breaks forth, and a Clap of loud Thunder is heard; when at one Inſtant* Semele *with the Palace and the whole preſent Scene diſappears, and* Jupiter *re-aſcends ſwiftly. The Scene totally changed repreſents a pleaſant Country, Mount* Citheron *cloſing the Proſpect.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS, *and* INO.

INO.

Of my ill-boding Dream
Behold the dire Event.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS.

O Terror and Aſtoniſhment!

INO.

How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not:
So long as Trance with-held me.
But *Hermes* in a Viſion told me
(As I have now related)
The Fate of *Semele*;
And added, as from me he fled,
That *Jove* ordain'd I *Athamas* ſhould wed.

CADMUS.

Be *Jove* in ev'ry Thing obey'd.
[*Joins their Hands.*

ATHAMAS.

Unworthy of your Charms, myſelf I yield;
Be *Jove*'s Commands and yours fulfill'd.

CADMUS.

See from above the bellying Clouds deſcend,
And big with ſome new Wonder this Way tend.

SCENE IX.

A bright Cloud deſcends and reſts on Mount Citheron, *which opening, diſcovers* APOLLO *ſeated in it as the God of Prophecy.*

APOLLO.

Apollo *comes to relieve your Care,*
And future Happineſs declare.

From

From tyrannous Love all your Sorrows proceed,
From tyrannous Love you ſhall quickly be freed.
From Semele's *Aſhes a* Phœnix *ſhall riſe,*
The Joy of this Earth, and Delight of the Skies:
A God he ſhall prove
More mighty than Love,
And a ſovereign Juice ſhall invent,
Which Antidote pure
The ſick Lover ſhall cure,
And Sighing and Sorrow for ever prevent.

Then Mortals be merry, and ſcorn the blind Boy;
Your Hearts from his Arrows ſtrong Wine ſhall defend:
Each Day and each Night you ſhall revel in Joy,
For when Bacchus *is born, Love's Reign's at an End.*

CHORUS.

Then Mortals be merry, &c.

DANCE OF SATYRS.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

——*Minuentur atræ*
Carmine curæ. Hor.

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

HARLES

ORD HALIFAX, &c.

O You, my Lord, my Muſe her Tribute pays
Of various Verſe, in various rude Eſſays;
ɔu, ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early Voice,
:lination led, and fix'd by Choice;
ɔu, on whoſe Indulgence ſhe depends,
:w collected Lays ſhe now commends.

no one Meaſure bound, her Numbers range,
ınreſolv'd in Choice, delight in Change;
ɔngs to no diſtinguiſh'd Fame aſpire,
ow, ſhe tries the Reed, anon, attempts the Lyre;
h *Parnaſſus* ſhe no Birthright claims,
rinks deep Draughts of *Heliconian* Streams;
:ar the ſacred Mount ſhe loves to rove,
the Springs, and hovers round the Grove.
ıows what Dangers wait too bold a Flight,
:ars to fall from an *Icarian* Height:
ıe admires the Wing that ſafely ſoars,
ſance follows, and its Track adores.

She knows what Room, what Force, the Swan requires,
Whoſe tow'ring Head above the Clouds aſpires,
And knows as well, it is Your loweſt Praiſe,
Such Heights to reach with equal Strength and Eaſe.

O had Your Genius been to Leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in Verſe with ancient *Greece* had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a Fame, which, there, ſev'n States divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch Renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the Patriot in the Poet loſt.
A true Poetick State we had deplor'd,
Had not Your Miniſtry our Coin reſtor'd.

But ſtill, my Lord, tho' Your exalted Name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt Liſt of Fame,
Tho' Your Ambition ends in Publick Good,
(A Virtue lineal to Your Houſe and Blood:)
Yet think not meanly of Your other Praiſe,
Nor ſlight the Trophies which the Muſes raiſe.
How oft, a Patriot's beſt-laid Schemes we find
By Party croſs'd, or Faction undermin'd!
If he ſucceed he undergoes this Lot,
The Good receiv'd, the Giver is forgot.
But Honours which from Verſe their Source derive,
Shall both ſurmount Detraction, and ſurvive:
And Poets have unqueſtion'd Right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting Name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL:

Lamenting the Death of

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem. Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, *Alexis*, ſee this gloomy Shade,
Which ſeems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made;
Where, no glad Beams of Light can ever play,
But Night ſucceeding Night, excludes the Day;
Where, never Birds with Harmony repair,
And lightſome Notes, to cheer the duſky Air,
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewel,
By Morning Lark, or Evening *Philomel.*
No Violet here, nor Daiſy e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly-budding Flower, nor ſpringing Green:
For fragrant Myrtle, and the bluſhing Roſe,
Here, baleful Eugh with deadly Cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd Moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of *Albion*'s Loſs,

Of *Albion*'s Loſs, and of *Paſtora*'s Death,
Begin thy mournful Song, and raiſe thy tuneful Breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah Woe too great! Ah Theme which far exceeds
The lowly Lays of humble Shepherds Reeds!
O could I ſing in Verſe of equal Strain,
With the *Sicilian* Bard, or *Mantuan* Swain;
Or melting Words, and moving Numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the *Britiſh Colin*'s mourning Muſe;
Cou'd I, like him, in tuneful Grief excel,
And mourn like *Stella* for her *Aſtrofel*;
Then might I raiſe my Voice, (ſecure of Skill,)
And with melodious Woe the Valleys fill;
The liſt'ning *Echo* on my Song ſhould wait,
And hollow Rocks *Paſtora*'s Name repeat; [tell
Each whiſtling Wind, and murm'ring Stream ſhould
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry Bay and Laurel crown'd,
And high as *Pan* himſelf in Song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy Art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her Name, or of our Woe:
But ſuch true Paſſion in thy Face appears,
In thy pale Lips, thick Sighs, and guſhing Tears,
Such tender Sorrow in thy Heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all Skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common Form of dumb Diſtreſs,
Each vulgar Grief can Sighs and Tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining Notes thy Paſſion vent,
And not in Sighs, but Words explaining Sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my Words, *Menalcas*, wild my Thought,
Artleſs as Nature's Notes, in Birds untaught;
Boundleſs my Verſe, and roving be my Strains,
Various as Flow'rs on unfrequented Plains.

And

And thou *Thalia*, Darling of my Breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at *Comus'* Feaſt;
While in a Ring, the jolly rural Throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my chearful Song:
Begone, with all thy Mirth and ſprightly Lays,
My Pipe, no longer now thy Pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing Laurels, all to Cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal Cries the tender Air,
And beat thy Snowy Breaſt, and rend thy yellow Hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt Wilds, thy Dwelling chuſe,
Begone *Thalia*, Sorrow is my Muſe.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And ſable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.
No more, theſe Woods ſhall with her Sight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her Feet, theſe flow'ry Plains be preſs'd;
No more, the Winds ſhall with her Treſſes play,
And from her balmy Breath ſteal Sweets away;
No more, theſe Rivers chearfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the Beauties of her Face;
While on their Banks the wond'ring Flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of Sight, and negligent of Food.
No more, the Nymphs ſhall with ſoft Tales delight
Her Ears, no more with Dances pleaſe her Sight:
Nor ever more ſhall Swain make Song of Mirth,
To bleſs the joyous Day that gave her Birth;
Loſt is that Day, which had from her its Light;
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs Night;
In endleſs Night, and Arms of Death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal Shades has ſhut *Paſtora's* Eyes.
Lament ye Nymphs, and mourn ye wretched Swains,
Stray all ye Flocks, and deſart be ye Plains,
Sigh all ye Winds, and weep ye Cryſtal Floods,
Fade all ye Flow'rs, and wither all ye Woods.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And ſable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal Grot, which Damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholſome Ground;

The Marble weeps, and with a ſilent Pace,
Its trickling Tears diſtil upon her Face.
Falſly ye weep, ye Rocks, and falſly mourn!
For never will you let the Nymph return!
With a feign'd Grief the faithleſs Tomb relents,
And like the *Crocodile* its Prey laments.
O ſhe was heav'nly fair, in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were ſuch Beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining, and within, all white;
Pure to the Senſe, and pleaſing to the Sight;
Like ſome rare Flow'r, whoſe Leaves all Colours yield,
And opening, is with ſweeteſt Odours fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed;
To which excelling Height, ſhe bore a Mind
Humble, as Oſiers bending to the Wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was——
Ah wretched Fate! She was, but is no more.
Help me, ye Hills and Valleys, to deplore.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And ſable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.
From that bleſt Earth, on which her Body lies,
May blooming Flow'rs with fragrant Sweets ariſe;
Let *Myrrha* weeping aromatick Gum,
And ever-living Laurel, ſhade her Tomb.
Thither, let all th' induſtrious Bees repair,
Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Honey there;
Thither, let *Fairies* with their Train reſort,
Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,
There, in unuſual Wailings waſte the Night,
And watch her, by the firy Glow-worm's Light.
There, may no diſmal Eugh, nor Cypreſs grow,
Nor Holly-buſh, nor bitter Elder's Bough;
Let each unlucky Bird far build his Neſt,
And diſtant Dens receive each howling Beaſt;
Let Wolves be gone, be Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls, and Bats that hate the Light.
But let the ſighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nightingales in ſweet Complainings ſing;

Let

Let Swans from their forſaken Rivers fly,
And ſick'ning at her Tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her Elegy.
Let *Echo* too, in mimick Moan, deplore,
And cry with me, "*Paſtora* is no more!"
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And ſable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn:
And ſee, the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Miſts obſcure the burd'ned Air:
A ſudden Damp o'er all the Plain is ſpread,
Each Lily folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head.
On ev'ry Tree the Bloſſoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bough a weeping Moiſture bears.
Their Wings the feather'd airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces ſtoop.
The Rocks are cleft, and new-deſcending Rills
Furrow the Brows of all th'impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
And each, with ſtreaming Eyes, ſupplies his wanting Urn.
The *Fawns* forſake the Woods, the *Nymphs* the Grove,
And round the Plain in ſad Diſtractions rove;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of golden Hair.
With their ſharp Nails, themſelves the *Satyrs* wound,
And tug their ſhaggy Beards, and bite with Grief the Ground.
Lo *Pan* himſelf, beneath a blaſted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in Pieces broke.
See *Pales* weeping too, in wild Deſpair,
And to the piercing Winds her Boſom bare.
And ſee yon fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears;
See how ſhe wrings her Hands, and beats her Breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs Girdle from her Waſte:
Hear the ſad Murmurs of her ſighing Doves,
For Grief they ſigh, forgetful of their Loves.
Lo, *Love* himſelf, with heavy Woes oppreſt!
See how his Sorrows ſwell his tender Breaſt;

His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings;
Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Graſs,
And all with Tears bedews his beauteous Face,
With Tears, which from his folded Lids ariſe,
And even *Love* himſelf has weeping Eyes.
All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "*Paſtora* is no more!"
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And ſable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Miſts can mourn,
And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;
The Birds, in Songs, their Sorrows can diſcloſe,
And Nymphs and Swains, in Words, can tell their Woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild Deſpair,
Which neither Winds can ſhew, nor Floods, nor Air.

See the great *Shepherd*, Chief of all the Swains,
Lord of theſe Woods, and wide-extended Plains,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and cloſe to Earth his Face,
Scalding with Tears th' already-faded Graſs;
To the cold Clay he joins his throbbing Breaſt,
No more within *Paſtora*'s Arms to reſt!
No more! For thoſe once ſoft and circling Arms
Themſelves are Clay, and cold are all her Charms.
Cold are thoſe Lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that Boſom, once all downy Bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft Pillows, lull'd in ſweet Delights,
He us'd, in Balmy Sleep, to loſe the Nights.

Ah! where is all that Love and Fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender Sweetneſs laid?
To Duſt muſt all that Heav'n of Beauty come!
And muſt *Paſtora* moulder in the Tomb!
Ah Death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt Wolves, or ſavage Tigers are;
With Lambs and Sheep their Hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdeſs has ſeiz'd.
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And ſable Clouds her chalky Cliffs adorn.

"But

" But ſee, *Menalcas*, where a ſudden Light,
" With Wonder ſtops my Song, and ſtrikes my Sight!
" And where *Paſtora* lies, it ſpreads around,
" Shewing all radiant bright the ſacred Ground.
" While from her Tomb, behold, a Flame aſcends
" Of whiteſt Fire, whoſe Flight to Heav'n extends!
" On flaking Wings it mounts, and quick as Sight
" Cuts thro' the yielding Air with Rays of Light;
" 'Till the blue Firmament at laſt it gains,
" And fixing there, a glorious Star remains:"
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the Skies,
As once on Earth were ſeen PASTORA's *Eyes.*

To the KING,

On the Taking of NAMUR.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Præſenti tibi Maturos largimur Honores:
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Hor. ad Auguſtum.

I.

OF Arms and War my Muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the Lyre upon an untry'd String:
New Fire informs my Soul, unfelt before;
And, on new Wings, to Heights unknown I ſoar.
O Pow'r unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs Force
Compell'd, I take this Flight, direct my Courſe:
For Fancy, wild and pathleſs Ways will chuſe,
Which Judgment, rarely, or with Pain purſues:

Say, ſacred Nymph, whence this great Change proceeds;
Why ſcorns the lowly Swain his oaten Reeds,
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding *Lyre*,
And ſing heroick Deeds;
Neglecting Flames of Love, for martial Fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble Voice can raiſe;
What Voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his Praiſe!
The liſt'ning World each Whiſper will befriend
That breathes his Name, and ev'ry Ear attend.
The hov'ring Winds on downy Wings ſhall wait around, [Sound.
And catch, and waft to foreign Lands the flying
Ev'n I will in his Praiſe be heard;
For by his Name my Verſe ſhall be preferr'd.
Borne like a Lark upon this Eagle's Wing,
High as the Spheres, I will his Triumph ſing;
High as the Head of *Fame*; *Fame*, whoſe exalted Size,
From the deep Vale extends up to the vaulted Skies*:
A thouſand talking Tongues the Monſter bears,
A thouſand waking Eyes, and ever-open Ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks, with huge gigantick Pace,
Meas'ring the Globe, like Time, with conſtant Race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to *William*'s Praiſe:
Of Him, her thouſand Ears ſhall hear triumphant Lays,
Of Him her Tongues ſhall talk, on Him her Eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a Change aſtoniſhing my Eyes!
And all around, behold, new Objects riſe!
What Forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does Air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary Shape my various Thought?
Are theſe by Fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong Ideas ſtrike ſo deep the Senſe!

* Virg. Æn. 4.

O ſacred

O ſacred Poeſy! O boundleſs Power! [explore!
What Wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden Worlds
Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide-circling Sky,
What is not ſought and ſeen by thy all-piercing Eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry Lawns the Proſpect made,
And flowing Brooks beneath a Foreſt's Shade;
A lowing Heifer, lovelieſt of the Herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce Bulls prepar'd
Their armed Heads for Fight; by Fate of War, to prove
The Victor worthy of the Fair-one's Love.
Unthought Preſage, of what met next my View!
For ſoon the ſhady Scene withdrew.
And now, for Woods, and Fields, and ſpringing Flow'rs; [lofty Tow'rs!
Behold a Town ariſe, bulwark'd with Walls, and
Two Rival Armies all the Plain o'erſpread,
Each in Battalia rang'd, and ſhining Arms array'd:
With eager Eyes, beholding both from far,
Namur, the Prize and Miſtreſs of the War.

V.

Now, Thirſt of Conqueſt, and immortal Fame,
Does ev'ry Chief and Soldier's Heart inflame.
Defenſive Arms the *Gallic* Forces bear,
While hardy *Britons* for the Storm prepare:
For Fortune had, with partial Hand, before
Reſign'd the Rule to *Gallia*'s Pow'r.
High on a Rock the mighty Fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's Hands.
A wond'rous Taſk it is th' Aſcent to gain,
Thro' craggy Cliffs, that ſtrike the Sight with Pain,
And nod impending Terrors o'er the Plain.
To this, what Dangers Men can add, by Force or Skill,
(And great is human Force and Wit in Ill)
Are join'd; on ev'ry Side, wide-gaping Engines wait,
Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;

Ready to hurl Deſtruction from above,
In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of *Jove*.
Thus fearful, does the Face of adverſe Pow'r appear;
But *Britiſh* Forces are unus'd to fear: [there.
Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if *William* were not

VI.

But hark, the Voice of War! Behold the Storm begin!
The Trumpet's Clangor ſpeaks in loud Alarms,
Mingling ſhrill Notes, with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burſt, and rattling Claſh of Arms.
Clamours from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to
Earth rebound,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous Noiſe is drown'd,
And *Echo* loſt in one continu'd Sound.
Torrents of Fire from braſen Mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent;
Such Flames the Gulfs of *Tartarus* diſgorge,
So vaulted *Ætna* roars from *Vulcan*'s Forge;
Such were the Peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt Blaze
that broke,
Red'ning with horrid Gloom the duſky Smoke,
When the huge *Cyclops* did with moulding Thunder
ſweat,
And maſſive Bolts on repercuſſive Anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this Rage, behold, where *William* ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With Face ſerene, diſpenſing dread Commands;
Which heard with Awe, are with Delight obey'd.
A thouſand fiery Deaths around him fly;
And burning Balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry Fire his ſacred Head muſt ſpare,
Nor dares the Lightning touch the Laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded *Briton* feels the Rage
Of miſſive Fires that feſter in each Limb,
Which dire Revenge alone has Pow'r t' aſſuage;
Revenge makes Danger dreadleſs ſeem.

And

And now, with deſp'rate Force, and freſh Attack,
Thro' obvious Deaths, reſiſtleſs Way they make;
Raiſing high Piles of Earth, and Heap on Heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As Race of Men inferior, may)
The fam'd gigantick War.
When thoſe tall Sons of Earth did Heav'n aſpire;
(A brave, but impious Fire!)
Uprooting Hills, with moſt ſtupendous Hale,
To form the high and dreadful Scale.
The Gods, with Horror and Amaze, look'd down,
Beholding Rocks from their firm Baſis rent;
Mountain on Mountain thrown, [ment!
With threatning Hurl, that ſhook th' æthereal Firma-
Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create;
Ev'n *Jove* deſponding ſate,
'Till *Mars* with all his Force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole *War* on the rebellious Brood;
Who tumbling headlong from th' *Empyreal* Skies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe Hills, by which they thought
Mars on the Gods did then his Aid beſtow, [to riſe.
And now in Godlike *William* ſtorms with equal Force

IX. [below.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken Pace,
And hardy Breaſts oppos'd to Danger's Face.
With daring Feet, on ſpringing Mines they tread
Of ſecret Sulphur, in dire Ambuſh laid.
Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring Earth
Trembles to give the dread Irruptions Birth.
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd Foe.
See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy Walls!
See, how the *Britons* riſe! ſee the retiring *Gauls!*
Now from the Fort, behold the yielding Flag is ſpread,
And *William*'s Banner on the Breach diſplay'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant Shouts from every Voice!
The Skies with Acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the Hills rejoice,
And Rocks reflected *Ies* ſing!
Hautboys and Fifes and Trumpets join'd,
Heroick Harmony prepare,
And charm to Silence every Wind,
And glad the late-tormented Air.
Far is the Sound of martial Muſick ſpread,
Echoing thro' all the *Gallic* Hoſt,
Whoſe numerous Troops the dreadful Storm ſurvey'd:
But they with Wonder, or with Awe, diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the Fortreſs loſt.
William, their num'rous Troops with Terror fill'd,
Such wond'rous Charms can godlike Valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd *Perſeus*, with petrific Shield
Of *Gorgon*'s Head, to more Amazement charm'd his Foe.
Nor, when on ſoaring Horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from Monſter's Rage the beauteous Maid;
Or more heroick was the Deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer Chains decreed,
Than was *Namur*; 'till now by *William* freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my Muſe, from thy too-daring Height,
Deſcend to Earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd Wing;
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted Flight,
And doſt with Pain of Triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee, reſume thy rural Reeds;
For War let more *harmonious Harps* be ſtrung:
Sing thou of Love, and leave Great *William*'s Deeds
To *Him* who ſung the *Boyne*; or *Him* to whom he ſung.

BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

To the Right Honourable

ARLES Lord HALIFAX.

laude virum Muſa metat mori. Horat.

SCEND, celeſtial *Muſe!* thy Son inſpire
)f thee to ſing; infuſe thy holy Fire.
of Gods and Men, thyſelf diſcloſe;
om what Source thy heav'nly Pow'r aroſe,
from unnumber'd Years deliv'ring down
eds of Heroes deathleſs in Renown,
their Life and Fame to Ages yet unknown.
and the *Muſe* ſet forth with equal Pace;
the Rivals ſtarted to the Race:
th at once the deſtin'd Courſe ſhall end,
to all Eternity contend.
preſerve what t'other cannot ſave,
cue Virtue riſing from the Grave.
hee, O *Montague*, theſe Strains are ſung,
e my Voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking Lyre is
ſtrung;
ry Grace of ev'ry *Muſe* is thine,
their various Fires united ſhine,
; of *Phœbus* and the tuneful Nine!
alone I dare my Song commend,
Nature can forgive, and Pow'r defend,
ew by Turns the Patron and the Friend.
n, my *Muſe*, from *Jove* derive thy Song,
ng of Right does firſt to *Jove* belong:
u thyſelf art of celeſtial Seed,
re a Sire inferior boaſt the Breed.

When

When firſt the Frame of this vaſt Ball was made,
And *Jove* with Joy the finiſh'd Work ſurvey'd;
Viciſſitude of Things, of Men and States,
Their Riſe and Fall were deſtin'd by the Fates.
Then *Time* had firſt a Name; by firm Decree
Appointed Lord of all Futurity,
Within whoſe ample Boſom Fates repoſe
Cauſes of Things, and ſecret Seeds incloſe,
Which ripening there, ſhall one Day gain a Birth,
And force a Paſſage thro' the ſeeming Earth.
To him they give, to rule the ſpacious Light,
And bound the yet-unparted Day and Night;
To wing the Hours that whirl the rolling Sphere,
To ſhift the Seaſons, and conduct the Year.
Duration of Dominion and of Pow'r
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated Hour.
This mighty Rule, to *Time* the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard Conditions bind his Reign;
For ev'ry beauteous Birth he brings to Light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his Sight,)
He muſt again to native Earth reſtore,
And all his Race with iron Teeth devour.
Nor Good, nor Great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry Maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid Law.
Not yet, the looſen'd Earth aloft was ſlung,
Or pois'd amid the Skies in Ballance hung;
Nor yet, did golden Fires the Sun adorn,
Or borrow'd Luſtre ſilver *Cynthia*'s Horn;
Nor yet, had *Time* Commiſſion to begin,
Or Fate the many-twiſted Web to ſpin;
When all the heav'nly Hoſt aſſembled came
To view the World yet reſting on its Frame;
Eager they preſs, to ſee the Sire diſmiſs
And roll the Globe along the vaſt Abyſs.
When deep revolving Thoughts the God retain,
Which for a Space ſuſpend the promis'd Scene,
Once more his Eyes on *Time* intentive look,
Again, inſpect Fate's univerſal Book.

Abroad

broad the wond'rous Volume he diſplays,
nd preſent views the Deeds of future Days.
A beauteous Scene adorns the foremoſt Page,
here Nature's Bloom preſents the Golden Age.
he Golden Leaf to Silver ſoon reſigns,
nd fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly ſhines.
f baſer Braſs, the next denotes the Times,
n impious Page deform'd with deadly Crimes.
he Fourth yet wears a worſe and browner Face,
nd adds to gloomy Days an Iron Race.
He turns the Book, and ev'ry Age reviews,
hen all the kingly Line his Eye purſues:
he Firſt of Men, and Lords of Earth deſign'd,
ho under him ſhould govern Human-kind.
f future Heroes, there, the Lives he reads,
Search of Glory ſpent, and godlike Deeds;
ho Empires found, and goodly Cities build,
nd ſavage Men compel to leave the Field.
All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
hen lo! but thence a narrow Space remov'd,
nd hungry *Time* has all the Scene defac'd,
he Kings deſtroy'd, and laid the Kingdoms waſte:
ogether all in common Ruins lie,
nd but anon and ev'n the Ruins die.
h' Almighty, inly touch'd, Compaſſion found,
o ſee great Actions in Oblivion drown'd;
nd forward ſearch'd the Roll, to find if Fate
ad no Reſerve to ſpare the Good and Great.
right in his View the *Trojan* Heroes ſhine,
nd *Ilian* Structures rais'd by Hands Divine;
ut *Ilium* ſoon in native Duſt is laid,
nd all her boaſted Pile a Ruin made:
or great *Æneas* can her Fall withſtand,
at flies, to ſave his Gods, to foreign Land.
he *Roman* Race ſucceed the *Dardan* State,
nd firſt, and ſecond *Caſar*, godlike Great.
ill on to After-days his Eyes deſcend,
nd riſing Heroes ſtill the Search attend.

Proceeding

Proceeding thus, he many Empires paſs'd;
When fair *Britannia* fix'd his Sight at laſt.
Above the Waves ſhe lifts her ſilver Head,
And looks a *Venus* born from Ocean's Bed.
For rolling Years, her happy Fortunes ſmile,
And Fates propitious bleſs the beauteous Iſle;
To Worlds remote, ſhe wide extends her Reign,
And wields the Trident of the ſtormy Main.
Thus on the Baſe of Empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright *Eliza* rules the willing Lands.
But ſoon a low'ring Sky comes on apace,
And Fate revers'd ſhews an ill-omen'd Face.
The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horror fills,
And cloudy Veils involve her ſhining Hills;
Of Greatneſs paſs'd no Footſteps ſhe retains,
Sunk in a *Series* of inglorious Reigns.
She feels the Change, and deep regrets the Shame
Of Honours loſt, and her diminiſh'd Name:
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from Day to ſhrowd her Head,
And glad wou'd ſhrink beneath her oozy Bed.
Thus far, the ſacred Leaves *Britannia*'s Woes
In ſhady Draughts and duſky Lines diſcloſe.
Th' enſuing Scene revolves a martial Age,
And ardent Colours gild the glowing Page.
Behold! of radiant Light an Orb ariſe,
Which kindling Day, reſtores the dark'ned Skies:
And ſee! on Seas the beamy Ball deſcends,
And now its Courſe to fair *Britannia* bends:
Along the foamy Main the Billows bear
The floting Fire, and waft the ſhining Sphere.
Hail, happy Omen! Hail, auſpicious Sight!
Thou glorious Guide to yet a greater Light.
For ſee a Prince, whom dazzling Arms array,
Purſuing cloſely, plows the wat'ry Way,
Tracing the Glory thro' the flaming Sea.
Britannia, riſe; awake, O faireſt Iſle,
From Iron Sleep; again thy Fortunes ſmile.
Once more look up, the mighty Man behold,
Whoſe Reign renews the former Age of Gold.

The

The Fates at length the bliſsful Web have ſpun,
And bid it round in endleſs Circles run.
Again, ſhall diſtant Lands confeſs thy Sway,
Again, the wat'ry World thy Rule obey;
Again, thy martial Sons ſhall thirſt for Fame,
And win in foreign Fields a deathleſs Name;
For *William*'s Genius ev'ry Soul inſpires,
And warms the frozen Youth with warlike Fires.
Already, ſee, the hoſtile Troops retreat,
And ſeem forewarn'd of their impending Fate.
Already routed Foes his Fury feel,
And fly the Force of his unerring Steel.
The haughty *Gaul*, who well, 'till now, might boaſt
A matchleſs Sword and unreſiſted Hoſt,
At his foreſeen Approach the Field forſakes;
His Cities tremble, and his Empire ſhakes.
His tow'ring Enſigns long had aw'd the Plain,
And Fleets audaciouſly uſurp'd the Main;
A gath'ring Storm he ſeem'd, which from afar
Seem'd with a Deluge of deſtructive War,
Till *William*'s ſtronger Genius ſoar'd above,
And down the Skies the daring Tempeſt drove.
So from the radiant Sun retires the Night,
And weſtern Clouds ſhot thro' with orient Light.
So when th' aſſuming God, whom Storms obey,
To all the warring Winds at once gives Way,
The frantick Brethren ravage all around,
And Rocks, and Woods, and Shores their Rage reſound;
Incumbent o'er the Main, at length they ſweep
The liquid Plains, and raiſe the peaceful Deep.
But when ſuperior *Neptune* leaves his Bed,
His Trident ſhakes, and ſhews his awful Head;
The madding Winds are huſh'd, the Tempeſts ceaſe,
And ev'ry rolling Surge reſides in Peace.

And now the ſacred Leaf a Landſkip wears,
Where, Heav'n ſerene, and Air unmov'd appears.
The *Roſe* and *Lily* paint the verdant Plains,
And *Palm* and *Olive* ſhade the ſylvan Scenes.

The

The peaceful *Thames* beneath his Banks abides,
And ſoft, and ſtill, the ſilver Surface glides.
The *Zephyrs* fan the Fields, the whiſp'ring Breeze
With fragrant Breath remurmurs thro' the Trees.
The warbling Birds applauding new-born Light,
In wanton Meaſures wing their airy Flight.
Above the Floods the finny Race repair,
And bound aloft, and baſk in upper Air;
They gild their ſcaly Backs in *Phœbus'* Beams,
And ſcorn to ſkim the Level of the Streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous Face,
And blooms and ripens with the Fruits of Peace.
No more the lab'ring Hind regrets his Toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful Soil;
Secure the Glebe a plenteous Crop will yield,
And golden *Ceres* grace the waving Field.
Th' advent'rous Man, who durſt the Deep explore,
Oppoſe the Winds, and tempt the ſhelfy Shore,
Beneath his Roof now taſtes unbroken Reſt,
Enough with native Wealth and Plenty bleſt.
No more the forward Youth purſues Alarms,
Nor leaves the ſacred Arts for ſtubborn Arms.
No more the Mothers from their Hopes are torn,
Nor weeping Maids the promis'd Lover mourn.
No more the Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries,
Torment the patient Air, and pierce the Skies;
But peaceful Joys the proſp'rous Times afford,
And baniſh'd Virtue is again reſtor'd.
And he whoſe Arms alone ſuſtain'd the Toil,
And propp'd the nodding Frame of *Britain's* Iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious Deeds, her Leaders fir'd,
Have Honours loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal Sway will Virtue's Laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful Peace ſhall reign;
For his Example ſtill the Rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the Father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding Leaves; and brighter ſtill beholds;

The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd,——
Nor would *Britannia's* Fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming Store.
Enough the Hero had already done,
And round the wide Extent of Glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining Path purſues,
But like the Sun the ſame bright Race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs Fates on him have Pow'r!
Or *Time* unequally ſuch Worth devour!
Then, wherefore ſhall the Brave for Fame conteſt?
Why is this Man diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt?
Whoſe ſoaring Genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs Fame the due Reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th' exalted Virtue views,
Nor can the Claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the Grant reſolves,
And in his mighty Mind the Means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuſe,
But ſpake the Word, and made th' immortal *Muſe*.
Ne'er did his Pow'r produce ſo bright a Child,
On whoſe Creation infant Nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd Form ſhe wears,
And Youth perpetual in her Face appears.
Th' aſſembled Gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new Delight gaze on the lovely Maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for World was well delay'd.
Nor did the Sire himſelf his Joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his Eyes.
Intent a Space, at length he Silence broke,
And thus the God the heav'nly Fair beſpoke.
" To thee, *immortal Maid*, from this bleſs'd Hour,
" O'er *Time* and *Fame*, I give unbounded Pow'r.
" Thou from Oblivion ſhalt the Hero ſave;
" Shalt raiſe, revive, immortalize the Brave.
" To thee, the *Dardan* Prince ſhall owe his Fame;
" To thee, the *Cæſars* their eternal Name.

" *Eliza*,

" *Eliza*, ſung by thee, with Fate ſhall ſtrive,
" And long as *Time*, in ſacred Verſe ſurvive.
" And yet, *O Muſe*, remains the nobleſt Theme;
" The firſt of Men, mature for endleſs Fame,
" Thy future Songs ſhall grace, and all thy Lays,
" Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on *William*'s Praiſe.
" On his heroick Deeds thy Verſe ſhall riſe;
" Thou ſhalt diffuſe the Fires that he ſupplies.
" Thro' him thy Songs ſhall more ſublime aſpire;
" And he, thro' them, ſhall deathleſs Fame acquire:
" Nor *Time*, nor *Fate* his Glory ſhall oppoſe,
" Or blaſt the Monuments the *Muſe* beſtows."
This ſaid; no more remain'd. Th' *ethereal* Hoſt
Again impatient crowd the cryſtal Coaſt.
The Father, now, within his ſpacious Hands,
Encompaſs'd all the mingled Maſs of Seas and Lands;
And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous Sphere,
He launch'd the World to flote in ambient Air.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be huſh'd, each ſofteſt Motion ceaſe,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,
And ev'ry ruder Gaſp of *Breath*
Be calm, as in the *Arms* of Death.
And thou moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy Part,
Thou reſtleſs Wanderer, my Heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah leave,
Thou buſy, idle Thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulſe; and let my *Blood*
That turbulent, unruly Flood,

Be

Be ſoftly ſtay'd:
Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.
Go, reſt, unneceſſary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
For I would hear her Voice, and try
If it be poſſible to die.

II.

Come all ye love-ſick Maids and wounded Swains,
And liſten to her healing Strains.
A wond'rous *Balm* between her Lips ſhe wears,
Of ſov'reign Force to ſoften Cares;
And this through ev'ry Ear ſhe can impart,
(By tuneful *Breath* diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.
Swiftly the gentle Charmer flies,
And to the tender Grief ſoft *Air* applies,
Which, warbling myſtick Sounds,
Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.
But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
Let no unpleaſing Murmur, or harſh Groan,
Your ſlighted Loves declare:
Your very tend'reſt-moving Sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſt'rous here.
Hither let nought but ſacred *Silence* come,
And let all ſaucy Praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! *Silence* himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the Midnight God appear.
In all his downy Pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend *Shade:*
An ancient Sigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe Memory of Sound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his Throne:
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent Clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter Feet.
A melancholy Thought, condens'd to *Air*,
Stol'n from a Lover in Deſpair,
Like a thin Mantle, ſerves to wrap
In *fluid* Folds his *viſionary Shape.*

A Wreath of Darkneſs round his Head he wears,
Where curling Miſts ſupply the Want of Hairs:
While the ſtill Vapours, which from Poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
And *Silence* now is drown'd
In Ecſtaſy of Sound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill *Air* is charm'd,
As if all Harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And ev'ry Soul with Tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heav'nly Choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what Speed and Care,
Deſcending *Angels* cull the thinneſt *Air!*
Haſte then, come all th' immortal Throng,
And liſten to her Song;
Leave your lov'd Manſions in the Sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly;
Your Loſs of Heav'n, nor ſhall you need to fear,
While ſhe ſings, 'tis Heaven here.

V.

See how they crowd, ſee how the little Cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her Mouth, and ſip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.
Thoſe Lips, where in Surpriſe of *Bliſs* they rove;
For ne'er before did Angels taſte
So exquiſite a Feaſt,
Of Muſick and of Love.
Prepare then, ye immortal Choir,
Each ſacred Minſtrel tune his Lyre,
And with her Voice in Chorus join;
Her Voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.
Bleſs the glad Earth with heav'nly Lays,
And to that Pitch th' eternal *Accents* raiſe,
Which only *Breath* inſpir'd can reach,
To Notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you can teach:

While we, charm'd with the lov'd Exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet Forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent Happineſs:
Wiſhing for ever in that State to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

PRIAM's LAMENTATION AND PETITION TO ACHILLES, FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας·——

Argument introductory to this Tranſlation.

Hector's *Body (after he was ſlain) remain'd ſtill in the Poſſeſſion of* Achilles; *for which* Priam *made great Lamentation.* Jupiter *had Pity on him, and ſent* Iris *to comfort him, and direct him after what Manner he ſhould go to* Achilles's *Tent; and how he ſhould there ranſom the Body of his Son.* Priam *accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Preſents for* Achilles, *ſets forward to the* Grecian *Camp, accompanied by nobody but his Herald* Idæus. Mercury, *at* Jupiter's *Command, meets him by the Way, in the Figure of a*

young Grecian, *and, after bemoaning his Misfortunes, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobſerved, through the Guards, and to the Door of* Achilles's *Tent; which having perform'd, he diſcovered himſelf a God, and giving him a ſhort Inſtruction, how to move* Achilles *to Compaſſion, flew up to Heaven.*

SO ſpake the *God*, and heav'nward took his Flight;
When *Priam* from his Chariot did alight;
Leaving *Idæus* there, alone he went
With ſolemn Pace into *Achilles'* Tent.
Heedleſs, he paſs'd thro' various Rooms of State,
Until approaching where the Hero ſate;
There at a Feaſt, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's Beſt-belov'd, with all his Chiefs around:
Two only were t' attend his Perſon plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcymus*; the reſt
At greater Diſtance, greater State expreſs'd.
Priam, unſeen by theſe, his Way purſu'd,
And firſt of all was by *Achilles* view'd.
About his Knees his trembling Arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd and held 'em faſt;
Then caught his Hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd 'em cloſe,
Thoſe Hands, th' inhuman Authors of his Woes;
Thoſe Hands, whoſe unrelenting Force had coſt
Much of his Blood (for many Sons he loſt).
But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,
And ſeeking Refuge, does from Juſtice run,
Ent'ring ſome Houſe, in haſte, where he's unkown,
Creates Amazement in the Lookers-on:
So did *Achilles* gaze, ſurpriz'd to ſee
The godlike *Priam's* royal *Miſery*;
All on each other gaz'd, all in Surprize
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their Eyes,
'Till he at length the ſolemn Silence broke;
And thus the venerable Suppliant ſpoke.
" Divine *Achilles*, at your Feet behold
" A proſtrate King, in Wretchedneſs grown old:
" Think

" Think on your Father, and then look on me,
" His hoary *Age* and helpleſs Perſon ſee;
" So furrow'd are his Cheeks, ſo white his Hairs,
" Such, and ſo many his declining Years;
" Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
" Cou'd you imagine ſuch, his Miſery!
" Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
" And neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waſte;
" Ev'n at this Time perhaps ſome pow'rful Foe,
" Who will no Mercy, no Compaſſion ſhow,
" Ent'ring his Palace, ſees him feebly fly,
" And ſeek Protection, where no Help is nigh.
" In vain, he may your fatal Abſence mourn,
" And wiſh in vain for your delay'd Return;
" Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome Relief;
" Some Hopes alleviate his Exceſs of Grief;
" It glads his Soul to think, he once may ſee
" His much-lov'd Son; would that were granted me!
" But I, moſt wretched I! of all bereft!
" Of all my worthy Sons, how few are left!
" Yet fifty goodly Youths I had to boaſt,
" When firſt the *Greeks* invaded *Ilion*'s Coaſt:
" Nineteen, the joyful Iſſue of one Womb,
" Are now, alas! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb:
" Mercileſs War this Devaſtation wrought,
" And their ſtrong Nerves to Diſſolution brought.
" Still one was left, in whom was all my Hope,
" My Age's Comfort, and his Country's Prop;
" *Hector*, my Darling, and my *laſt Defence*,
" Whoſe Life alone, their Deaths could recompenſe;
" And, to complete my Store of countleſs Woe,
" Him you have ſlain——of him bereav'd me too!
" For his Sake only, hither am I come;
" Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endleſs Sum;
" All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,
" A worthleſs Ranſom for ſo brave a Son.
" Fear the juſt Gods, *Achilles*; and on me
" With Pity look, think you your Father ſee;

" Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
" I can no Equal have in Miſeries;
" Of all Mankind, moſt wretched and forlorn,
" Bow'd with ſuch Weight, as never has been borne;
" Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
" The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come;
" With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's *Bane*,
" And kiſs thoſe Hands, which have my Children ſlain."
He ſpake.——
Now, Sadneſs o'er *Achilles'* Face appears,
Priam he views, and for his Father fears;
That, and Compaſſion melt him into Tears.
Then, gently with his Hand he put away
Old *Priam's* Face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there with Tears, and Sighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the Fall of his ill-fated Son.
But Paſſion diff'rent Ways *Achilles* turns,
Now, he *Patroclus*, now, his Father mourns:
Thus both with Lamentations fill'd the Place,
Till Sorrow ſeem'd to wear one common Face.

THE

THE LAMENTATIONS OF HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN, OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἣως δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐπέδραθε πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connexion of this with the former Tranſlation.

Priam, *at laſt, moves* Achilles *to Compaſſion, and after having made him Preſents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son.* Mercury *awakens* Priam *early in the Morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the Body, leſt* Agamemnon *ſhould be informed of his being in the Camp: He himſelf helps to harneſs the Mules and Horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without Noiſe, Chariot and all, from among the* Grecian *Tents; then flies up to Heav'n, leaving* Priam *and* Idæus *to travel on with the Body toward* Troy.

NOW did the Saffron Morn her Beams diſplay,
Gilding the Face of univerſal Day;
When mourning *Priam* to the Town return'd;
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The Mules, beneath the mangled Body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual Weight of Woe.
To *Pergamus'* high top *Caſſandra* flies,
Thence, ſhe afar the ſad Proceſſion ſpies:

Her Father and *Idæus* firſt appear,
Then *Hector*'s Corpſe extended on a Bier;
At which, her boundleſs Grief loud Cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro' the Street ſhe ran:
" Hither, ye wretched *Trojans*, hither all!
" Behold the godlike *Hector*'s Funeral!
" If e'er you went with Joy, to ſee him come
" Adorn'd with Conqueſt and with Laurels home,
" Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd Body ſee,
" What once was all your Joy, now all your Miſery!"
She ſpake, and ſtrait the num'rous Crowd obey'd,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City ſtay'd;
Common Conſent of Grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous Moan to *Scæa*'s Gate they run,
There the lov'd Body of their *Hector* meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh Lamentings, greet.
His Rev'rend Mother, and his tender Wife,
Equal in Love, in Grief had equal Strife:
In Sorrow they no Moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling Wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs Corpſe to reach;
Aloud they beat their *Breaſts*, and tore their *Hair*,
Rending around with Shrieks the ſuff'ring Air.
Now had the Throng of People ſtopt the Way,
Who would have there lamented all the Day;
But *Priam* from his Chariot roſe, and ſpake,
" *Trojans*, enough; Truce with your Sorrows make;
" Give Way to me, and yield the Chariot Room:
" Firſt let me bear my *Hector*'s Body home,
" Then mourn your fill." At this the Crowd gave Way,
Yielding, like Waves of a divided Sea.
Idæus to the Palace drove, then laid
With Care, the *Body* on a ſumptuous *Bed*,
And round about were ſkilful Singers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad Notes expreſs'd

Their

Their Moan; *all* in a *Chorus* did agree
Of univerſal mournful *Harmony*,
When firſt *Andromache* her Paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale Cheeks) ſhe ſpoke.

ANDROMACHE's *Lamentation.*

O my loſt Huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early Fate, and too-untimely Urn:
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,
And thou in Aſhes muſt with them be laid.
Why is my Heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched Thing, a *Widow* left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft!
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my Child! where can an Infant run?
Unhappy Orphan! thou in Woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with Bleſſings curs'd!
For long ere thou ſhalt be to Manhood grown,
Wide Deſolation will lay waſte this Town:
Who is there now that can Protection give,
Since He, who was her Strength, no more doth live?
Who of her Rev'rend Matrons will have Care?
Who ſave her Children from the Rage of War?
For *He* to *all* Father and Huſband was,
And all are *Orphans* now, and *Widows* by his Loſs.
Soon will the *Grecians*, now, inſulting come,
And bear us Captives to their diſtant Home;
I, with my Child, muſt the ſame Fortune ſhare,
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War;
'Mongſt baſe-born Wretches he his Lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman Lord a Slave.
Elſe ſome avenging *Greek*, with Fury fill'd,
Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd
By *Hector*'s Hand, on him will vent his Rage,
And with his Blood his thirſty Grief aſſuage;

For many fell by his relentleſs Hand,
Biting that Ground, with which their Blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,
And never did his Foe in Battle ſpare;
Thence come theſe Suff'rings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much Woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
I ſaw him not, when in the Pangs of Death,
Nor did my Lips receive his lateſt Breath;
Why held he not to me his dying Hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt Command?
Something he would have ſaid had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad Remembrance bear;
For I could never, never Words forget,
Which Night and Day I ſhould with Tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.
Then, *Hecuba*, who long had been oppreſt
With boiling Paſſions in her aged Breaſt,
Mingling her Words with Sighs and Tears, begun
A Lamentation for her darling Son.

HECUBA's *Lamentation.*

Hector, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear
Than all my other num'rous Iſſue were;
O my laſt Comfort, and my beſt belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe Fall, ev'n *Jove* himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a God his dread Commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar Care!
From fierce *Achilles'* Chains thy Corpſe was freed;
So kind a Fate was for none elſe decreed:
My other Sons, made Pris'ners by his Hands,
Were ſold like Slaves, and ſhipt to foreign Lands.
Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about *Patroclus'* Tomb,
His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy Hands had ſlain:
And yet that Cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his Life again.

Now

Now freſh and glowing, even in Death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by *Phœbus'* Dart.
Here weeping *Hecuba* her Paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal Moan again was made;
When *Helen*'s Lamentation hers ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal *Beauty* cry'd.

HELEN'*s Lamentation.*

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,
No *Brother* there had half ſo large a Part!
Not leſs than twenty Years are now paſs'd o'er,
Since firſt I landed on the *Trojan* Shore;
Since I with godlike *Paris* fled from Home;
(Would I had dy'd before that Day had come!)
In all which Time (ſo gentle was thy Mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a Deed unkind;
Not one untender Word, or Look of Scorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their Reproach ſtill ſet me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty;
If by my Sifters, or the Queen revil'd,
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
Your Kindneſs ſtill has all my Grief beguil'd.
Ever in Tears let me your Loſs bemoan,
Who had no Friend alive, but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I paſs,
And fly with Horror from my hated Face.
This ſaid, ſhe wept, and the vaſt Throng was mov'd,
And with a gen'ral Sigh her Grief approv'd.
When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning Crowd)
Roſe from his Seat, and thus he ſpake aloud.
" Ceaſe your Lamentings, *Trojans*, for a While,
" And fell down Trees to build a Fun'ral Pile;
" Fear not an Ambuſh by the *Grecians* laid,
" For with *Achilles* twelve Days Truce I made."
He ſpake, and all obey'd as with one Mind,
Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen join'd;

Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine Days Space was in that Labour ſpent;
The Tenth, a moſt ſtupendous *Pile* they made,
And on the Top the manly *Hector* laid,
Then gave it Fire; while all, with weeping Eyes,
Beheld the rolling Flames and Smoke ariſe.
All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd;
But when the roſy Morn with Day return'd,
About the *Pile* the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining Flame.
His *Brothers* then, and Friends ſearch'd ev'ry where,
And gath'ring up his ſnowy Bones with Care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft purple *Palls*, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred Aſhes were interr'd,
Then o'er his Grave a *Monument* they rear'd. [Spies,
Mean time, ſtrong Guards were plac'd, and careful
To watch the *Grecians*, and prevent Surprize.
The Work once ended, all the vaſt Reſort
Of mourning People went to *Priam*'s Court;
There they refreſh'd their weary Limbs with Reſt,
Ending the Fun'ral with a ſolemn Feaſt.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of ſoft Deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs Aid of ſprightly Wine
And wanton Eaſe, conſpires
To make my Heart its Peace reſign,
And readmit Love's long-rejected Fires.

For

For beauteous *Glycera* I burn,
The Flames ſo long repell'd with double Force return.
Matchleſs her Face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd Marble when reflecting Light:
Her very Coyneſs warms;
And with a grateful Sullenneſs ſhe charms:
Each Look darts forth a thouſand Rays,
Whoſe Luſtre an unwary Sight betrays,
My Eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my Veins!
At once all *Venus* enters, and at large ſhe reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is bleſt,
I am her Palace, and her Throne my *Breaſt*.
Of ſavage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
Or *Parthian Archers*, who in Flying fight,
And make rough War their Sport;
Such idle Themes no more can move,
Nor any Thing but what's of high Import:
And what's of high Import, but Love?
Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
With Wine of two Years old your Cups be fill'd:
After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
The Goddeſs may incline her Heart to yield.

STANZAS

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu Fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious Artifice.
Not all theſe Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity.*
Eternity! that boundleſs Race,
Which *Time* himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace)
Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand Years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe Limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath;
And tho' thou cou'dſt for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary Gaſp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhauſted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r;
Thy Honours, Titles, all muſt fail,
Where Piety itſelf can nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the Grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious Slave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in Duſt.
In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from Wounds of Arms,

In

In vain avoids the faithleſs Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Eaſe,
Bounding his Knowledge, to extend his Days;
In vain are all thoſe *Arts* we try,
All our Evaſions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free:
And no Retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my Friend;
(The very Hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy End)
Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life;
Leave the warm Boſom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much-lov'd Offspring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking Careaſe of its Lord.
Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots and Bow'rs,
Thy coſtly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Or but a Sprig of Roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory Maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting Heir
A joyful Mourning wear:
And riot in the Waſte of that Eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much Pains to get.
All thy hid Stores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive Gold.
That precious Wine condemn'd by thee,
To Vaults and Priſons, ſhall again be free:

Bury'd

Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
Again ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling Surface ſhow,
And free as Element profuſely flow.
With ſuch high Food he ſhall ſet forth his Feaſts,
That Cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his Gueſts;
And pamper'd Prelates ſee
Themſelves outdone in *Luxury*.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air!*
How naked does the World appear!
But ſee (big with the Offſpring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth:
A Show'r of ſoft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new-clothe the Earth again.
Behold the Mountain-Tops around,
As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:
And lo! how by Degrees
The univerſal Mantle hides the Trees,
In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky:
Trembling, the Groves ſuſtain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffuſive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Diſeaſe, through all its Veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.

Let's

Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
Let chearful Fires *Sol*'s feeble Beams repair;
Fill the large Bowl with ſparkling Wine;
Let 's drink, 'till our own Faces ſhine,
'Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both Light and Heat,
They are with Wine incorporate:
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no Froſt can fix;
Let that but in Abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis Heav'n's Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heav'n ſtill for me: [Seas,
Thoſe Winds, which rend the Oaks and plow the
Great *Jove* can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding Nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom;
That is not ours; which is to come.
The preſent Moment's all our Store:
The next, ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Inſtant *Now*.
Look on each Day you 've paſt
To be a mighty Treaſure won:
And lay each Moment out in Haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth doth a thouſand Pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
The Flow'rs that flouriſh in the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting *Boy*, invites
To revel while you may, in ſoft Delights:
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.

Slowly

Slowly ſhe promiſes at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with ſwifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and Shades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright Confeſſion of her Eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft Sighs conveys
The Whiſpers of her Heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if y' are rude;
Then from her Raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:
If from his Sight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd Laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the Way.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great Paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the Matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try
Some Way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear *Cælia* be kind then; and ſince your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration,
Give mine Leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe Oglings that tell you my Paſſion.

IV.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhould ſpeak,
The Pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

****

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR *Cælia* Love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle Bow'r,
Where *Damon* long attended
Beyond the promis'd Hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious Expectation,
His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his Paſſion.

ODE.

To all the Sex deceitful,
A long and laſt Adieu;
Since Women prove ungrateful
As oft as Men prove true.
The Pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The Joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and unſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But *Cælia* now repenting
Her Breach of Aſſignation,
Arriv'd with Eyes conſenting,
And ſparkling Inclination.
Like *Citherea* ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his Paſſion;
The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this Recantation.

PALINODE.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
And what Joy the Nymph's appearing,
After Abſence or Deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe Deſiring,
By contriving kind Delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel Abſence doom'd paſt Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return!
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Abſence try,
Save me from Abſence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and Love,
I'll ne'er purſue Revenge;
For ſtill the Charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG.

SONG IN DIALOGUE, FOR TWO WOMEN.

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,
And all my Coyneſs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my *Thyrſis* ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Faſting:
2. And both will tire with often Taſting,
When they find the Bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is complete in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Bleſſing.

CHORUS of both.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire:
And granting Deſire,
We feed not the Fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That *Cloe*'s falſe and common:
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very Woman;
As ſuch, I lik'd, as ſuch, careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no Man.

II.

II.

But oh! her Thoughts on others ran,
And, that, you think a hard Thing;
Perhaps, ſhe fancy'd you the Man,
And what care I one Farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her Body, you her Mind,
Who has the better Bargain?

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
One dear Bleſſing ere I die;
Long I've borne Exceſs of Pain,
Let me now ſome Bliſs obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the God reply'd.
Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not *Amynta*'s Slave?
Ceaſe fond Mortal, to implore,
For Love, Love himſelf's no more.

SONG.

I.

CRUEL *Amynta*, can you ſee
A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through your Eyes the Conqueſt made.

II.

In Ambuſh there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs Smiles:
No Wretches are ſo loſt as they,
Whom much Security beguiles.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

II.

With Light united, Day they give,
But different Fates ere Night fulfil:
How many by his Warmth will live!
How many will her Coldneſs kill!

Occaſioned by a LADY's *having writ* VERSES *in Commendation of a* POEM *which was written in Praiſe of another* LADY.

HARD is the Taſk, and bold th'advent'rous Flight,
Of him, who dares in Praiſe of Beauty write;
For when to that high Theme our Thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who praiſing Beauty, does no Wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his Song:
But when the Fair themſelves approve his Lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe,
His wide Ambition knows no farther Bound,
Nor can his Muſe with brighter Fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM.

Written after the Deceaſe of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, *under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on Earth another Voice like thine,
Another Hand ſo bleſt with Skill divine!
The late afflicted World ſome Hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but aſk the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA's DAY, MDCCI.

Set to Muſick by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O *Harmony*, to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of ſacred Verſe, and ſweet reſounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praiſe.
All Hail to thee
All-pow'rful *Harmony!*
Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works reſigning to thy Care:
The planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their Way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.

CHO-

CHORUS.

All Hail to thee
All-pow'rful Harmony!

II.

Thy Voice, O *Harmony*, with awful Sound
Could penetrate th' Abyſs profound,
Explore the Realms of ancient Night,
And ſearch the living Source of unborn Light.
Confuſion heard thy Voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd Head.
Then didſt thou, *Harmony*, give Birth
To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all thoſe ſhining Worlds above
In myſtick Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of central Fire,
A never ceaſing, never ſilent Choir.

CHORUS.

Confuſion heard thy Voice and fled,
And Chaos *deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd Head.*

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs, firſt cou'dſt tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And didſt to heav'nly Minds reveal
The ſecret Force of tuneful Sound.
When firſt *Cyllenius* form'd the Lyre,
Thou didſt the God inſpire;
When firſt the vocal Shell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung: [play'd,
Then firſt the Muſes ſung; melodious Strains *Apollo*
And Muſick firſt began by thy auſpicious Aid.
Hark, hark, again *Urania* ſings!
Again *Apollo* ſtrikes the trembling Strings!
And ſee, the liſt'ning Deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the Sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, again Urania *ſings!*
Again Apollo *ſtrikes the trembling Strings!*

And ſee, the liſt'ning Deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the Sound.

IV.

Deſcend *Urania*, heav'nly Fair!
To the Relief of this afflicted World repair;
See how with various Woes oppreſt,
The wretched Race of Men is worn;
Conſum'd with Cares, with Doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting Paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her Aid,
The furious Will on Fancy waits;
While Reaſon ſtill by Hopes or Fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too ſoon retreats.
Muſick alone with ſudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Senſe, and calm the troubled Mind.

CHORUS.

Muſick alone with ſudden Charms can bind
The wand'ring Senſe, and calm the troubled Mind.

V.

Begin the pow'rful Song, ye ſacred Nine,
Your Inſtruments and Voices join;
Harmony, Peace, and ſweet Deſire,
In ev'ry Breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping Heart,
And ſoft Repoſe to reſtleſs Thoughts impart.
Appeaſe the wrathful Mind,
To dire Revenge and Death inclin'd:
With balmy Sounds his boiling Blood aſſuage,
And melt to mild Remorſe his burning Rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous Paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Eaſe is bleſt,
By Muſick lull'd to pleaſing Reſt.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous Paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is Peace.
The weary World with welcome Eaſe is bleſt,
By Muſick lull'd to pleaſing Reſt.

VI.

Ah, ſweet Repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah, fooliſh Man, new Toils requiring!
Curs'd Ambition, Strife purſuing!
Wakes the World to War and Ruin.
See, ſee, the Battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the Hero comes!
Loud Trumpets with ſhrill Fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding Drums.
War, with diſcordant Notes and jarring Noiſe,
The Harmony of Peace deſtroys.

CHORUS.

War, with diſcordant Notes and jarring Noiſe,
The Harmony of Peace deſtroys.

VII.

See the forſaken Fair, with ſtreaming Eyes
Her parting Lover mourn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong Nights,
Bewailing paſt Delights
That may no more, no never more return.
O ſooth her Cares
With ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Airs,
'Till Victory and Peace reſtore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breaſt,
Within her folding Arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let Victory and Peace reſtore
Her faithful Lover to her tender Breaſt,
Within her folding Arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, *Urania*, heav'nly Fair!
Now to thy native Skies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry Sphere;

Cecilia comes, with holy Rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the World of Care,
Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her Feet lay down
His golden Harp and Laurel Crown.
The ſoft entervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majeſtick Sound.
In Peals the ſwelling Notes aſcend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the ſwelling Notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Muſick never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

Cecilia, *more than all the Muſes ſkill'd,*
Phœbus *himſelf to her muſt yield,*
And at her Feet lay down
His golden Harp and Laurel Crown.
The ſoft enervate Lyre is drown'd
In the deep Organ's more majeſtick Sound.
In Peals the ſwelling Notes aſcend the Skies;
Perpetual Breath the ſwelling Notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her Name,
Who form'd the tuneful Frame,
Th' immortal Muſick never dies.

VERSES

To the MEMORY of

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, intituled

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful Life in Study ſpent,
The Learn'd themſelves their Ignorance lament;
And aged Men, whoſe Lives exceed the Space
Which ſeems the Bound preſcrib'd to mortal Race,
With

With hoary Heads, their ſhort Experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,
So frail is Life, and fruitleſs human Pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict Attention, what this Book unfolds,
With Admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?
For ſo complete the finiſh'd Piece appears,
That Learning ſeems combin'd with Length of Years;
And both improv'd by pureſt Wit, to reach
At all that Study, or that Time can teach.
But to what Height muſt his Amazement riſe!
When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes
Again to view the foremoſt op'ning Page,
And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure Mind aroſe
Th' ætherial Source from whence this Current flows!
When Progidies appear, our Reaſon fails,
And Superſtition o'er Philoſophy prevails.
Some heav'nly Miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some Angel-mind with female Form endu'd,
To make a ſhort Abode on Earth, was ſent,
(Where no Perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright Example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the Throne, eternal Hymns
She ſings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;
Or ſome refulgent Star informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt Intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of* Stanton Harcourt, *Eſq. and* ROBERT *his Son.*

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain
Father and Son, together laid;
Whoſe living Virtues ſhall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

What Man ſhou'd be, to Ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd Worth ſhou'd do, or ſhun,
At full was in the Father ſhown;
What Youth cou'd promiſe, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

To Mr. DRYDEN.

On his Tranſlation of PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroick Story tells
Of Knights impriſon'd long by magic Spells,
'Till future Time the deſtin'd Hero ſend,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such ſeems this Work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great Revealer of dark Poeſy.
Thoſe ſullen Clouds, which have, for Ages paſt,
O'er *Perſius'* too-long ſuff'ring Muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred Pen,
And, in their room, bright Tracks of Light are ſeen.
Sure *Phœbus'* ſelf thy ſwelling Breaſt inſpires,
The God of Muſick, and poetick Fires:

Elſe

Elſe, whence proceeds this great Surpriſe of Light!
How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of Night!
Our Wonder now does our paſt Folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So, Unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred Oracles, in Myſteries.
Perſius, before, in ſmall Eſteem was had,
Unleſs, what to Antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far, our Ignorance our Faith miſled)
'Till you, *Apollo*'s darling Prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the Poet's ſacred Writ.
As Coin, which bears ſome awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinſick Worth will paſs;
So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.
To you, we all this following Treaſure owe,
This *Hippocrene*, which from a Rock did flow.
Old *ſtoick* Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in modern Brilliant ſhines;
And as before, for *Perſius*, our Eſteem
To this Antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever Praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old *Perſius*, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.
So ſtubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal;
But thro' your Skill, from thoſe ſmall Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames ariſe, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all Manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant Luxury used by the Romans *in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular Invective against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the Height of Men of great Estates and Quality. He shews us the miserable End of such Spendthrifts and Gluttons, with the Manner and Courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes Occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the greatest Men in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remissness in the Care of Heaven over the* Roman *State. He instances some lewd practices at Feasts, and, by the bye, touches the Nobility with making Vice and Debauchery consist with their principal Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular*

ticular ſomewhat freely) to a Neglect of all Cares and Diſquiets for the preſent, and a moderate Uſe of Pleaſures for the future.

IF noble (1) *Atticus* make ſplendid Feaſts,
And with expenſive Food indulge his Gueſts;
His Wealth and Quality ſupport the Treat:
Nor is it *Luxury* in him, but *State*.
But when poor (2) *Rutilus* ſpends all he's worth,
In Hopes of ſetting one good Dinner forth;
'Tis downright Madneſs: For what greater *Jeſts*,
Than *begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Feaſts*?
But *Rutilus* is now notorious grown,
And proves the common Theme of all the Town.
A Man, in his full Tide of youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's Good;
Urg'd (3) by no Pow'r, reſtrain'd by no Advice,
But following his own inglorious Choice:
'Mongſt common *Fencers* practiſes the Trade,
That End debaſing for which *Arms* were made;
Arms which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford,
But his *Diſgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.
Many there are of the ſame (4) wretched Kind,
Whom their deſpairing Creditors may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole Bliſs is Eating; who can give
But that one brutal Reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of theſe,
The pooreſt Wretch is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent Rags declare
How much his tatter'd Fortune wants Repair,
Wou'd ranſack ev'ry *Element* for Choice
Of ev'ry Fiſh and Fowl at any Price;
If brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a Flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater Guſt.

In Riot thus, while Money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new Pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere Neceſſity to eat,
He comes to pawn his Diſh to buy his Meat.
Nothing of Silver, or of Gold he ſpares,
Not what his Mother's ſacred Image bears;
The broken (5) Relick he with Speed devours,
As he wou'd all the Reſt of's Anceſtors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
They'd pay the Price of one *luxurious Meal*.
Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, ſoon, and Want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable Scraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now, you ſee a plenteous Feaſt:
The Queſtion is, at whoſe Expence 'tis dreſt.
In great (6) *Ventidius* we the *Bounty* prize;
In *Rutilus* the *Vanity* deſpiſe.
Strange Ignorance! That the ſame Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill ſhows,
Shou'd not perceive a Difference as great,
Between ſmall Incomes and a vaſt Eſtate!
From Heav'n to Mortals ſure that Rule was ſent,
Of *Know thyſelf*, and by ſome God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
Through all the various Courſes which we ſteer.
Therſites, (7) tho' the moſt preſumptuous *Greek*,
Yet durſt not for *Achilles'* Armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce (8) *Ulyſſes* had a good Pretence,
With all th' Advantage of his *Eloquence*.
Whoe'er attempts weak Cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words and Force of Senſe:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.
If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to Thrift, not *Luxury*;

And wiſely make that Kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Neceſſity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious Throats have ſwallow'd *All*,
Both Land and Stock, Int'reſt and Principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile (9) *Pollio*'s Fate,
Who ſold his very Ring to purchaſe Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongſt common Slaves now ſtands,
Begging an Alms, with undiſtinguiſh'd Hands.
Sure ſudden Death to ſuch ſhou'd welcome be,
On whom each added Year heaps Miſery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy.
But there are Steps in Villainy, which theſe.
Obſerve to tread and follow by Degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall Stock of Credit gone,
Leſt *Rome* ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run;
For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the Midſt of Summer's ſcorching Heat,
From Crowds, and Noiſe, and Buſineſs to retreat.
One only Grief ſuch Fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the Pleaſures left behind;
The Plays and looſe Diverſions of the Place,
But not one Bluſh apppears for the Diſgrace.
Ne'er was of Modeſty ſo great a Dearth,
That out of Countenance Virtue's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
She's with (10) *Aſtrea* gone, not to return.
This Day, my (11) *Perſicus*, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether, myſelf I keep thoſe Rules I give,
Or elſe, an unſuſpected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate Fare and Abſtinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private *gormandize*.
Evander's (12) Feaſt reviv'd, To-day thou'lt ſee;
The poor *Evander*, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides (13) and *Æneas* both to me.

Mean Time, I ſend you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not ſurpriz'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer:
For nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall Farm the tend'reſt *Kid*,
And fatteſt of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had Nouriſhment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,
Scarce Graſs; its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.
Next that, ſhall Mountain '*Sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly Country Maid.
The largeſt Eggs, yet warm within their Neſt,
Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of Grapes, preſerv'd for Half a Year,
Which plump and freſh as on the Vines appear;
Apples of a ripe Flavour, freſh and fair,
Mixt with the *Syrian*, and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digeſtion now, and fit for Uſe.
Such Food as this wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot in a *Senator*:
When the good (14) *Curius* thought it no Diſgrace,
With his own Hands a few ſmall Herbs to dreſs;
And from his little Garden cull'd a Feaſt,
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a Slave, but has to Dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd (15) Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous Treat,
On Birth-days, Feſtivals, or Days of State;
A ſalt, dry Flitch of Bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
Which rarely happen'd: And 'twas highly priz'd
If (16) ought was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To Entertainments of this Kind wou'd come
The worthieſt and the greateſt Men in *Rome*;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch Treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice (17) *Conſuls* been;
Or the (18) *Dictator*'s Office had diſcharg'd,
And now from honourable Toil enlarg'd,

Retir'd

etir'd to huſband and manure their Land,
umbling themſelves to thoſe they might command:
hen might y' have ſeen the good old Gen'ral haſte,
efore th' appointed (19) Hour, to ſuch a Feaſt;
is Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
oud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Field.
'was then, when pious *Conſuls* bore the Sway,
nd Vice diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
ur (20) *Cenſors* then were ſubject to the Law,
v'n Pow'r itſelf of Juſtice ſtood in Awe.
was not then a *Roman*'s anxious Thought,
'here largeſt Tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought,
'here Pearls might of the greateſt Price be had,
nd ſhining Jewels to adorn his (21) Bed,
hat he at vaſt Expence might loll his Head.
ain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
ontentedly he ſlept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
he Soldier then, in (22) *Græcian* Arts unſkill'd,
eturning rich with Plunder from the Field;
Cups of Silver, or of Gold be brought,
'ith Jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
o glorious Trappings ſtraight the Plate he turn'd,
nd with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horſe adorn'd;
r elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
'here various warlike Figures were inlaid:
he *Roman Wolf* ſuckling the (23) Twins was there,
nd *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
ov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
threatning Death to each reſiſting Foe.
o Uſe of Silver, but in Arms, was known;
lendid they were in War, and there alone.
o Side-bords then with gilded Plate were dreſs'd,
o ſweating Slaves with maſſive Diſhes preſs'd;
penſive Riot was not underſtood,
t Earthen Platters held their homely Food.
ho wou'd not envy them that Age of Bliſs,
at ſees with Shame the *Luxury* of this?

Heav'n

Heav'n unwearied then did Bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove *foretold each dang'rous Hour;*
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He ſnuff'd their Incenſe with a gracious Nod;
And wou'd have ſtill been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.
His golden (24) *Statues hence the God have driv'n:*
For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
'Tis Gold we worſhip, though we pray to Heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from *Japan.*
Invite my *Lord* to dine, and let him have
The niceſt Diſh his Appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken Board be ſet,
His Lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Ven'ſon*'s rank, or (25) *Ointments* ſtink.
Order ſome other Table to be brought,
Something, at great Expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whoſe *Orb* large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedeſtals of (26) *Ivory:*
He finds no more of that offenſive Smell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain Whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new Vigour to his Teeth were ſent,
By *Sympathy* from thoſe o' th' *Elephant.*
But ſuch fine Feeders are no Gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality;
Then, that unfaſhionable Man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve for Want of Ivory:
For not one Inch does my whole Houſe afford,
Not in my very *Tables*, or *Cheſs-board*;
Of Bone the Handles of my Knives are made,
Yet no ill Taſte from thence affects the Blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſav'ry *Haut-goût* from the Haft.

A hearty

A hearty Welcome to plain wholeſome Meat
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal State;
No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by ſkilful (27) *Trypherus* are taught:
In whoſe fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
Of Fiſhes, Beaſts, and all the Fowls o' th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
How to diſſect, and the nice Joints diſcern;
While all the Neigbours are with Noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh Carving of his *wooden Feaſt*.
On me attends a raw unſkilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
At once my *Carver*, and my (28) *Ganymede*;
With Diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen Veſſels fill our Wine.
No beauteous Boys I keep, from (29) *Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites*, by ſhameful *Pandars* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
With honeſt Faces, though with uncurl'd Hair.
This Day thou ſhalt my rural Pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman*'s is, t'other my *Shepherd*'s Son;
A chearful Sweetneſs in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face:
Tho' ſometimes Sadneſs will o'ercaſt the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His Abſence from his Mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wiſhes to return.
Longing to ſee his tender Kids again,
And feed his Lambs upon the flow'ry Plain;
A modeſt Bluſh he wears, not form'd by Art,
Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart.
Such Looks, ſuch Baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The Cheeks of Youths that are more nobly born;
But Noblemen thoſe humble Graces ſcorn.

This

This Youth To-day ſhall my ſmall Treat attend;
And only he with Wine ſhall ſerve my Friend,
With Wine from his own Country brought, and made
From the ſame Vines, beneath whoſe fruitful Shade
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh Feaſt,
With am'rous Songs and (30) wanton Dances grac'd;
When ſprightly Females to the Middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and friſk in Air;
Whoſe pliant Limbs in various Poſtures move,
And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
Such Sights the languid Nerves to Action ſtir,
And jaded Luſt ſprings forward with this Spur.
Virtue (31) would ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Huſbands now do with their Wives behold;
A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.
In nuptial Cinders this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Deſire.
But ſhe, who by her Sex's Charter muſt
Have double Pleaſure paid, feels double Luſt;
Apace ſhe warms with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Boſom heaves, and Pulſes beat;
With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips ſhe lies,
With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Paſſion both at Ears and Eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my Eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious Follies of the Great.
Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,
Whoſe marble Floors with drunken Spawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious Songs and Dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt Slave,
The vileſt Proſtitute in all the Stews,
With baſhful Indignation wou'd refuſe.
But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards or Dice afford,
A *Veſtal* raviſh'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diverſions in a Lord.

But

But my poor Entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you Pleaſures of another Kind:
Yet with your Taſte your Hearing ſhall be fed,
And *Homer*'s ſacred Lines, and *Virgil*'s read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they're ſung,
Verſe ſo ſublimely good no Voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
Thy Jealouſies and Fears, and while you may
To Peace and ſoft Repoſe give all the Day.
From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
Be free, be all uneaſy Paſſions ſtill.
What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all Night)
Steal from thy Bed and Houſe, Abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her Flame, come breathleſs Home,
Fleck'd in her Face, and with diſorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Boſom bare;
With Ears ſtill tingling, and her Eyes on Fire,
Half drown'd in Sin, ſtill burning in Deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with Paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from Night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her Charms,
Take her (the laſt of Twenty) to your Arms.
Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
At th' Entrance of my Threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtick Griefs at Home be left,
The Wife's Adult'ry, with the Servants Theft;
And (the moſt racking Thought which can intrude)
Forget falſe Friends and their Ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful Mirth at Home begin,
While (32) *Megalenſian* Shows are in the (33) *Circus* ſeen:
There (to the Bane of Horſes) in high State
The (34) *Prætor* ſits on a triumphal Seat;

Vainly

Vainly with Enſigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
As if with Conqueſt from the Wars return'd.
This Day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
Without Offence to ſuch a num'rous Crowd,
To ſay all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* ſweat;
Echos already do their Shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the Cry—"Away, away,
"The (35) Green have won the Honour of the Day."
Oh, ſhould theſe Sports be but one Year forborn,
Rome would in Tears her lov'd Diverſion mourn;
For that would now a Cauſe of (36) Sorrow yield,
Great as the Loſs of (37) *Cannæ*'s fatal *Field*.
Such Shows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
On Beds of *Roſes* laid, let us repoſe,
While round our Heads refreſhing *Ointment* flows;
Our aged Limbs we'll baſk in *Phœbus*' Rays,
And live this Day devoted to our Eaſe.
Early To-day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
Nor need we now the common (38) Cenſure fear:
On *Feſtivals* it is allow'd no Crime
To bathe and eat before the uſual Time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a Loathing give,
Nor could you thus a Week together live:
For frequent Uſe would the Delight exclude:
Pleaſure's a Toil when conſtantly purſu'd.

EXPLANATORY NOTES on the foregoing SATIRE.

(1) ATTICUS. *The Name of a very eminent Perſon in* Rome: *But here it is meant to ſignify any one of great Wealth and Quality.*

(2) Rutilus. *One who, by his own extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduced to the moſt ſhameful Degree*

Degree of Poverty. This likewiſe is here made uſe of as a common Name to all beggarly Gluttons, ſuch whoſe unreaſonable Appetites remain after their Eſtates are conſumed.

(3) Urg'd by no Pow'r, reſtrain'd by no Advice. *Sometimes Perſons were compelled, by the Tyranny of* Nero, *to practiſe the Trade of Fencing, and to fight upon the Stage for his inhuman Diverſion; otherwiſe, ſeldom any but common Slaves or condemned Malefactors were ſo employed: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Perſon, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance for a Livelihood (like* Rutilus) *applied himſelf to that wretched Trade.*

Reſtrain'd by no Advice.

Hinting, that though he was not compelled to ſuch a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was ſuffered to undertake it, and not adviſed or commanded by the Magiſtracy to the contrary.

(4) Of the ſame wretched Kind, *viz. Reduced to Poverty by riotous Living.*

(5) The broken Relick.

Broken or defaced; that it might not be diſcovered to be his Mother's Picture, when expoſed to Sale.

(6) Ventidius. *A noble* Roman, *who lived hoſpitably.*

(7) Therſites. *An impudent, deformed, ill-tongued Fellow (as* Homer *deſcribes him,* Iliad 2.) *who accompanied the* Grecian *Army to the Siege of* Troy; *where he took a Privilege often to rail and ſnarl at the Commanders. Some relate, that at laſt* Achilles, *for his Saucineſs, killed him with a Blow of his Fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand* Juvenal *here as relating a Matter of Fact; but* Therſites *is uſed here to ſignify any Body of the ſame Kind: As before,* Atticus *and* Rutilus. *The Meaning is, that ſuch as he ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes *in contending for* Achilles's *Armour. See his Character admirably improved by Mr.* Dryden *in his Tragedy of* Truth found too late.

(8) Ulyſſes.

(8) Ulyſſes. *The moſt eloquent of all the* Grecian *Princes. After* Achilles's *Death,* Ajax, *a famed* Grecian *Warrior, pretended to his Armour;* Ulyſſes *oppoſed him before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtained the Prize.* Ovid. Metam. 13.

(9) Pollio. *Brought to that Peſs by his Gluttony, that he was forced to ſell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Diſtinction worn by the* Roman *Knights.*

(10) Aſtræa. *The Goddeſs of Juſtice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.*

Ultima Cœleſtûm Terras Aſtræa reliquit. *Ovid.*

(11) Perſicus. Juvenal's *Friend, to whom he makes an Invitation, and addreſſes this Satire.*

(12) Evander. *A Prince of* Arcadia, *who unluckily killing his Father, forſook his own Country, and came into* Italy; *ſettling in that Place, where afterwards* Rome *was built.* Virg. Æn. 8. *tells us that he entertain'd both* Hercules *and* Æneas, *when he was in a low Condition.*

(13) Alcides. Hercules, *ſo called from his Grandfather* Alcæus.

(14) Curius Dentatus. *A great Man who had been three Times Conſul of* Rome, *and had triumphed over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.*

(15) *A Diſh in great Eſteem among the* Romans.

———Nil Vulva pulchrius ampla. *Horat.*

(16) *If they killed a Sacrifice, and any Fleſh remained to ſpare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.*

(17) Conſul. *By the Tyranny of* Tarquinius Superbus, *(the laſt* Roman *King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolved to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Perſons, who were to be choſen every Year anew, and whom they called* Conſuls.

(18) Dictator. *Was a General choſen upon ſome emergent Occaſions. His Office was limited for ſix Months;*

Months; which Time expired, (if Occaſion were) they choſe another, or continued the ſame, by a new Election. The Dictator *differed in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not ſo hateful to the* Romans.

(19) Before the appointed Hour—

It was accounted Greedineſs, and ſhameful, to eat before the uſual Hour, which was their ninth Hour; and our three o'Clock, Afternoon. But upon feſtival Days, it was permitted them, to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excuſable in old People.

(20) Cenſors. *Were two great Officers, Part of whoſe Buſineſs was to inſpect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Miſdemeanors: And in former Days they were ſo ſtrict, that they ſtood in Awe one of another.*

(21) *The Manner of the* Romans *Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards, at great Expence, adorned with Tortoiſe-ſhells, Pearls, and Ivory.*

(22) Grecian Arts. *The* Romans *copied their Luxury from the* Greeks; *the Imitation of whom, was among them as faſhionable, as of the* French *among us. Which occaſions this Saying, with ſo much Indignation in our Poet,* Sat. 3.

——Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam Urbem———

(23) Romulus *and* Remus. *Twins, and Founders of the* Roman *Empire; who the Poets feign were nurſt by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being* Lupa.

(24) *Formerly the Statutes of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was diſpleaſing even to the Gods themſelves.*

(25) *The* Romans *uſed to anoint themſelves with ſweet Ointments, at their Feaſts, immediately after bathing.*

(26)

(26) *Ivory was in great Eſteem among them, and preferred to Silver.*

(27) Trypherus. *There were in* Rome, *Profeſſors of the Art of Carving; who taught publickly in Schools. Of this kind,* Trypherus *was the moſt famous.*

(28) Ganymede. *Cup-bearer.*

(29) Phrygia. *Whence pretty Boys were brought to* Rome, *and ſold publickly in the Markets to vile Uſes.*

(30) *An uſual Part of the Entertainment, when great Men feaſted, to have wanton Women dance after a laſcivious Manner.*

(31) Virtue would ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Huſbands, now, do with their Wives behold.
Theſe Lines in Juvenal,
Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrâſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis.
in ſome late Editions are placed nearer the latter End of this Satire: And in the Order of this Tranſlation wou'd ſo have follow'd, after Line 349, viz.
Such Shows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
But I have continued them in this Place after Lubin. *Beſides the Example of the learned* Holyday *for the ſame Poſition; agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Senſe before and after. For the* Megalenſian *Games conſiſting chiefly of Races, and ſuch like Exerciſes; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary Cauſe of Shame lay in female Spectators: But it was a manifeſt Immodeſty, for them to lie by their Huſbands, and ſee the lewd Actions of their own Sex, in the Manner deſcribed.*

(32) Magalenſian Shows. *Games in Honour of* Cybele, *the Mother of the Gods. She was called* μεγάλη μήτηρ, Magna Mater, *and from thence theſe Games* Magaleſia, *or* Ludi Megalenſes; *they began upon the* 4*th of* April, *and continued ſix Days.*

(33) Cir-

(33) Circus. *The Place where theſe Games were celebrated.*

(34) Prætor. *An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to overſee theſe Sports, and ſate in great State, while they were acting; to the Deſtruction of many Horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the Races.*

(35) The Green have won the Honour of the Day. *In running the Races in the* Circus, *with Horſes in Chariots, there were four diſtinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a kind of Ruſſet Red, White, and Blue. One of theſe Factions was always favoured by the Court, and at this Time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward* Domitian *added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.*

(36) *Reflecting on the immoderate Fondneſs the* Romans *had for ſuch Shows.*

(37) Cannæ. *A ſmall Town, near which* Hannibal *obtained a great Victory over the* Romans: *In that Battle were ſlain* 40,000 *Men, and ſo many Geatlemen, that he ſent three Buſhels full of Rings to* Carthage, *as a Token of his Victory.*

(38) *See the Notes at* Fig. 19.

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN MARY;

UPON

Her Majeſty's coming to ſee the OLD BATCHELOR, after having ſeen the DOUBLE-DEALER.

BY this repeated Act of Grace, we ſee
Wit is again the Care of Majeſty;
And while thus honour'd our proud Stage appears,
We ſeem to rival ancient Theatres.
Thus flouriſh'd Wit in our Forefathers Age,
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.
Whoſe Wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our Audience will excel:
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, ſeen
So fair a Circle, and ſo bright a Queen.
Long has the Muſes' Land been overcaſt,
And many rough and ſtormy Winters paſt;
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of Night,
Of Heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of Light:
While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing Cold:
So does it ſtill through Oppoſition grow,
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,
On ev'ry Side the gath'ring Winds appear,
And Blaſts deſtroy that Fruit, which Froſts wou'd ſpare.
But now, new Vigour and new Life it knows,
And Warmth that from this royal Preſence flows.

O wou'd She ſhine with Rays more frequent here!
How gay wou'd, then, this drooping Land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with Pleaſure ſhe might view,
The ſmiling Earth, cloath'd by her Beams anew.
O'er all the *Meads*, ſhou'd various Flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the Laurel's never-fading Green,
The new Creation of a gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE

At the Opening of the

QUEEN's THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET,

WITH AN

ITALIAN PASTORAL:

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHatever future Fate our Houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhou'd be kind;
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no Right,
Before Enjoyment and the Wedding-Night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range,
You muſt be true 'till you have Time to change.
A Week at leaſt; one Night is ſure too ſoon:
But we pretend not to a Honey-Moon.
To Novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This Day, without Preſumption, we pretend
With Novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our Houſe and Scenes are new,
Our Song and Dance, but e'en our Actors too.

Our Play itſelf has ſomething in 't uncommon,
Two faithful Lovers, and *one* conſtant Woman.
In ſweet *Italian* Strains our Shepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs Loves our painted Foreſts ring,
In Notes, perhaps, leſs foreign than the *Thing*.
To Sound and Show at firſt we make Pretence,
In Time we may regale you with ſome Senſe,
But that, at preſent were too great Expence.
We only fear the Beaus may think it hard,
To be To-night from ſmutty Jeſts debarr'd:
But in Good-breeding, ſure, they 'll once excuſe
Ev'n Modeſty, when in a Stranger-Muſe.
The Day's at Hand, when we ſhall ſhift the Scene,
And to yourſelves ſhew your dear Selves again:
Paint the Reverſe of what you 've ſeen To-day,
And in bold Strokes the vicious Town diſplay.

PROLOGUE

TO

PYRRHUS KING of EPIRUS.

OUR Age has much improv'd the Warrior's Art;
For Fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt Part;
And a good Head, more uſeful than a Heart.
This Way of War, does our Example yield;
That Stage will win, which longeſt keeps the Field.
We mean not Battle, when we bid Defiance;
But ſtarving one another to Compliance.
Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdu'd.
And there, in Truth, depends the great Deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the Foes Proviſion.
Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruiſes, keep a Pother;
Our War and Trade, is to outwit each other.

But

But, hold: Will not the Politicians tell us,
That both our Conduct, and our Foresight, fail us,
To raise Recruits, and draw new Forces down,
Thus, in the dead Vacation of the Town,
To muster up our Rhimes, without our Reason,
And forage for an Audience out of Season?
Our Author's Fears must this false Step excuse;
'Tis the first Flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
Th' Occasion ta'en, when Criticks are away;
Half Wits and Beaus, those rav'nous Birds of Prey.
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their Wrath,
Mauling, in mild Lampoon, th' intriguing *Bath*.
Thus does our Author his first Flight commence;
Thus, against Friends at first, with Foils we fence:
Thus prudent *Gimcrack* try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet Foot) to swim upon a Table.
Then spare the Youth; or if you 'll damn the Play,
Let him but first have his; then take your Day.

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

Spoken by Mrs. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU see we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts
To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,
Like Rain and Sunshine mix'd, in *April* Weather.
Your different Tastes divide our Poet's Cares:
One Foot the Sock, t'other the Buskin wears:
Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like *Volscius*, hip-hop, in a single Boot.

Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his Books:
But he makes Feaſts for Friends, and not for Cooks.
Tho' Errant-Knights of late no Favour find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.
To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make Profeſſion:
We Damſels fly, to ſave our Reputation:
So they, their Valour ſhow, we, our Diſcretion.
To Lands of Monſters, and fierce Beaſts they go.
We, to thoſe Iſlands where rich Huſbands grow:
Tho' they're no Monſters, we may make 'em ſo.
If they're of *Engliſh* Growth, they'll bear't with Patience:
But ſave us from a Spouſe of *Oroonoko*'s Nations!
Then bleſs your Stars, you happy *London* Wives,
Who love at large, each Day, yet keep your Lives:
Nor envy poor *Imoinda*'s doating Blindneſs,
Who thought her Huſband kill'd her out of Kindneſs.
Death with a Huſband ne'er had ſhewn ſuch Charms,
Had ſhe once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.
Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding:
Poor Soul! ſhe wanted ſome of our Town-Breeding.
Forgive this *Indian*'s Fondneſs of her Spouſe;
Their Law no chriſtian Liberty allows:
Alas! they make a Conſcience of their Vows!
If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault;
Then damn the heathen School, where ſhe was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckhold, jilt, and ſham,
Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY, written by Mr. J. DRYDEN, jun.

THIS Year has been remarkable two Ways,
For blooming Poets, and for blaſted Plays:
We've been by much appearing Plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd, and over-ſtock'd.
Our Authors too, by their Succeſs of late,
Begin to think third Days are out of Date.
What can the Cauſe be, that our Plays won't keep
Unleſs they have a Rot ſome Years like Sheep?
For our Parts, we confeſs we're quite aſham'd
To read ſuch Weekly Bills of Poets damn'd.
Each Pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful Caſe
When Chriſt'nings fall, and Funerals increaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be Writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch Wits, and write ſuch Things?
You're willing to be Waſps, but want the Stings.
Let not your Spleen provoke you to that Height,
'Odslife you don't know what you do, Sirs, when you write.
You'll find that *Pegaſus* has Tricks, when try'd,
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies and all, I'faith, now get aſtride.
Contriving Characters, and Scenes, and Plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting Knots:
With the ſame Eaſe, and Negligence of Thought,
The charming Play is writ, and Fringe is wrought.
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When Ladies leave, that Beaus will take the Trade:

Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd ſtop,
But ſhou'd they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up Shop.
How ſhall we make this Mode of Writing ſink?
A Mode, ſaid I? 'Tis a Diſeaſe, I think,
A ſtubborn Tetter that's not cur'd with Ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, 'till each th' Infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our Play To-day is ſprung from none of theſe,
Nor ſhould you damn it, tho' it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the Bounds of your four Seas.
For if you grant no Favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a Stranger, there is ſomething due:
From *Rome* (to try its Fate) this Play was ſent;
Start not at *Rome!* for there's no Popery meant;
Tho' there the Poet may his Dwelling chuſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his Country claims his Muſe.
Hither an Offering his Firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill Succeſs, on you depends.
Yet he has Hope ſome Kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater Merit than his own,
And begs the Sire may for the Son atone.
There's his laſt Refuge, if the Play don't take,
Yet ſpare young *Dryden* for his Father's Sake.

PROLOGUE

To the COURT on the

QUEEN's BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy Muſe, to this high Scene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier Strains be heard:
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual Theme,
Shall ſing of Virtue and heroick Fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the Stage,
And fruitleſs War with Vice and Folly wage;

No

No more in mean Diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And Shapes ſhe wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:
While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
And break the Mirror that reflects their Shame.
Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a nobler Taſk,
Shew her bright Virgin Face, and ſcorn the *Satyr's* Maſk.
Happy her future Days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the Beauties of the Mind.
By juſt Originals to draw with Care,
And Copy from the Court a faultleſs Fair:
Such Labours with Succeſs her Hopes may crown,
And ſhame to Manners an incorrigible Town.
While this Deſign her eager Thought purſues,
Such various Virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring Flight,
ONE only awes her with ſuperior Light.
From that Attempt the conſcious Muſe retires,
Nor to inimitable Worth aſpires:
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial Ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious Day:
On that bright Star, to whoſe indulgent Pow'r
We owe the Bleſſings of the preſent Hour.
Concurring Omens of propitious Fate
Bore, with one ſacred Birth, an equal Date;
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By foreign Conqueſt, or domeſtick Peace.
Then, *Britain*, then thy Dawn of Bliſs begun:
Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe Councils ſhou'd ſucceed;
And by whoſe Arm the chriſtian World be freed;
Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the Battle won at *Blenheim*'s glorious Field.

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL,

Lamenting the DEATH of the

Late LORD MARQUIS OF BLANFORD.

Inſcribed to the

Right Hon. the Lord GODOLPHIN,
Lord High-Treaſurer of *England*.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus———
———miſerabile Carmen
Integrat, & mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet.
Virg. Geor. 4.

'TWAS at the Time, when new-returning Light
With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight;
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay,
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day;
When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew,
And from their fleecy Sides firſt ſhake the ſilver Dew.
'Twas then that *Amaryllis*, heav'nly Fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Deſpair,

Forſook

Forſook her Myrtle Bow'r and roſy Bed,
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn *Amyntas* dead.
Who had a Heart ſo hard, that heard her Cries
And did not weep? Who ſuch relentleſs Eyes?
Tygers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego,
And dumb Diſtreſs and new Compaſſion ſhow.
As taught by her to taſte of human Woe.
Nature herſelf attentive Silence kept,
And Motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing Sun reſtrain'd his fiery Courſe,
And rapid Rivers liſten'd at their Source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Leſt Repetition ſhould her Accents drown;
The very Morning-Wind witheld his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiſeleſs Trees;
As if the gentle *Zephyr* had been dead,
And in the Grave with lov'd *Amyntas* laid.
No Noiſe, no whiſp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring Groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguiſh could expreſs,
All other Mourning would have made it leſs.
" Hear me," ſhe cry'd, " ye Nymphs and ſylvan
" Gods,
" Inhabitants of theſe once-lov'd Abodes;
" Hear my Diſtreſs, and lend a pitying Ear,
" Hear my Complaint—you would not hear my Pray'r;
" The Loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
" And mourn with me *Amyntas* now no more.
" Have I not Cauſe, ye cruel Pow'rs, to mourn?
" Lives there like me another Wretch forlorn;
" Tell me, thou Sun that round the World doſt ſhine,
" Haſt thou beheld another Loſs like mine?
" Ye Winds, who on your Wings ſad Accents bear,
" And catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Deſpair,
" Tell me if e'er your tender Pinions bore
" Such Weight of Woe, ſuch deadly Sighs before?
" Tell me, thou Earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading Baſe
" The wretched Load is laid of human Race,

" Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt?
" Lie all the Dead ſo heavy on thy Breaſt?
" When hoary Winter on thy ſhrinking Head
" His icy, cold, depreſſing Hand has laid,
" Haſt thou not felt leſs Chilneſs in thy Veins?
" Do I not pierce thee with more freezing Pains?
" But why to thee do I relate my Woe,
" Thou cruel Earth, my moſt remorſeleſs Foe,
" Within whoſe darkſome Womb the Grave is made,
" Where all my Joys are with *Amyntas* laid?
" What is't to me, tho' on thy naked Head
" Eternal Winter ſhould his Horror ſhed,
" Tho' all thy Nerves were numb'd with endleſs Froſt,
" And all thy Hopes of future Spring were loſt?
" To me what Comfort can the Spring afford?
" Can my *Amyntas* be with Spring reſtor'd?
" Can all the Rains that fall from weeping Skies,
" Unlock the Tomb where my *Amyntas* lies?
" No, never! never!—Say then, rigid Earth,
" What is to me thy everlaſting Dearth?
" Tho' never Flow'r again its Head ſhould rear,
" Tho' never Tree again ſhould Bloſſom bear,
" Tho' never Graſs ſhould cloath the naked Ground,
" Nor ever healing Plant or wholſome Herb be found.
" None, none were found when I bewail'd their Want;
" Nor wholſome Herb was found, nor healing Plant,
" To eaſe *Amyntas* of his cruel Pains;
" In vain I ſearch'd the Valleys, Hills and Plains;
" But wither'd Leaves alone appear'd to View,
" Or pois'nous Weeds diſtilling deadly Dew.
" And if ſome naked Stalk, not quite decay'd,
" To yield a freſh and friendly Bud eſſay'd,
" Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender Shoot,
" A ſhrieking Mandrake kill'd it at the Root.
" Witneſs to this ye Fawns of ev'ry Wood,
" Who at the Prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
" Well I remember what ſad Signs ye made,
" What Show'rs of unavailing Tears ye ſhed;

" How

" How each ran fearful to his moſſy Cave,
" When the laſt Gaſp the dear *Amyntas* gave.
" For then the Air was fill'd with dreadful Cries,
" And ſudden Night o'erſpread the darken'd Skies;
" Phantoms, and Fiends, and wand'ring Fires appear'd,
" And Screams of ill-preſaging Birds were heard.
" The Foreſt ſhook, and flinty Rocks were cleft,
" And frighted Streams their wonted Channels left;
" With frantick Grief o'erflowing fruitful Ground,
" Where many a Herd and harmleſs Swain was drown'd
" While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
" Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft;
" To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay,
" And to my Griefs a more defenceleſs Prey.
" For thee, *Amyntas*, all theſe Pains were borne,
" For thee theſe Hands were wrung, theſe Hairs were torn;
" For thee my Soul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
" Theſe Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave.
" To mourn thy Fall I 'll fly the hated Light,
" And hide my Head in Shades of endleſs Night:
" For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
" The Sun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.
" Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
" The Joy of Sight, the Talk of ev'ry Tongue?
" Did ever Branch ſo ſweet a Bloſſom bear?
" Or ever early Fruit appear ſo fair?
" Did ever Youth ſo far his Years tranſcend?
" Did ever Life ſo immaturely end?
" For thee the tuneful Swains provided Lays,
" And ev'ry Muſe prepar'd thy future Praiſe.
" For thee the buſy Nymphs ſtripp'd ev'ry Grove,
" And Myrtle Wreaths and Flow'ry Chaplets wove.
" But now, ah diſmal Change! the tuneful Throng
" To loud Lamentings turn the cheerful Song,
" Their pleaſing Talk the weeping Virgins leave,
" And with unfiniſh'd Garlands ſtrew thy Grave.

" There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
" There grieving grow to Earth, deſpair, and die."
This ſaid, her loud Complaint of Force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of Grief her fault'ring Speech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the Ground her colder Limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the Grave was for *Amyntas* made;
Then from her ſwimming Eyes began to pour,
Of ſoftly-falling Rain a ſilver Show'r;
Her looſely-flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-ſpread the dewy Graſs like Streams of Light:
As if the Sun had of his Beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to Earth the Glories he had worn.
A Sight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep Diſtreſs
No Tongue can tell, no Pencil can expreſs.
And now the Winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling Air with Sighs to fill:
The Water-Nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their Streams; as when deſcending Rains
Roll the ſteep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.
The prone Creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful Sound.
When all at once an univerſal Pauſe
Of Grief was made, as from ſome ſecret Cauſe.
The balmy Air with fragrant Scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping Tree had Gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich Perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from *Amyntas'* Tomb:
As if th' *Arabian* Bird her Neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy Pile were now expir'd.
And now the Turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively-ſpringing Green;
And *Amaryllis* ſaw, with wond'ring Eyes,
A flow'ry Bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;

Thick as the pearly Drops the Fair had ſhed,
The blowing Buds advanc'd their purple Head;
From ev'ry Tear that fell, a Violet grew,
And thence their Sweetneſs came, and thence their mournful Hue,
Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids,
When Solitude ye ſeek in gloomy Shades;
Or walk on Banks where ſilent Waters flow,
For there this lonely Flow'r will love to grow.
Think on *Amyntas*, oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the Stalks and take 'em ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy Necks their Sweets you wear,
Give a ſoft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear:
To lov'd *Amyntas* pay the Tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful Grave, where firſt they grew.

To CYNTHIA,

Weeping and not Speaking.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe Hours, which Heav'n in Pity lent
To longing Love, in fruitleſs Sorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my Fair? Why does that Boſom move
With any Paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing Love?
Can Diſcontent find Place within that Breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft Pillows ev'n Deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy Woes, and give me my ſad Part.
I am no Stranger to an aching Heart;
Too well I know the Force of inward Grief,
And well can bear it to give you Relief:
All Love's ſevereſt Pangs I can endure;
I can bear Pain, tho' hopeleſs of a Cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;

I know

I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble Love, unkind Diſdain;
Anger and Hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, Jealouſy—and I have felt Deſpair.
Theſe Pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love.
'Till warm Compaſſion took at length my Part,
And melted to my Wiſh your yielding Heart.
O the dear Hour, in which you did reſign!
When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
And, in a Kiſs, you ſaid your Heart was mine.
Thro' each returning Year may that Hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;
Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light,
Let him collect the Day to be more bright,
Shine all that Hour, and let the reſt be Night.
And ſhall I all this Heav'n of Bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my Breaſt deſire,
When your cold Scorn and Frowns forbid the Fire;
Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear Union of our Souls is ſeal'd,
When all my Joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the Sorrows of your Mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does ariſe
This Flood of Tears? whence are theſe frequent Sighs?
Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r
Oppreſs'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiſs the Root of Woe?
Lean on my Breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe Arms, think all thy Sorrows paſt;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy Plaints, and gently wound my Ears;
Sigh on my Lip, and let me drink thy Tears;
Join to my Cheek thy cold and dewy Face,
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give Place.

O ſpeak—for Woe in Silence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my Fancy magnify my Fears.
Is there a Cauſe, which Words cannot expreſs!
Can I not bear a Part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think—Am I in Fault?
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afreſh, and at that Word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—muſt we part?
Curſe on that Word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my Tongue talks, unprompted by my Heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my Diſtraction grows apace,
And racking Fears, and reſtleſs Doubts increaſe;
And Fears and Doubts to *Jealouſy* will turn,
The hotteſt Hell, in which a Heart can burn.

AMORET.

I.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone aſtray,
Purſue and ſeek her ev'ry Lover;
I'll tell the Signs, by which you may
The wand'ring Shepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her Air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful Care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

IV.

IV.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

LESBIA.

WHEN *Leſbia* firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly fair,
With Eyes ſo bright, and with that awful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd cœleſtial Fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous Idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral Lips ſuch Folly broke,
Like Balm the trickling Nonſenſe heal'd my Wound,
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a Nymph of riper Age,
Has ev'ry Grace and Art,
A wiſe Obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs Heart.
Of native Bluſh, and roſy Dye,
Time has her Cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent Nymph ſupply
With Paint th' injurious Theft.
Her ſparkling Eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And Teeth in good Repair;
And her well-furniſh'd Front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd Hair.

Of

Of Size, ſhe is nor ſhort, nor tall,
And does to Fat incline
No more, than what the *French* wou'd call
Aimable Embonpoint.
Farther, her Perſon to diſcloſe
I leave—let it ſuffice,
She has few Faults, but what ſhe knows,
And can with Skill diſguiſe.
She many Lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her Cloaths, when little us'd,
She always lays aſide.
She's one, who looks with great Contempt
On each affected Creature,
Whoſe Nicety would ſeem exempt
From Appetites of Nature.
She thinks they want or Health or Senſe,
Who want an Inclination;
And therefore never takes Offence
At him who pleads his Paſſion.
Whom ſhe refuſes, ſhe treats ſtill
With ſo much ſweet Behaviour,
That her Refuſal, through her Skill,
Looks almoſt like a Favour.
Since ſhe this Softneſs can expreſs
To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you'll gueſs,
Of ſuch whom ſhe affects:
But here our *Doris* far outgoes,
All that her Sex have done;
She no Regard for Cuſtom knows,
Which Reaſon bids her ſhun.
By *Reaſon*, her own *Reaſon*'s meant,
Or, if you pleaſe, her *Will:*
For when this laſt is Diſcontent,
The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.

Peculiar

Peculiar therefore is her Way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by Experience bought.
But who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange Man's Face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.
So well ſhe can the Truth diſguiſe,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or diſtruſts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.
Some cenſure this as lewd and low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow,
Beſpeaks a noble Mind.
Doris our Thanks nor aſks, nor needs:
For all her Favours done
From her Love flows, as Light proceeds
Spontaneous from the Sun.
On one or other ſtill her Fires
Diſplay their genial Force;
And ſhe, like *Sol*, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of Courſe.

To SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou Flatterer of happy Minds,
How ſoon a troubled Breaſt thy Falſhood finds!
Thou common Friend, officious in thy Aid,
Where no Diſtreſs is ſhown, nor Want betray'd:
But oh, how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The Wretch, by Fortune or by Love undone!

Where

Where are thy gentle Dews, thy ſofter Pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my Midnight Hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hov'ring Wings to ſpread,
With friendly Shade around my reſtleſs Bed?
Can no Complainings thy Compaſſion move?
Is thy Antipathy ſo ſtrong to Love!
O no! thou art the proſp'rous Lover's Friend,
And doſt uncall'd his pleaſing Toils attend.
With equal Kindneſs, and with rival Charms,
Thy Slumbers lull him in his Fair-one's Arms;
Or from her Boſom he to thine retires,
Where ſooth'd with Eaſe the panting Youth reſpires,
'Till ſoft Repoſe reſtore his drooping Senſe,
And Rapture is reliev'd by Indolence.
But oh, what Fortune does the Lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by Deſpair!
From racking Thoughts by no kind Slumber freed,
But painful Nights his joyleſs Days ſucceed.
But why, dull God, do I of thee complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, nor canſt thou eaſe my Pain.
Forgive what my diſtracting Grief has ſaid,
I own unjuſtly I thy Sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd Aid repell'd,
And my reluctant Eyes from Reſt withheld;
Implor'd the Muſe to break thy gentle Chains,
And ſung with *Philomel* my nightly Strains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her Song,
For more enduring Woes my Days prolong.
The Morning Lark to mine accords his Note,
And tunes to my Diſtreſs his warbling Throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing Sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his Abſence and Return.
And all for thee—What had I well-nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too-charming Maid.
No—as the wing'd Muſicians of the Grove,
Th' Aſſociates of my Melody and Love,
In moving Sound alone relate their Pain,
And not with Voice articulate complain;

So

So ſhall my Muſe my tuneful Sorrows ſing,
And loſe in Air her Name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful Thoughts her Mind moleſt,
Soft be her Slumbers, and ſincere her Reſt:
For her, O Sleep, thy balmy Sweets prepare;
The Peace I loſe for her, to her transfer.
Huſh'd as the falling Dews, whoſe noiſeleſs Show'rs
Imperle the folded Leaves of Ev'ning Flow'rs,
Steal on her Brow: And as thoſe Dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking Day to re-aſcend,
So wait thou for her Morn; then, gently riſe,
And to the World reſtore the Day-break of her Eyes.

****

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occaſioned by

L——Y——'s PICTURE.

I YIELD, O *Kneller*, to ſuperior Skill,
Thy Pencil triumphs o'er the Poet's Quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd Muſe exert her Lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing Care,
To trace ſome Image of the much-lov'd Fair;
But ſtill my Numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring Hands, with matchleſs Art,
Have ſhewn my Eyes th' Impreſſion in my Heart;
The bright Idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital Heat thy genial Pencil gives:
Whoſe daring Point, not to the Face confin'd,
Can penetrate the Heart, and paint the Mind.

Others

Others ſome faint Reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by Chance, we find by Gueſs.
Thy Pictures raiſe no Doubts, when brought to View,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent Artiſt! How complete thy Skill!
Thy Pow'r to act is equal to thy Will.
Nature and Art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend:
For what thy Fancy has with Fire deſign'd,
Is by thy Skill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy Pictures Light conſents with Shade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made,
Judgment and Genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect Harmony.
But After-days, my Friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy Virtues in unenvy'd Light.
Fame due to vaſt Deſert is kept in Store,
Unpay'd, 'till the Deſerver is no more.
Yet thou, in preſent, the beſt Part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen Few Applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt cou'd judge and beſt cou'd praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathleſs Lays;
Ev'n *Dryden* has immortaliz'd thy Name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that Fame.
Unfit I follow where he led the Way,
And court Applauſe by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy Praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome Virtue, Virtue to commend:
And next to Deeds, which our own Honour raiſe,
Is to diſtinguiſh them who merit Praiſe.

To a CANDLE.

ELEGY.

THOU watchful Taper, by whoſe ſilent Light
I lonely paſs the melancholy Night;
Thou faithful Witneſs of my ſecret Pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeleſs Love to moan;
Commiſerate a Life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my Flames to my Deſtruction turn,
Waſting that Heart by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my Joy and Suffering they diſplay,
At once are Signs of Life, and Symptoms of Decay.
And as thy fearful Flames the Day decline,
And only during Night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble Rays not daring to aſpire
Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire:
So mine, with conſcious Shame, and equal Awe,
To Shades obſcure and Solitude withdraw;
Nor dare their Light before her Eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright Beams their Being firſt aroſe.

OVID's THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ART OF LOVE.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends the Rules and Inſtructions to the *Fair Sex*, in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already compoſed Two Books for the Uſe of *Men* upon the ſame Subject.

THE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the Fair.
Both Sexes, well appointed, take the Field,
*And mi*ghty Love determine which ſhall yield.

Man

Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal Force againſt a naked Foe:
No Glory from ſuch Conqueſt can be gain'd,
And Odds are always by the Brave diſdain'd.
But ſome exclaim, "What Frenzy rules your Mind?
"Would you increaſe the Craft of Woman-kind!
"Teach them new Wiles and Arts! As well you may
"Inſtruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey."
But, ſure, too hard a Cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all the Failings of a few.
Examine firſt impartially each Fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If (1) *Menelaus*, and the King of Men,
With Juſtice of their Siſter-wives complain;
If falſe (2) *Eriphyle* forſook her Faith,
And for Reward procur'd her Huſband's Death;
Penelope (3) was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how (4) *Laodamia*'s Truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride,
To ſhare her Huſband's Fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how (5) *Alceſtes*' Piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her Life to ſave the Man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, *Capaneus*, (6) *Evadne* cry'd;
Nor Death itſelf our Nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy Aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire.
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the Fun'ral Fire.
Virtue (7) herſelf a Goddeſs we confeſs,
Both Female in her Name and in her Dreſs;
No Wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with Care a Female Mind.
But theſe exalted Souls exceed the Reach
Of that ſoft Art which I pretend to teach.
My tender Bark requires a gentle Gale,
A little Wind will fill a little Sail.
Of ſportive Loves I ſing, and ſhew what Ways
The willing Nymph muſt uſe her Bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the Man ſhe'd pleaſe.

Woman

Woman is ſoft, and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart:
Man has a Breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with Care,
You'll find leſs Fraud imputed to the Fair.
The faithleſs (8) *Jaſon* from *Medea* fled,
And made *Creüſa* Partner of his Bed.
Bright (9) *Ariadne*, on an unknown Shore,
Thy Abſence, perjur'd *Theſeus*, did deplore.
If then, the wild Inhabitants of Air
Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,
It was not owing, *Theſeus*, to thy Care.
Enquire the Cauſe, and let *Demophoon* tell,
Why (10) *Phillis* by a Fate untimely fell.
Nine Times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,
She ſought th' appointed Shore, and view'd the Sea:
Her Fall the fading Trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.
The Prince ſo far for Piety renown'd,
To thee, (11) *Eliza*, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languiſhing with Grief,
His Sword alone he left, thy laſt Relief.
Ye ruin'd Nymphs, ſhall I the Cauſe impart
Of all your Woes? 'Twas Want of needful Art.
Love, of itſelf, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful Art perpetuates Deſire.
Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this Art by *Venus* been reveal'd.
Before my Sight the *Cyprian* Goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; "What have poor Women done?
"Why is that weak, defenceleſs Sex expos'd,
"On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, inclos'd?
"Twice are the Men inſtructed by the Muſe,
"Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the Sex refuſe.
"The (12) Bard, who injur'd *Helen* in his Song,
"Recanted after, and redreſs'd the Wrong.

"And

" And you, if on my Favour you depend,
" The Cauſe of Women, while you live, defend."
This ſaid, a myrtle Sprig, which Berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle Wreath ſhe wore).
The Gift receiv'd, my Senſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her Preſence Inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my Precepts, while ſhe prompts my Mind.
Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
Beware of coming Age, nor waſte your Time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet Delight:
For rolling Years, like ſtealing Waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing Tide:
Think not *Hereafter* will the Loſs repay;
For ev'ry Morrow will the Taſte decay,
And leave leſs Reliſh than the former Day.
I've ſeen the Time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,
The blooming Roſe vy'd with the bluſhing Morn.
With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my Head,
And ſee how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-ſick Youth reject,
Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.
None, then, will preſs upon your Midnight Hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your Street with Morning Flow'rs.
Then nightly Knockings at your Door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs Hammer, then, may ruſt in Peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear Complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled Skin plump Fleſh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the Fair-one ſwears
She from her Infancy had ſome grey Hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more Years,
And then the venerable Truth appears.
The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may caſt,
And both renew their Youth and Vigour paſt:
But no Receipt can Human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepid Age without Reprieve.

Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent Births too ſoon will Youth impair:
Continual Harveſt wears the fruitful Field,
And Earth itſelf decays too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, *Cynthia*, ſcorn the *Latmian* (13) Swain;
Nor thou, *Aurora*, (14) *Cephalus* diſdain;
The *Paphian* Queen, who, for (15) *Adonis*' Fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs (16) *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* Prince.
Then take Example, Mortals, from above,
And like Immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuſe not thoſe Delights, which Men require,
Nor let your Lovers languiſh with Deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what Loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a Thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' conſtant Uſe, ev'n Flint and Steel impairs,
What you employ no Diminution fears.
Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?
Still Women loſe, you cry, if Men obtain;
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain (17)?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the Sex,
But undeceive whom needleſs Fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle Breeze ſupplies our Sail,
Now lanch'd to Sea, we aſk a briſker Gale.
And, firſt, we treat of Dreſs. The well-dreſs'd Vine
Produces plumpeſt Grapes, and richeſt Wine;
And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.
Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride!
Yet to how many is that Gift deny'd?
Art helps a Face; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for Want of needful Care.
In ancient Days, if Women ſlighted Dreſs,
Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.

If *Hector*'s (18) Spouſe was clad in ſtubborn Stuff,
A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample Breaſt, provides
Seven luſty Bulls, and tans their ſturdy Hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his Wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude Simplicity *Rome* firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This (19) Capitol, with that of old compare;
Some other *Jove*, you'd think, was worſhipp'd there.
That lofty Pile, where Senates dictate Law,
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thateh'd with Straw:
And where *Apollo*'s Fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a Track of Paſture-Lands.
Let ancient Manners other Men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not that Materials now in Gold are wrought,
And diſtant Shores for orient Pearls are ſought;
Nor for, that Hills exhauſt their marble Veins,
And Structures riſe whoſe Bulk the Sea reſtrains;
But, that the World is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the Ruſt of former Date.
Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,
Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocade, appear;
Too rich a Dreſs may ſometimes check Deſire;
And Cleanlineſs more animate Love's Fire.
The Hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a Grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the Face.
What ſuits your Features, of your Glaſs enquire,
For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-attire.
A Face too long ſhou'd part and flat the Hair,
Leſt, upward comb'd, the Length too much appear:
So *Laodamia* dreſs'd. A Face too round,
Shou'd ſhow the Ears, and with a Tow'r be crown'd.
On either Shoulder, one, her Locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like *Phœbus*, when he ſings his Lays:
Another, all her Treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind.

Diſhevell'd Locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding Fillets more become:
Some plait, like ſpiral Shells, their braided Hair,
Others, the looſe and waving Curl prefer.
But, to recount the ſev'ral Dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſev'ral Face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,
The Beaſts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla*'s Bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all Care,
And with a pleaſing Negligence enſnare;
Whole Mornings oft in ſuch a Dreſs are ſpent,
And all is Art that looks like Accident.
With ſuch Diſorder (20) *Iöle* was grac'd,
When great *Alcides* firſt the Nymph embrac'd.
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus*' Bed,
When with the Conqueror from *Crete* ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays
The Loſſes they ſuſtain, by various Ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe Hairs they ſhed in Age,
Loſt, like Autumnal Leaves, when North-winds rage.
Women, with Juice of Herbs, grey Locks diſguiſe,
And Art gives Colour which with Nature vies.
The well-wove Tow'rs they wear their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy Heads ready dreſs'd,
And chuſe, at publick Shops, what ſuits 'em beſt.
Coſtly Apparel let the Fair-one fly,
Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian* Dye.
What Folly muſt in ſuch Expence appear,
When more becoming Colours are leſs dear?
One, with a Dye is ting'd of lovely Blue;
Such as, thro' Air ſerene, the Sky we view.
With yellow Luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the Golden-Fleece compos'd the Thread.
Some, of the Sea-green Wave the Caſt diſplay;
With this the Nymphs their beauteous Forms array:
And ſome the Saffron Hue will well adorn;
Such is the Mantle of the bluſhing Morn.

Of

Of Myrtle-Berries, one, the Tincture ſhows;
In this, of Amethyſts, the Purple grows,
And, that, more imitates the paler Roſe.
Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whoſe ſilv'ry Plumes
Give Patterns, which employ the mimick Looms.
Nor Almond, nor the Cheſnut Dye diſclaim;
Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.
As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'erſpread,
When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Froſt is fled;
So various are the Colours you may try,
Of which, the thirſty Wool imbibes the Dye.
Try ev'ry one: What beſt becomes you, wear;
For no Complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the Skin, Black may become it beſt,
In Black the lovely Fair (22) *Briſeis* dreſs'd:
If brown the Nymph, let her be cloath'd in White,
Andromeda (22) ſo charm'd the wond'ring Sight.
I need not warn you of too-pow'rful Smells,
Which, ſometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.
Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care
The caſual Growth of all unſeemly Hair.
Tho' not to Nymphs of (23) *Caucaſus* I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the *Myſian* (24) Spring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,
You let your Teeth diſcloſe the leaſt Defect.
You know the Uſe of *White* to make you fair,
And how, with *Red*, loſt Colour to repair;
Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,
And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend.
Nor need the Fair-one be aſham'd, who tries,
By Art, to add new Luſtre to her Eyes.
A little Book (25) I've made, but with great Care,
How to preſerve the Face, and how repair.
In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what Pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your Lover's Eye
You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:

Tho' Art aſſiſts, yet muſt that Art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take Offence, to ſee a Face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted Greaſe?
And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,
The Wool's unſav'ry Scent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatums* try,
Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by;
For many Things, when done, afford Delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.
Even *Myro*'s (26) Statues, which for Art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs Maſs;
Rude was that Gold which now in Rings is worn,
As once the Robe you wear was Wool unſhorn.
Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect *Venus* ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your Face,
Lock'd from Obſervers, in ſome ſecret Place.
Add the laſt Hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your Need of Art, why ſhould your Lover know?
For many Things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few, of ſtrict Enquiry, bear the Teſt.
Thoſe Figures which in Theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common Wood within.
But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the Eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords Delight,
To have the Fair-one comb her Hair in Sight;
To view the flowing Honours of her Head
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with Care avoid
All fretful Humours, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh Haſte,
All that her Woman does; who does her beſt.
I hate a Vixen, that her Maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her Bodkin, or her Nails;
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears muſt mourn,
And her Heart curſes, what her Hands adorn.

Let

Let her who has no Hair, or has but ſome,
Plant Centinels before her Dreſſing-Room:
Or in the Fane of the good Goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a Tale deviſ'd)
A Lady at her Toilet once ſurpriz'd;
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in Haſte the Tow'r ſhe wore,
And in a Hurry, plac'd the hinder Part before.
But on our Foes fall ev'ry ſuch Diſgrace,
Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian* Race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a Horn
The lofty Hart, whom Branches beſt adorn;
A leafleſs Tree, or an unverdant Mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs Head.
But think not, theſe Inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate Beauties of the finiſh'd Kind:
Not to a *Semele*, or (27) *Leda* bright,
Nor an (28) *Europa*, theſe my Rules I write;
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach, whoſe Charms
Stirr'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to Arms:
Thee to regain, well was that War begun,
And *Paris* well defended what he won;
What Lover, or what Huſband, would not fight
In ſuch a Cauſe, where both are in the Right?
The Crowd I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair;
But of the former Sort, the larger Share.
The Handſome, leaſt require the Help of Art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part.
When calm the Sea, at Eaſe the Pilot lies,
But all his Skill exerts when Storms ariſe.
Faults in your Perſon, or your Face, correct;
And few are ſeen that have not ſome Defect.
The Nymph too ſhort, her Seat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her Couch ſhe lies,
Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size. [chuſe,
The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Cloaths ſhould
And fuller made, than what the Plumper uſe.

If pale, let her the crimſon Juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the (29) *Pharian* Varniſh fly.
A Leg too lank, tight Garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd Foot be ever bare.
Round Shoulders, (30) bolſter'd, will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a Breaſt.
Whoſe Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much Geſture in Diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe Breath is touch'd this Caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another ſpeak.
Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,
Whoſe Teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a Laugh, or ſpoils a Face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your Gums,
And loſe the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.
Nor let your Sides too ſtrong Concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the Softneſs of the Sex forſake.
In ſome, Diſtortions quite the Face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a Voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd,
What cannot Art attain! Many, with Eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, thro' Affection, liſp, and find,
In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.
Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends;
Now learn what Way of Walking recommends.
Too maſculine a Motion ſhocks the Sight;
But female Grace allures with ſtrange Delight.
One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,
Which helps her Coats to catch the ſwelling Wind;
Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they looſely flow,
And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion ſhow.
Another, like an (31) *Umbrian*'s ſturdy Spouſe,
Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.
Between Extremes, in this, a Mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhew too nice a Gait, nor too robuſt.

If

If ſnowy white your Neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left Arm, bare.
Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked Part.
(32) *Sirens*, tho' Monſters of the ſtormy Main,
Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain:
Scarce could *Ulyſſes* by his Friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming Sound.
Singing inſinuates: Learn, all ye Maids;
Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice perſuades,
Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,
Or in *Ruelle* ſome ſoft *Egyptian* Air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my Choice,
And with her Lute accompany her Voice.
The Rocks were ſtirr'd, the Beaſts to liſten ſtay'd,
When on his Lyre melodious (33) *Orpheus* play'd;
Even *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd.
And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raiſe,
O *Thebes*, attracted by (34) *Amphion*'s Lays.
The Dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy Voice admir'd,
And was, (35) *Arion*, by thy Songs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet (36) *Callimachus* the Works rehearſe,
And read (37) *Philetas* and (38) *Anacreon*'s Verſe.
Terentian Plays may much the Mind improve;
But ſofteſt (39) *Sappho* beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, *Gallus*, and (40) *Tibullus* read,
And let (41) *Varronian* Verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty *Maro*'s Work with Care peruſe;
Of all the *Latin* Bards the nobleſt Muſe.
Even I, 'tis poſſible, in After-days,
May 'ſcape Oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd Lines, ſome Readers may approve,
Since I 've inſtructed either Sex in Love.
Whatever Book you read of this ſoft Art,
Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart.
Tender Epiſtles too, by me are fram'd,
A Work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.

Such was your ſacred Will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lyæus*, thine!
Still unaccompliſh'd may the Maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active Dancing may to Love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.
Of ſome old Trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a Dye,
Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at Cheſs to be expert,
For Games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.
Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Uſe;
Parties begun at Play, may Love produce.
But, eaſier 'tis to learn how Bets to lay,
Than how to keep your Temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each Breaſt is open laid,
And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.
Then, baſe Deſire of Gain, then, Rage appears,
Quarrels and Brawls ariſe, and anxious Fears;
Then, Clamours and Revilings reach the Sky,
While loſing Gameſters all the Gods defy.
Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay, weep at laſt.
Good *Jove* avert ſuch ſhameful Faults as theſe,
From ev'ry Nymph whoſe Heart's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft Recreations fit the female Kind;
Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports deſign'd:
To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear;
To ſtop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.
Tho' martial Fields ill ſuit your tender Frames,
Nor may you ſwim in *Tiber*'s rapid Streams;
Yet when *Sol*'s burning Wheels from *Leo* drive,
And at the glowing (42) Virgin's Sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit you ſhou'd repair
To pleaſant Walks, and breathe refreſhing Air.
To *Pompey*'s (43) Gardens, or the ſhady Groves
Which *Cæſar* honours, and which *Phœbus* loves:

(44) *Phœ-*

(44) *Phœbus*, who ſunk the proud *Egyptian* Fleet,
And made *Auguſtus*' Victory compleat.
Or ſeek thoſe Shades, where Monuments of Fame
Are rais'd, to *Livia*'s and (56) *Octavia*'s Name;
Or, where (46) *Agrippa* firſt adorn'd the Ground,
When he with naval Victory was crown'd.
To *Iſis*' (47) Fane, to Theatres reſort;
And in the *Circus* ſee the noble Sport.
In ev'ry publick Place, by Turns, be ſhown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in Singing, (48) *Thamyras* tranſcend;
Your Voice unheard, who cou'd your Skill commend?
Had not (49) *Apelles* drawn the Sea-born Queen,
Her Beauties, ſtill, beneath the Waves had been.
Poets inſpir'd, write only for a Name,
And think their Labours well repay'd with Fame,
In former Days, I own, the Poets were
Of Gods and Kings the moſt peculiar Care;
Majeſtick Awe was in the Name allow'd,
And, they, with rich Poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius (50) with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Eſteem,
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream.
Still, there's a Pleaſure, that proceeds from Praiſe:
What could the high Renown of *Homer* raiſe,
But that he ſung his *Iliad*'s deathleſs Lays?
Who could have been of (51) *Danae*'s Charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd?
This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph purſue;
That 'tis her Int'reſt oft to come in View.
A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the Fair the gazing Crowd aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In ev'ry Place to pleaſe, be all her Thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the Fiſh is caught.

Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,
Anon, the Stag himſelf ſhall ſeek the Toil.
How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,
Whoſe Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by Grief?
The widow'd Fair, who ſees her Lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new Deſire,
And *Hymen*'s Torch re-light with Fun'ral Fire.
Beware of Men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look, you fly with Speed a Fop profeſs'd.
Such Tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull Story o'er and o'er.
This Way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.
Such flutt'ring Things all Women ſure ſhould hate,
Light, as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me! all I ſay is for your Good;
Had (53) *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe Deſigns, will Paſſion feign,
Who know no Love, but ſordid Love of Gain.
But let not powder'd Heads, nor eſſenc'd Hair,
Your well-believing, eaſy Hearts enſnare.
Rich Cloaths are oft by common Sharpers worn,
And Diamond Rings felonious Hands adorn.
So, may your Lover burn with fierce Deſire
Your Jewels to enjoy, and beſt Attire.
Poor *Cloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the Streets:
And as ſhe runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, (53) *Venus*, haſt thou heard ſuch Cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy *Appian* Votaries?
Some ſo notorious are, their very Name
Muſt ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by Ills, which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs Men with conſtant Care avoid.
Truſt not a *Theſeus*, fair *Athenian* Maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting Gods betray'd.
And thou, *Demophoon*, Heir to *Theſeus*' Crimes,
Haſt loſt thy Credit to all future Times.

Promiſe

Promiſe for Promiſe, equally afford,
But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.
For, ſhe for any Act of Hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may Sacrilege commit,
With impious Hands cou'd quench the veſtal Fire,
Poiſon her Huſband, in her Arms, for Hire,
Who, firſt, to take a Lover's Gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his Claim denies.
But hold, my Muſe, check thy unruly Horſe,
And more in Sight purſue th' intended Courſe.
If Love-Epiſtles, tender Lines impart,
And *Billet-doux* are ſent, to ſound your Heart,
Let all ſuch Letters, by a faithful Maid,
Or Confident, be ſecretly convey'd.
Soon from the Words you 'll judge, if read with Care,
When feign'd a Paſſion is, and when ſincere..
Ere in Return you write, ſome Time require;
Delays, if not too long, increaſe Deſire:
Nor let the preſſing Youth with Eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude Diſdain.
Now, let his Hopes, now, let his Fears increaſe,
But by Degrees, let Fear to Hope give Place.
Be ſure avoid ſet Phraſes, when you write,
The uſual Way of Speech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled Lover vex'd,
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!
A Stile too coarſe, takes from a handſome Face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
But ſince (tho' Chaſtity be not your Care)
You from your Huſband ſtill wou'd hide th' Affair,
Write to no Stranger, 'till his Truth be try'd;
Nor in a fooliſh Meſſenger confide.
What Agonies that Woman undergoes,
Whoſe Hand the Traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that Dread enſlav'd!
Such Treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe Diſcov'ries, ſure as Light'ning, blaſt.

Might

Might I adviſe, Fraud ſhou'd with Fraud be paid;
Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade.
But ſince your Letters may be brought to Light,
What, if in ſev'ral Hands, you learn'd to write?
My Curſe on him who firſt the Sex betray'd,
And this Advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your Pocket-Book two Hands contain,
Firſt, rub your Lover's out, then write again.
Still one Contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient Blind;
As if to Women writ, your Letters frame,
And let your Friend to you ſubſcribe a female Name.
Now, greater Things to tell, my Muſe prepare,
And clap on all the Sail the Bark can bear.
Let no rude Paſſions in your Looks find Place;
For Fury will deform the fineſt Face:
It ſwells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins,
While in the Eye a *Gorgon* Horror reigns.
When on her Flute divine (54) *Minerva* play'd,
And in a Fountain ſaw the Change it made,
Swelling her Cheek: She flung it quick aſide;
"Nor is thy Muſick ſo much worth," ſhe cry'd.
Look in your Glaſs, when you with Anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive Pride inſult the Sight,
For gentle Looks, alone, to Love invite.
Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than Pride.
How have I ſeen ſome *Airs* Diſguſt create,
Like Things which by Antipathy we hate!
Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be paid,
And when your Lover bows, incline your Head.
So, Love preluding, plays at firſt with Hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing Darts.
Nor me a melancholy Miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad (55) *Tecmeſſa* weep in *Ajax'* Arms.
Let mourning Beauties, ſullen Heroes move;
We chearful Men, like Gaiety in Love.

Let

Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
Who, in bewailing *Troy* waſtes all the Night.
Had they not both borne Children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their Huſbands lain.
I no Idea in my Mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful Dame,
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their Lords
" My Life, my Soul;" or ſpeak endearing Words.
Why, from Compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or, fear ſmall Things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what Conduct prudent Gen'rals uſe,
And how their ſev'ral Officers they chuſe;
To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,
Another, for the Horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral Lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy Lover Store of Gold ſhould ſend;
The Lawyer ſhould, in Courts, your Cauſe defend.
We, who write Verſe, with Verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful Tribe.
By us, your Fame ſhall thro' the World be blaz'd;
So (56) *Nemeſis*, ſo *Cynthia*'s Name was rais'd.
From Eaſt to Weſt, *Lycoris*' Praiſes ring;
Nor are *Corinna*'s ſilent, whom we ſing.
No Fraud the Poet's ſacred Breaſt can bear;
Mild are his Manners, and his Heart ſincere:
Nor Wealth he ſeeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
But ſhuns the Bar; and Books and Shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With Eaſe we fix, but we with Pain remove;
Our ſofter Studies with our Souls combine,
And, both, to Tenderneſs our Hearts incline.
Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,
The God that fills him, and the Muſe revere;
Something divine is in us, and from Heav'n
Th' inſpiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact;
But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act.

Yet

Yet hide, howe'er, your Avarice from Sight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new Admirer fright.
As ſkilful Riders, rein, with diff'rent Force,
A new-back'd Courſer, and a well-train'd Horſe;
Do you, by diff'rent Management, engage
The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age.
This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind Careſſes oft indulge the Boy,
And all the Harveſt of his Heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of Rivals moſt beware;
Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Rival bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many Things, which Youth diſdains, endure;
No Windows break nor Houſes ſet on Fire,
Nor tear their own, or Miſtreſſes Attire.
In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury Vent,
But, Men in Years, more calmly Wrongs reſent.
As Wood when green, or as a Torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their Heat.
More bright is youthful Flame, but ſooner dies;
Then, ſwiftly ſeize the Joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous Foe,
How, ſurely to enſlave ourſelves, we ſhow.
To truſt a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,
Who is a Traitor only for your Sake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her Lover loſe;
Wou'd you retain him long, then, long refuſe.
Oft, at your Door, make him for Entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair Winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the Coldneſs of a marry'd Life,
The Huſband, when he pleaſes, has his Wife.
Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry
"Here's no Admittance, Sir; I muſt deny:"
The very Huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing Inclination to be kind.

Thus

Thus far, with Foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I now, ſharp Weapons for the Sex provide;
Nor doubt, againſt myſelf, to ſee 'em try'd.
When firſt a Lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt Jealouſies his Soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy Man.
Anon, by due Degrees, ſmall Doubts create,
And let him fear ſome Rival's better Fate.
Such little Arts make Love its Vigour hold,
Which elſe wou'd languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.
Then, ſtrains the Courſer to outſtrip the Wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, Suſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our Wrongs.
Sometimes your Lover to incite the more,
Pretend your Huſband's Spies beſet the Door:
Tho' free as (57) *Thais*, ſtill affect a Fright;
For ſeeming Danger heightens the Delight.
Oft let the Youth in thro' your Window ſteal,
Tho' he might enter at the Door as well;
And ſometimes let your Maid Surprize pretend,
And beg you in ſome Hole to hide your Friend.
Yet ever and anon diſpel his Fear,
And let him taſte of Happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much Fatigue,
He ſhou'd grow weary of the dull Intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the Huſband, and the Spy.
That Wives ſhou'd of their Huſbands ſtand in Awe,
Agrees with Juſtice, Modeſty, and Law:
But, that a Miſtreſs may be lawful Prize,
None but her Keeper, I am ſure, denies.
For ſuch fair Nymphs theſe Precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.

Tho'

Tho' ſtuck with (58) *Argus'* Eyes your Keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you ſhall elude his Care.
When you to waſh or bathe retire from Sight,
Can he obſerve what Letters then you write?
Or, can his Caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her Breaſt, your Confident may hide?
Can he the Note beneath her Garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?
Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her Back undreſs,
And, writing on her Skin, your Mind expreſs.
New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax, when green,
Will Ink ſupply, and Letters mark unſeen.
Fair will the Paper ſhow, nor can be read,
Till all the Writing's with warm Aſhes ſpread.
Acriſius was, with all his Care, betray'd;
And in his Tow'r of Braſs, a Grandſire made.
Can Spies avail, when you to Plays reſort,
Or in the *Circus* view the noble Sport?
Or, can you be to *Iſis'* Fane purſu'd,
Or *Cybele's*, whoſe Rites all Men exclude?
Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing-room.
Or, when ſome ſudden Sickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?
Falſe Keys a private Paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more Ways beſides the Door.
Sometimes, with Wine, your watchful Follow'r treat;
When drunk, you may with Eaſe his Care defeat:
Or, to prevent too-ſudden a Surprize,
Prepare a Sleeping-draught to ſeal his Eyes:
Or let your Maid, ſtill longer Time to gain,
An Inclination for his Perſon feign;
With faint Reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And, after competent Delays, be won.
But what need all theſe various doubtful Wiles,
Since Gold the greateſt Vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is appeas'd.

With

With Preſents, Fools and Wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the Huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,
That you for ever his Connivance buy;
Pay him his Price at once, for with ſuch Men
You'll know no End of giving now and then.
Once, I remember, I with Cauſe complain'd,
Of Jealouſy occaſion'd by a Friend.
Believe me, Apprehenſions of that Kind,
Are not alone to our falſe Sex confin'd.
Truſt not, too far, your She-companion's Truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhou'd intercept the Youth:
The very Confident that lends the Bed,
May entertain your Lover in your Stead.
Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her Lady's Place.
But whither do I run with heedleſs Rage,
Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?
Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare?
Was ever Hound inſtructed by the Hare?
But all Self-ends and Int'reſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my Art.
Defenceleſs and unarm'd expoſe my Life,
And for the (59) *Lemnian* Ladies whet the Knife.
Perpetual Fondneſs of your Lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain;
Full of himſelf he your Deſign will aid:
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſy to perſuade.
With dying Eyes his Face and Form ſurvey,
Then ſigh, and wonder he ſo long cou'd ſtay:
Now drop a Tear your Sorrows to aſſuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such Proofs as theſe will all Diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive Love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond Creature die?"
But chiefly, one, ſuch fond Behaviour fires,
Who courts his Glaſs, and his own Charms admires.

Proud

Proud of the Homage to his Merit done,
He'll think a Goddeſs might with Eaſe be won.
Light Wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with Mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtrait fly out, when you a Rival fear.
Let not your Paſſions o'er your Senſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle Tale.
Let *Procris'* Fate a ſad Example be
Of what Effects attend Credulity.
Near where his purple Head *Hymettus* ſhows,
And flow'ring Hills, a ſacred Fountain flows;
With ſoft and verdant Turf the Soil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling Shrubs the Ground o'erſhade.
There Roſemary and Bay their Odours join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine.
There Tamariſks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
And Cytiſſus and Garden-Pines abound.
While thro' the Boughs ſoft Winds of *Zephyr* paſs,
Tremble the Leaves, and tender Tops of Graſs.
Hither wou'd *Cephalus* retreat to Reſt,
When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppreſt:
And thus to *Air* the panting Youth wou'd pray,
" Come, gentle *Aura*, come, this Heat allay."
But ſome Tale-bearing too-officious Friend,
By Chance o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating Word for Word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,
With Jealouſy ſurpriz'd, and fainting Fears,
Her roſy Colour fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies, like Death, ſupply'd the Place;
Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling Leaves,
When firſt the Vine the Winter's Blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd Quinces, ſuch the yellow Hue,
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs Face to wound forbore.
Now, all diſhevell'd, to the Wood ſhe flies,
With (60) *Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.

Thither

Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves below her Friends;
And all alone the ſhady Hill aſcends.
What Folly, *Procris*, o'er thy Mind prevail'd?
What Rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this *Aura* be (ſuch was thy Thought)
She now ſhall in the very Fact be caught.
Anon, thy Heart repents its raſh Deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus Love with Doubts perplexes ſtill thy Mind,
And makes thee ſeek what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the Place appears:
But more than all, exceſſive Love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too eaſily believes.
And, now, a Chilneſs run thro' ev'ry Vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where *Cephalus* had lain.
'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching Ardour of the Mid-day Sun;
With Water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his Face,
Which glow'd with Heat; then ſought his uſual Place.
Procris, with anxious but with ſilent Care,
View'd him extended, with his Boſom bare;
And heard him ſoon th' accuſtom'd Words repeat,
"Come *Zephyr*, *Aura* come, allay this Heat:"
Soon as ſhe found her Error, from the Word,
Her Colour and her Temper were reſtor'd.
With Joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her Arms:
But *Cephalus* the ruſtling Noiſe alarms;
Some Beaſt he thinks he in the Buſhes hears,
And ſtrait his Arrows and his Bow prepares.
"Hold! hold! unhappy Youth!"—I call in vain,
With thy own Hand thou haſt thy *Procris* ſlain.
"Me, me *(ſhe cries)* thou'ſt wounded with thy Dart!
"But *Cephalus* was wont to wound this Heart.
"Yet lighter on my Aſhes Earth will lie,
"Since, tho' untimely, I unrivall'd die:
"Come, cloſe with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,
"Jealous of *Air*, to *Air* I yield my Breath."

Cloſe

Cloſe to his heavy Heart her Cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming Tears, the Wound he made;
At length the Springs of Life their Currents leave,
And her laſt Gaſp her Huſband's Lips receive.
Now, to purſue our Voyage we muſt provide,
'Till ſafe to Port our weary Bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What Rules to Treats and Entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a Feaſt;
Rather come laſt, as a more grateful Gueſt.
For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt Welcome when arriv'd.
Beſides, Complexions of a coarſer Kind,
From Candle-light no ſmall Advantage find.
During the Time you eat, obſerve ſome Grace,
Nor let your unwip'd Hands beſmear your Face;
Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your Meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all Extremes in either Kind beware,
And ſtill before your Belly's full forbear.
No Glutton-Nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Helen* ſhe in Charms abound.
I own, I think, of Wine the mod'rate Uſe
More ſuits the Sex, and ſooner finds Excuſe;
It warms the Blood, adds Luſtre to the Eyes,
And Wine and Love have always been Allies.
But carefully from all Intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch Sleeps Brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loathe, you have no Pow'r to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed Nymph from Table led,
Shou'd next be taught how to behave in Bed.
But Modeſty forbids: Nor more, my Muſe
With weary Wings the labour'd Flight purſues;
Her purple (61) Swans unyok'd the Chariot leave,
And needful Reſt (their Journey done) receive.

Thus,

Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I ſhow,
And equal Arms on either Sex beſtow:
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,
Ovid muſt own their Maſter is in Love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

(1) AGAMEMNON *and* Menelaüs, *two Brothers, married two Siſters,* Clytemneſtra *and* Helena: *both of them preferred Gallants to their Huſbands Beds.*

(2) Eriphyle, *Daughter of* Talaon, *King of* Argos, *for the Sake of a Golden Chain, perſuaded her Huſband* Amphiaraus *to go to the* Theban *War, in which ſhe knew he muſt be ſlain.*

(3) Penelope, *Daughter of* Icarus *and* Polycaſta, *was married to* Ulyſſes, *and much celebrated by the Ancients for her invincible Chaſtity.*

(4) *When* Laodamia *heard her Huſband* Proteſilaus *was killed in the* Trojan *War, ſhe paſſionately deſired to ſee his Ghoſt, which being granted her by the Gods, ſhe embraced it ſo cloſely, that ſhe periſhed in the Embrace.*

(5) *She offered to die to lengthen her Huſband* Admetus's *Life.*

(6) Evadne, *the Daughter of* Iphias, *married* Capaneus, *who ſignalized himſelf in the* Theban *War.*

(7) *Virtue was repreſented at* Rome *in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and Altars dedicated to her.*

(8) Jaſon, *the Son of* Æſon, *married* Medea *the King of* Colchos's *Daughter, who had aſſiſted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards forſook her, and married* Creuſa, *Daughter to the King of* Corinth.

(9) Ari-

(9) Ariadne, *the Daughter of* Minos *King of* Crete, *being in Love with* Theſeus, *conducted him out of the Labyrinth by the Means of a Clue of Thread. She fled from* Crete *with* Theſeus, *who left her on a barren Shore; and ſhe was afterwards married to* Bacchus.

(10) Phyllis, *Daughter of* Lycurgus *King of* Thrace, *deſpairing of the Return of* Demophoon, *Son of* Theſeus, *to whom ſhe had granted her laſt Favours, was transformed into an Almond-tree as ſhe was going to hang herſelf.*

(11) Æneas *and* Dido. *The pious Hero excuſed his Falſhood by the Injunction of the Gods.*

(12) *The Poet* Steſichorus *wrote a bitter Satire againſt* Helen, *for which her Brothers,* Caſtor *and* Pollux, *plucked out his Eyes; but having recanted ſome Time after in his* Palinodia, *a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was reſtored to his Sight.*

(13) Endymion, *with whom the Moon fell in Love, and deſcended to converſe with him on Mount* Latmos *in* Caria.

(14) Aurora *being in Love with* Cephalus, *who had married* Procris *the King of* Athens's *Daughter, found him ſo invincibly conſtant to his Wife, that, 'tis ſaid, ſhe was forced to raviſh him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.*

(15) Adonis, *the Son of* Cynaras *King of* Cyprus, *was ſlain by a Boar as he was a Hunting, to the inexpreſſible Grief of the Goddeſs* Venus.

(16) Harmonia, *or* Hermione, *was the Daughter of* Venus *by the God* Mars, *as was the* Dardan *Prince* Æneas *her Son by* Anchiſes.

(17) Still Women loſe, you cry, *&c.*

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit:
Quid, niſi quam ſumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

Theſe Verſes are not barely tranſlated to the literal Senſe which is conceived to be in them; but paraphraſed according

according to the Interpretation of Heinſius, *who ſeems truly to underſtand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from* Scaliger *and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to conſult the Commentary of* Heinſius *on this Place, he will find by other Inſtances cited from* Ovid, *that* aquam ſumere *was a Phraſe appropriated to a particular Time and Cuſtom among Women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only Paſſage in this Book which all other Commentators but* Heinſius *have rendered intelligible; for otherwiſe the Verſes are not very conſiderable: And the moſt which* Ovid *ſays in this Place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid,* Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe their Hands, when it can coſt them nothing but a little Water to waſh them afterwards, which is not worth ſaving?

(18) Andromache, *the Wife of* Hector, *is always repreſented as a plain Sort of Woman.*

(19) *The Capitol was a Hill in* Rome, *ſo called from a Man's Head, which was found there as the* Romans *were digging the Foundation of the Temple of* Jupiter.

(20) Iole, *Daughter of* Eurytus *King of* Oechalia, *and Wife to* Hercules. *He took her from her Father by Force, becauſe the King would not conſent to it when he returned from* Ætolia, *where he had married* Deianira.

(21) Hippodamia, *the Daughter of* Briſes, *from thence called* Briſeis, *ſold by Lot to* Achilles *at the Sack of* Lyrneſſus.

(22) Andromeda, *the Daughter of* Cepheus *King of* Æthiopia, *was for her Mother's Pride expoſed to be devoured by an horrible Sea-Monſter; but being reſcued by* Perſeus, *ſhe was afterwards married to him.*

(23) Caucaſus *is a Mountain which ſtretches itſelf from the* Eaſt-Indies *to Mount* Taurus, *but goes by ſeveral Names, according as it is inhabited by ſeveral Nations.*

(24) Myſia *is a Country in* Aſia Minor *bordering upon* Troas, *remarkable for nothing more than the Worthleſſneſs of its Inhabitants.* Ovid *ſaith he is addreſſing himſelf to the polite* Roman *Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of* Caucaſus *and* Myſia.

(25) *He means his Book* de Medicamine Faciei, *of which we have ſome Fragments remaining.*

(26) *There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a* Lycian, *and the other of* Eluthera.

(27) Semele, *the Daughter of* Cadmus, *and Mother of* Bacchus *by* Jupiter, *having the Curioſity to enjoy the God in his Celeſtial Majeſty, was burnt by Lightning.* Leda *was the Daughter of* Theſtius, *and the Wife of* Tyndarus *King of* Oebalia: Jupiter *in the Shape of a Swan enjoyed her as ſhe was bathing in the River* Eurotus.

(28) Europa, *the Daughter of* Agenor *King of* Phœnicia, *was raviſhed by* Jupiter *in the Shape of a Bull.*

(29) Pharos *was a little Iſland at the Mouth of the* Nile, *abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.*

(30) Analectides, *little Bolſters of Flocks. The ſame Invention is uſed in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calved Stockings for the Men. And it is ſatisfactory to the Curious to know the Faſhion is* 1800 *Years old.*

(31) *The* Umbrians *inhabited a Country joining to the* Apennine *Hills, which run from* Savona, *on the Coaſt of* Genoa, *to the* Sicilian *Straits. This Nation were reckoned as ruſtick in their Manners, as ſtrong in Bodies, and ſtout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an* Umbrian *Woman, a juſt Idea of a modern Peaſant's Wife.*

(32) *The* Syrens *were three in Number,* Parthenope, Leucoſia, *and* Ligia, *half Women, and half Fiſh. One made uſe of her Voice, the ſecond of her Lyre, and the*

the third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coaſt of Sicily, *where they charmed Voyagers; but* Ulyſſes *eſcaped them.*

(33) Orpheus *was ſo ſkilful in playing on the Lyre, that it is ſaid he drew after him Trees and wild Beaſts, and charmed Hell with his Muſick, whither he went to recover his Wife* Eurydice.

(34) Amphion, *the Son of* Jupiter *and* Antiope, *is ſaid to have built the Walls of* Thebes *by the Sound of his Lyre.*

(35) Arion *was a Muſician of* Leſbos. *Having got a great deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robbed him, and threw him over-board as he was returning Home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charmed with his Muſick, conveyed him on his Back ſafe to* Peloponneſus, *where he procured* Periander *to put the Sailors to Death.*

(36) Callimachus, *the Son of* Battus, *was looked upon to be one of the wittieſt and politeſt Men of his Age.*

(37) Philetas *was a Native of* Coos, *an Iſland in the* Ægean *Sea; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and flouriſhed under* Philip, *and his Son* Alexander *the Great.*

(38) Anacreon *was a Lyrick Poet of* Teios; *being a great Lover of Wine, he choaked himſelf with a Grape-ſtone as he was drinking.*

(39) Sappho *was born at* Mitylene *in the Iſle of* Leſbos: *She writ nine Books of Elegies, and ſeveral Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verſes, for which Reaſon* Ovid *recommends them. According to ſome Authors, ſhe flung herſelf into the Sea, becauſe* Phaon *neglected her.*

(40) *Theſe three were celebrated Poets of the* Auguſtan *Age.* Propertius *was a Native of* Umbria, *and very much eſteemed by* Mecænas. Gallus *commanded under* Auguſtus *in* Ægypt; *and* Tibullus *was no leſs remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profuſion.*

(41) Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, *of the Province of* Gallia Narbonenſis, *was in Love with a Lady called* Leucadia, *whom he celebrated in his Poetry.*

(42) *The Poet means the Summer Seaſon, when the Sun paſſes through* Cancer, Leo, *and* Virgo.

(43) *Theſe were the moſt noted Gardens in* Rome, *and in the Field of* Mars.

(44) *It is ſaid* Phœbus *deſcended at the Battle of* Actium, *and was preſent on the* Romans' *Side when* Auguſtus *beat* Mark Anthony.

(45) Octavia's *Portico built near* Marcellus's *Theatre.*

(46) Agrippa *married* Julia, Auguſtus's *Daughter by* Scribonia, *and his Father-in-Law honoured him with a Naval Crown after he beat* Pompey *in* Sicily. *One of the Porticos in* Rome *was built or named by* Agrippa.

(47) Ovid *gives us to underſtand, in his Firſt Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of* Iſis, *on purpoſe to carry on their amorous Intrigues.*

(48) Thamyras, *the Son of* Philammon, *was a Poet, and one of the greateſt Muſicians of his Time: Having gained the Prize of Singing at the* Pythic *Games, he met the Muſes in his Return homewards, and had the Inſolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he could outdo them in that Art; at which the Daughters of* Jupiter *were ſo enraged, that they deprived him of his Reaſon, or, as* Diodorus *ſays, they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.*

(49) Apelles *was for his great Skill called the Prince of Painters; his Maſter-piece was reckoned the* Venus *riſing out of the Sea, of which* Ovid *ſpeaks in this Place.*

(50) Ennius *was the firſt* Roman *that wrote Annals in heroic Verſe; his Subject was the Wars of* Italy, *and particularly the ſecond* Punick *War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron* Scipio, *in whoſe Tomb he was buried, and who placed the Poet's Statue near*

near his own, which shows how highly he honoured him.

(51) Danae, *Daughter of* Acrisius, *King of* Argos; *who having consulted the Oracle, and being told he should be killed by her Son, shut her up in a brazen Tower to prevent it. But* Jupiter *transforming himself into a golden Shower, bribed her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renowned* Perseus. *Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but, being fortunately cast ashore on one of the Islands called* Cyclades, *the King of the Island married the Mother; and* Perseus, *when he was grown up, unwittingly killed his Grandfather.*

(52) Priam, *King of* Troy, *and Father of* Paris, *who stole* Helen, *was for restoring her to the* Greeks, *when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but other Counsels prevailing, the War ensued, which ended in the Destruction of* Troy, *and the Death of* Priam, *who was killed by* Pyrrhus, *Son of* Achilles, *after forty Years Reign.*

(53) *The Temple of* Venus *stood in the* Appian *Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing* Roman *Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.*

(54) Minerva *playing on her Flute by a River's Side, and observing in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Instrument in a Passion.*

(55) Tecmessa, *the Daughter of* Teuthrantes, *a* Phrygian *Prince, was taken Prisoner by the* Grecians, *and fell to* Ajax's *Lot upon the Division of the Spoil.*

(56) *These are the Names the* Roman *Poets of those Times gave their Mistresses in their Verses.*

(57) Thais *was a Name given to all Sorts of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Discretion.*

(58) Argus *had an hundred Eyes, and kept* Iö *from* Jupiter *by* Juno's *Order, for which* Mercury *killed him by Command of his Father* Jove; *to make him Amends,*

Juno *turned him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.*

(59) *The Poet alludes here to thoſe wicked Women who roſe againſt the Men, and did not ſpare their own Huſbands.*

(60) *The Prieſteſſes and Prieſts of* Bacchus, *who celebrated the Feſtival of that God, did it with the Noiſe of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels, and Cymbals, were crowned with Ivy, Vine,* &c. *and carried a* Thyrſus *or Staff wreathed with it in their Hands; they were frantick and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.*

(61) *By this* Ovid *ſhews he's both a Poet and a Lover, for the Swans are dedicated to* Apollo, *and are ſaid to draw* Venus's *Car ſometimes, tho' the Doves are oftener uſed upon that Occaſion.*

OF PLEASING;

AN EPISTLE TO Sir RICHARD TEMPLE.

'TIS ſtrange, dear *Temple*, how it comes to paſs,
That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has.
So *Horace* ſings—and ſure, as ſtrange is *this*:
That no one Man's diſpleas'd with what he *is*.
The Fooliſh, Ugly, Dull, Impertinent,
Are with their Perſons and their Parts content.
Nor is that all; ſo odd a Thing is Man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely Faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd Fops affect the niceſt Mien;
Cowards extol true Courage to the Skies,
And Fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted Wretch to Secrecy pretends,
Whiſp'ring his *Nothing* round to *All* as Friends.
Dull Rogues affect the Politician's Part,
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with Art;
Who nothing has to loſe, the War bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at Taxes rails.
Thus Man perverſe againſt plain Nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, *Luſcus* at Ogling aims,
Old *Tritus* keeps, and undone *Probus* games.

Noiſome *Curculio*, whoſe envenom'd Breath,
Tho' at a Diſtance utter'd, threatens Death,
Full in your Teeth his ſtinking Whiſper throws;
Nor mends his Manners, tho' you hold your Noſe.
Therſites, who ſeems born to give Offence,
From uncouth Form, and frontleſs Impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft *Airs*, and with a Slur comes in,
Attempts a Smile, and ſhocks you with a Grin.
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive Grace,
And *Helluo* invites with a forbidding Face.
Nature to each allots his proper Sphere,
But, that forſaken, we like Comets err:
Toſs'd thro' the Void, by ſome rude Shock we 're broke,
And all our boaſted Fire is loſt in Smoke.
Next to obtaining Wealth, or Pow'r, or Eaſe,
Men moſt affect in general to pleaſe:
Of this Affection Vanity's the Source,
And Vanity alone obſtructs its Courſe;
That Teleſcope of Fools, thro' which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the Object nigh.
The Glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt Scales his Strength and Weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the Path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper Force adapt his Mind;
Scarce one, but to ſome Merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no *Bavius*, but a *Richerſtaffe*.
If *Garth*, or *Blackmore*, friendly Potions give,
We hid the dying Patient drink and live:
When *Murus* comes, we cry, "Beware the Pill;"
And wiſh the Tradeſman were a Tradeſman ſtill.
If *Addiſon*, or *Rowe*, or *Prior* write,
We ſtudy 'em with Profit and Delight:
But when vile *Macer* and *Mundungus* rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the Time.
All Rules of Pleaſing in this one unite,
"Affect not any Thing in Nature's Spite."

Baboons

Baboons and Apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-reſembling Human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in Fault;
"But for not being what they wou'd be thought."
Thus I, dear Friend, to you my Thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleaſing Art;
If Art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem,
By Nature form'd for Love, and for Eſteem.
Affecting none, all Virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early Worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the Fame which waits on Years;
I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it in the Man I love.
Tho' now I aim not at that known Applauſe
You've won in Arms, and in your Country's Cauſe;
Nor Patriot now, nor Hero I commend,
But the Companion praiſe, and boaſt the Friend.
But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay,
That I preſume too much in this Eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? How explain
A Rule, to which I never could attain?
To this Objection I'll make no Reply,
But tell a Tale, which, after, we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned Perſon, once
(Concern'd to find his only Son a Dunce)
Compos'd a Book in Favour of the Lad,
Whoſe Memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This Work contain'd a World of wholeſome Rules,
To help the Frailty of forgetful Fools.
The careful Parent laid the Treatiſe by,
'Till Time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for Age attains,
To read and profit by his Father's Pains;
And now the Sire prepares the Book t' impart,
Which was yclep'd *Of Memory the Art.*

But ah! how oft is human Care in vain!
For now, he could not find his Book again.
The Place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the Story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my Caſe: Like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe, what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the Line, and meaſure out the Ways.
The *Mulcibers*, who in the *Minories* ſweat,
And maſſive Bars on ſtubborn Anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet, forge thoſe Stays of Steel,
Which arm *Aurelia* with a Shape to kill.
So *Macer* and *Mundungus* ſchool the Times,
And write in rugged Proſe the Rules of ſofter Rhymes.
Well do they play the careful Critick's Part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs Art:
Rules for good Verſe they firſt with Pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad, by what they write.

A PIN-

A

PINDARIC ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progreſs of

Her MAJESTY's Arms under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIC ODE.

——*Operoſa parvus*
Carmina fingo. Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an Attempt towards reſtoring the Regularity of the ancient Lyrick Poetry, which ſeems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our *Engliſh* Writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a Sort of Poems, intituled *Pindaric Odes*; pretending to be written in Imitation of the Manner and Stile of *Pindar*, and yet I do not know that there is to this Day extant in our Language, one Ode contrived after his Model. What Idea can an *Engliſh* Reader have of *Pindar* (to whoſe Mouth, when a Child, the Bees * brought their Honey, in Omen of the future Sweetneſs and Melody of his Songs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating Papers of Verſes, pretending to be Copies of his Works?

The Character of theſe late Pindarics, is, a Bundle of rambling incoherent Thoughts, expreſs'd in a like Parcel of irregular Stanzas, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another Complication of diſproportioned, uncertain and perplexed Verſes and Rhimes. And I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the Condition in which theſe titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of *Pindar*, both as to the exact Obſer-

* *Pauſan. Boetic.*

vation

vation of the Meaſures and Numbers of his Stanzas and Verſes, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts. For though his Digreſſions are frequent, and his Tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret Connexion, which, tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to the Underſtanding of the Reader.

The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been ſo * miſunderſtood and miſapplied by his pretended Imitators, was only in varying the Stanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correſpondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Ode.

All the Odes of *Pindar* which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory, or Succeſs in the *Grecian* Games: They were ſung by a Chorus, and adapted to the *Lyre*, and ſometimes to the *Lyre* and † *Pipe*; they conſiſted oftenest of Three Stanzas; the firſt was called the *Strophé*, from the Verſion or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right-hand to the ‡ Left. The ſecond Stanza was

* For certainly they have utterly miſunderſtood *Horace*, *L.* 4. *Ode* 2. who have applied *numeriſque fertur lege ſolutis*, to all the Odes of *Pindar*; which, there, expreſly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely loſt. Nothing is plainer, than the Senſe of *Horace* in that Place. He ſays, "*Pindar* deſerves the Laurel, let him write of what, or in what "Manner ſoever, *viz.* firſt, whether he writes *Dithyrambics*, "which *break through the Bounds preſcribed to other Odes*; Or, ſecondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their warlike "Atchievements, &c. Or, thirdly, whether he ſings of the "Victors in the *Grecian* Games: Or, laſtly, whether he ſings in "Honour of the Dead, and writes Elegies, &c."

† *Pind. Olymp.* 10. and *Horace*, *L.* 3, 4. *Ode* 1. *miſtis Carminibus non ſine fiſtula*: and *L.* 3. *Ode* 19. *cur pendet tacita fiſtula cum Lyra?*

‡ Or from the Left to the Right, for the *Scholiaſts* differ in that, as may be ſeen in *Pind. Schol. Introduc. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexandro*, *L.* 4. c. 17. ſpeaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, ſays, *Curſum auſpicati à Læva dextrorſum—mox à dextra Lævorſum.*

was called the *Antiſtrophé*, from the Contraverſion of the *Chorus*; the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left-hand to the Right, contrary always to the Motion in the *Strophé*. The third Stanza was called the *Epode*, (it may be as being the After-ſong) which they ſung in the Middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.

What the Origin was of theſe different Motions and Stations in ſinging their Odes, is not our preſent Buſineſs to enquire. Some have thought that by the Contrariety of the *Strophé* and *Antiſtrophé*, they intended to repreſent the Contrarotation of the *Primum Mobile*, in reſpect of the *Secunda Mobilia*; and that by their ſtanding ſtill at the *Epode*, they meant to ſignify the Stability of the Earth. § Others aſcribe the Inſtitution to *Theſeus*, who thereby expreſſed the Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth, in celebrating his Return from thence.

The Method obſerved in the Compoſition of theſe Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet having made Choice of a certain Number of Verſes to conſtitute his *Strophé* or firſt *Stanza*, was obliged to obſerve the ſame in his *Antiſtrophé*, or ſecond *Stanza*; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in Number of Verſes and Quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty to make a new Choice for his third *Stanza* or *Epode*; where, accordingly, he diverſified his Numbers as his Ear or Fancy led him; compoſing that *Stanza* of more or fewer Verſes than the former, and thoſe Verſes of different Meaſures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony, and Entertainment of the Ear.

Lævorſum. But the learned *Schmidius* takes Part with the firſt Opinion, as more conſiſtent with the Notion of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to *Homer* there cited by him. See *Eraſ. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de Carmin. Lyric.* § *Pind. Scho. et Schmid.* ibid.

But

But then this *Epode* being thus formed, he was ſtrictly obliged to the ſame * Meaſure as often as he ſhould repeat it in the Order of his Ode, ſo that *every Epode* in the ſame Ode is eternally the ſame in Meaſure and Quantity, in reſpect to itſelf; as is alſo every *Strophé* and *Antiſtrophé*, in reſpect to each other.

The *Lyric* Poet *Steſichorus* (whom † *Longinus* reckons amongſt the ableſt Imitators of *Homer*, and of whom ‡ *Quintilian* ſays, that if he could have kept within Bounds, he would have been neareſt of any Body, in Merit, to *Homer*) was, if not the Inventor of this Order in the Ode, yet ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of it in his Compoſitions, that the Three *Stanzas* of *Steſichorus* became a common Proverb to expreſs a Thing univerſally known, § *ne tria quidem Steſichori noſti*; ſo that when any one had a Mind to reproach another with exceſſive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "He did not ſo much "as know the Three Stanzas of *Steſichorus*;" that is, did not know that an Ode ought to conſiſt of a *Strophé*, an *Antiſtrophé*, and an *Epode*. If this was ſuch a Mark of Ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame Reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our Imitations of the Odes of *Pindar*.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a ſhort Ode, nor to enter upon a Diſſertation of Lyric Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to ſay, for the Information of thoſe Readers whoſe Courſe of Study has not led 'em into ſuch Inquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of *Pindar* in this enſuing Ode; or that I look upon it

* *Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. cap.* 97. *l.* 3. † *Longin. de Sub. c.* 13. ‡ *Quint. Inſt. l.* 10. *c.* 1. § ὅτι τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου ἠπίστασο. *de vehementer indocto et imperito dici ſolitum.* Eraſm. Adag.

as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future: Far from ſuch Thoughts, I have only given an Inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the Force and Elevation of *Pindar*, as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.

Again, we having no *Chorus* to ſing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Uſe of *Strophé*, *Antiſtrophé*, and *Epode*, are obſolete and impertinent: And certainly there may be very good *Engliſh* Odes, without the Diſtinction of *Greek* Appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and obſerved the Order of them in the enſuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary Regularity of the Compoſition of thoſe Odes, which have been repreſented to us, hitherto, as the moſt confuſed Structures in Nature.

However, though there be no Neceſſity that our Triumphal Odes ſhould conſiſt of the Three aforementioned Stanzas; yet, if the Reader can obſerve that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (call it *Epode*, or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the Firſt and Second Stanzas, with more Appetite than he could do if always cloped with the ſame Quantities and Meaſures, I cannot ſee why ſome Uſe may not be made of *Pindar*'s Example, to the great Improvement of the *Engliſh* Ode. There is certainly a Pleaſure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; eſpecially, if it appears ſo carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not ſhew itſelf, 'till it is ſought for; and that the ſeeming Eaſineſs of the Work, firſt ſets us upon the Enquiry. Nothing can be called Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleaſed. Therefore certainly *Poetry*, which includes Painting and Muſick, ſhould not be deſti-

tute

tute of them; and of all *Poetry*, eſpecially the *Ode*, whoſe End and Eſſence is Harmony.

Mr. *Cowley*, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, ſpeaking of the Muſick of Numbers, ſays, "Which "ſometimes (eſpecially in Songs and Odes) almoſt "without any Thing elſe makes an excellent Poet."

Having mentioned Mr. *Cowley*, it may very well be expected, that ſomething ſhould be ſaid of him, at a Time when the Imitation of *Pindar* is the Theme of our Diſcourſe. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think nothing ſhould be objected to the Latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The Beauty of his Verſes, are an Atonement for the Irregularity of his Stanzas; and though he did not imitate *Pindar* in the Strictneſs of his Numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Stile and Sentiments.

Yet I muſt beg leave to add, that I believe thoſe irregular Odes of Mr. *Cowley*, may have been the principal, though innocent Occaſion, of ſo many deformed Poems ſince, which inſtead of being true Pictures of *Pindar*, have (to uſe the *Italian* Painters Term) been only *Caricaturas* of him, Reſembances that for the moſt Part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own Part I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore miſcalled a few irregular *Stanzas* a Pindaric Ode; and poſſibly, if others, who have been under the ſame Miſtake, would ingenuouſly confeſs the Truth, they might own, that never having conſulted *Pindar* himſelf, they took all his Irregularity upon Truſt; and finding their Account in the great Eaſe with which they could produce Odes without being obliged either to Meaſure or Deſign, remain'd ſatisfied; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though

Though there be little (if any Thing) left of *Orpheus* but his Name, yet if * *Pauſanias* was well inform'd, we may be aſſured that *Brevity* was a Beauty which he moſt induſtriouſly laboured to preſerve in his *Hymns*, notwithſtanding, as the ſame Author reports, that they were but few in Number.

The Shortneſs of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the *Length* of the Preface, and in ſome Meaſure for the Defects which may be found in it. It conſiſts of the ſame Number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of *Pindar*, which is the firſt of his *Pythics*; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty, I reſolved to endeavour to copy his Brevity, and take the Advantage of a Remark he has made in the laſt *Strophé* of the ſame Ode, which take in the Paraphraſe of *Sudorius*.

Qui multa paucis ſtringere commodè
Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, & auris menſque puræ
Omne ſupervacuum rejectat.

* *Bœotic.* p. 588.

ODE

O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muſe,
Calliope; what Poet wilt thou chuſe
Of *ANNA*'s Name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy Fire impart,
Thy Lyre, thy Voice, and tuneful Art;
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy ætherial Wing,
And conſecrate with Dews of thy *Caſtalian* Spring?

II.

Without thy Aid, the moſt aſpiring Mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow Flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal Lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's Praiſe.
Thy Aid obtain'd, even I, the humbleſt Swain,
May climb *Pierian* Heights, and quit the lowly Plain.

III.

High in the ſtarry Orb is hung,
And next *Alcides*' guardian Arm,
That (1) Harp to which thy *Orpheus* ſung,
Who Woods, and Rocks, and Winds, cou'd charm;
That Harp which on *Cyllene*'s ſhady Hill,
When firſt the vocal Shell was found,
With more than mortal Skill
Inventer *Hermes* taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright *Latona*'s Son,
By ſweet Perſuaſion won,
The wond'rous Work beſtow'd;
Latona's Son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the Gift divine:
A God the Gift, a God th' Invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding Lyre I tune my Strains;
A lower Note his lofty Song diſdains

Who

Who ſings of *ANNA's* Name.
The Lyre is ſtruck! the Sounds I hear!
O Muſe, propitious to my Pray'r!
O well-known Sounds! O Melody, the ſame
That kindled *Mantuan* Fire, and rais'd *Maronian* Flame!

II.

Nor are theſe Sounds to *Britiſh* Bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witneſs ſweet *Spenſer*'s Lays:
And witneſs that immortal Song,
As *Spenſer* ſweet, as *Milton* ſtrong,
Which humble *Boyn* o'er *Tiber*'s Flood cou'd raiſe,
And mighty *William* ſing, with well-proportion'd Praiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair *Auguſta*, lift thy Head,
With golden Tow'rs thy Front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from *Tithon*'s Bed
With chearful Ray the ruddy Morn.
Thy lovely Form, and freſh-reviving State,
In cryſtal Flood of *Thames* ſurvey;
Then, bleſs thy better Fate,
Bleſs *ANNA's* moſt auſpicious Sway.
While diſtant Realms and neighb'ring Lands,
Arm'd Troops and hoſtile Bands
On ev'ry Side moleſt,
Thy happier Clime is free,
Fair CAPITAL of Liberty!
And Plenty knows, and Days of Halcyon Reſt.

I.

As *Britain's* Iſle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver Shoars
His foaming Billows beat;
So *Britain's* QUEEN, amidſt the Jars
And Tumults of a World in Wars,
Fix'd on the Baſe of Her well-founded State,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the Shocks of Fate.

II. But

II.

But greateſt Souls, tho' bleſt with ſweet Repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with Senſe of others Woes.
Thus *ANNA*'s mighty Mind,
To Mercy and ſoft Pity prone,
And mov'd with Sorrows not her own,
Has all her Peace and downy Reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common Good, and ſuccour Human-kind.

III.

Fly, Tyrrany, no more be known
Within *Europa*'s bliſsful Bound;
Far as th' unhabitable Zone
Fly ev'ry hoſpitable Ground.
To horrid (2) *Zembla*'s frozen Realms repair,
There with the baleful Beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopl'd Empire ſhare,
And rob *thoſe* Lands of legal Right.
For now is come the promis'd Hour,
When Juſtice ſhall have Pow'r;
Juſtice to Earth reſtor'd!
Again *Aſtrea* reigns!
ANNA Her equal Scale maintains,
And MARLBRÔ wields Her ſure-deciding Sword.

I.

Now, cou'dſt thou ſoar, my Muſe, to ſing the MAN
In Heights ſublime, as when the *Mantuan* Swan
Her tow'ring Pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhou'dſt of MARLBRÔ ſing, whoſe Hand
Unerring from his QUEEN's Command,
Far as the (3) Seven-mouth'd *Iſter*'s ſecret Head,
To ſave th' Imperial State, Her hardy *Britons* led.

II.

Nor there thy Song ſhou'd end; tho' all the Nine
Might well their Harps and heav'nly Voices join
To ſing that glorious Day,
When bold *Bavaria* fled the Field,
And veteran *Gauls* unus'd to yield

On

On *Blenheim*'s Plain imploring Mercy lay;
And Spoils and Trophies won, perplex'd the Victor's Way.

III.

But cou'd thy Voice of *Blenheim* ſing,
And with Succeſs that Song purſue;
What Art cou'd aid thy wearied Wing
To keep the Victor ſtill in View?
For as the Sun ne'er ſtops his radiant Flight,
Nor ſets, but with impartial Ray
To all who want his Light
Alternately transfers the Day:
So, in the glorious Round of Fame,
Great MARLBRO, ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his Courſe:
To Climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring Arms by Turns appear,
And Univerſal is his Aid and Force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muſe,
For O! what Notes, what Numbers cou'dſt thou chuſe
Tho' in all Numbers ſkill'd:
To ſing the Hero's matchleſs Deed,
Which (4) *Belgia* ſav'd, and *Brabant* free'd;
To ſing *Ramillia's* Day! to which muſt yield
(5) *Cannæ*'s illuſtrious Fight, and fam'd (6) *Pharſalia's* Field.

II.

In the ſhort Courſe of a diurnal Sun,
Behold the Work of many Ages done!
What Verſe ſuch Worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and Life, the Poet's Art
To middle Virtue may impart;
But Deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt Flight; and mock his diſtant Praiſe.

III.

III.

Still wou'd the willing Muſe aſpire,
With Tranſport ſtill her Strains prolong;
But Fear unſtrings the trembling Lyre,
And Admiration ſtops her Song.
Go on, great Chief, in *ANNA*'s Cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the Terrors of thy Sword,
'Til *Europe* thou haſt freed,
And univerſal Peace reſtor'd.
This mighty Work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal Rewards attend,
Of Value far above
Thy Trophies and thy Spoils;
Rewards even worthy of thy Toils, [Love.
Thy QUEEN's juſt Favour, and thy COUNTRY's

NOTES on the foregoing ODE.

(1) ORPHEUS *was ſaid to be the Son of the Muſe* Calliope. *The poetical Fiction of the Harp of* Orpheus *is this.* Mercury, *the ſame Day that he was born of* Maia *in* Cyllene, *a Mountain of* Arcadia, *found a living Tortoiſe, which he carried Home with him to his Cradle, and immediately compoſed a Harp of the Shell. A little after he ſtole the Oxen of* Apollo: *this cauſed ſome Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referred to* Jupiter, *he ordered* Mercury *to return the Oxen to the right Owner; on this there followed not only a Reconciliation, but Friendſhip; and* Apollo *expreſſing an extreme Pleaſure at the Invention of the Harp,* Mercury *beſtowed it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendſhip. Of this* Homer, *in his* Hymn *to* Mercury, *ſpeaks at large. Afterwards* Apollo *inventing another Inſtrument called the* Cithara, *gave the* Lyra *to* Orpheus. *The* Muſes, *after the Death of* Orpheus, *tranſlated his Harp into Heaven, where it*

became a Conſtellation, and is placed between the Knee and Left-arm of Engonaſis *or* Hercules.

(2) Nova Zembla, *a miſerable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb, but perpetual Froſt and Snow, and where, for one Half of the Year, it is continual Night.*

(3) Lucan *in his Third Book*, V. 202. *gives it the indefinite Epithet of* Multifidi Iſtri. *But* Ovid, *Triſt.* 2. Solus ad ingreſſus miſſus Septemplicis Iſtri. *And* Sidonius Apollinaris *gives it the ſame Epithet, on the like Occaſion with this* Ode, *when in his Panegyrick to* Majorianus Cæſar, *he tells him,*

Illicet aggrederis, quod nullus tempore noſtro
Auguſtus portuit, rigidum Septemplicis Iſtri
Agmen in arma rapis———

The ancient Geographers differed very much in their Account of the Riſe of this River; ſo that on a double Account the ſame Epithets may be appropriated to it which are uſual to the Nile.

(4) Belgia *need not only be ſtrictly underſtood of the Seven Provinces, called* Belgium Fœderatum, *by the Diſtinction made in the Time of* Phil. II. *but may alſo be interpreted with reſpect to that which was anciently called* Belgium, *comprehending the lower* Germany, *in regard of the great Conſequences attending ſuch a Victory.*

(5) Cannæ, *as inconſiderable a Village as* Blenheim, *'til in like Manner made memorable and illuſtrious by the great and intire Victory which* Hannibal *obtained there over the* Romans.

(6) Pharſalia, *famous for the Overthrow of* Pompey *by* Julius Cæſar; *a wonderful Victory, but may juſtly be ſaid to yield to that of* Ramilies; *for the Deſign and End of the firſt was to enſlave Mankind, the manifeſt Aim and Event of the latter has been to ſet them at Liberty.*

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of GODOLPHIN,

Lord HIGH-TREASURER of GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

——Quemvis mediâ ere turbâ:
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor——
Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio: quia per mala præceps
Fertur——
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.
Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous Attempts and hardy Toils,
Ambition some excites;
And some, Desire of martial Spoils
To bloody Fields invites;
Others, insatiate Thirst of Gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous Main,
To pass the burning Line, and bear
Th' Inclemency of Winds, and Seas, and Air;
Pressing the doubtful Voy'ge 'till INDIA's Shore
Her spicy Bosom bares, and spreads her shining Ore.

II.

Nor Widows Tears, nor tender Orphans Cries,
Can stop th' Invader's Force;
Nor swelling Seas, nor threatning Skies,
Prevent the Pirate's Course:

Their

Their Lives to ſelfiſh Ends decreed,
Thro' Blood or Rapine they proceed;
No anxious Thoughts of ill Repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt Purſuit:
But Pow'r and Wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their Fellow-creatures Fears they raiſe, or urge their [Hate.

III.

But not for theſe his Iv'ry Lyre
Will tuneful *Phœbus* ſtring,
Nor *Polyhymnia* crown'd amid the Choir,
Th' immortal Epode ſing.
Thy Springs, (1) *Caſtalia*, turn their Streams aſide
From Rapine, Avarice, and Pride;
Nor do thy Greens, ſhady (2) *Aonia* grow,
To bind with Wreaths a *Tyrant*'s Brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty *Jove*, yet how ſevere
Is thy ſupreme Decree,
(3) That impious Men ſhall joyleſs hear
The Muſes' Harmony!
Their ſacred Songs, (the Recompence
Of Virtue, and of Innocence)
Which pious Minds to Rapture raiſe,
And worthy Deeds at once excite and praiſe,
To guilty Hearts afford no kind Relief;
But add inflaming Rage, and more afflicting Grief.

II.

Monſtrous (4) *Typhœus*, thus, new Terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the Skies,
And now, beneath the burning Hill
Of dreadful *Ætna* lies.
Hearing the Lyre's celeſtial Sound,
He bellows in th' Abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his Roar,
Tremble the Seas, and far *Campania*'s Shore;
While all his hundred Mouths, at once reſpire
Volumes of curling Smoke, and Floods of liquid Fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone all Good proceeds;
To heav'nly Minds belong
All Pow'r and Love, GODOLPHIN, of good Deeds,
And Senſe of ſacred Song!
And thus, moſt pleaſing are the Muſe's Lays
To them who merit moſt her Praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee, her Iv'ry Lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with Rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether Affairs of moſt important Weight
Require thy aiding Hand,
And *ANNA*'s Cauſe and *Europe*'s Fate
Thy ſerious Thoughts demand;
Whether thy Days and Nights are ſpent
In Cares, on publick Good intent;
Or whether leiſure Hours invite
To manly Sports, or to refin'd Delight;
In Courts reſiding, or to Plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous Steeds conteſt, with Emulation fir'd.

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy Name,
As once ſhe (5) *Theron* ſung,
While with the deathleſs Worthy's Fame
Olympian (6) *Piſa* rung:
Nor leſs ſublime is now her Choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her Voice.
And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The Man for more than mortal Deeds renown'd;
Vary'ing anon her Theme, ſhe takes Delight
The ſwift-heel'd (7) Horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid [Flight.

III.

And ſee! the (8) Air-born Racers ſtart,
Impatient of the Rein;
Faſter they run than flies the *Scythian* Dart,
Nor paſſing, print the Plain!
The Winds themſelves who with their Swiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy Pinions ply;

So far in matchleſs Speed thy Courſers paſs
Th' Ætherial Authors of their Race.

I.

And now a While the well-ſtrain'd Courſers breathe;
And now, my Muſe, prepare
Of (9) Olive Leaves a twiſted Wreath
To bind the Victor's Hair.
(10) *Pallas*, in Care of Human-kind,
The fruitful Olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the Glebe her Spear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden Boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with Wonder view'd the teeming Earth,
And all, with one Conſent, approv'd the beauteous [Birth.

II.

This done, Earth-ſhaking *Neptune* next eſſay'd,
In Bounty to the World,
To emulate the blue-ey'd Maid;
And his huge Trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding Beach; the Stroke
Transfix'd the Globe, and open broke
The central Earth, whence, ſwift as Light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born Horſe. Stupendous Sight!
Neptune for human Good the Beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to Uſe, and taught to (11) *bear* [*the Reins*.

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble Strife!
Worthy the heav'nly Mind)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious Life,
And moſt endear Mankind. [ſtrive,
Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, doſt with MARLBRO'
From whoſe joint Toils we Reſt derive:
Triumph in Wars Abroad his Arm aſſures,
Sweet Peace at Home thy Care ſecures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

(1) *Commonly* Caſtalius, *but by* Virg. Georg. 3. *called* Caſtalia, *a Fountain at the Foot of* Parnaſſus, *ſacred to the Muſes.*

(2) Aonia, *the hilly and woody Part of* Beotia, *believed to have been much frequented by the Muſes.*

(3) That impious Men ſhall joyleſs hear, &c. *This Thought or Opinion is borrowed from* Pindar, Pyth. 1. *where he ſays*—But ſuch Men whom *Jupiter* hates are confounded with Terror when they hear the ſweet Harmony of the Muſes. *This Paſſage is often cited by* Plutarch, *and others, in Favour of Muſick and Poetry. Mr.* Cowley, *in his Notes on his* Davideis, *Book* 1. *on* David's *diſpaſſing* Saul *of the Evil Spirit, collects a great Number of ſurprizing Citations on this Subject.*

(4) Typhœus, *one of the Giants who attempted to ſtorm Heaven; but* Jupiter *ſtruck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Iſland of* Sicily, *with* Ætna *on his Breaſt. This Stanza is alſo copied from the ſame Ode of* Pindar, *where this Monſter is ſaid to have an hundred Heads, as alſo in* Olymp. 4.

(5) Theron, *a Prince of* Agrigentum, *to whom* Pindar *addreſſes his ſecond and third Olympic.*

(6) Piſa, *a Town in* Peloponneſus, *near to which the Olympic Games were celebrated.*

(7) *So* Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. *ſpeaks of* Pindar—*as ſinging ſometimes the Hero, ſometimes the Horſe;*

——Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.

(8) Air-born. *Alluding to the Notion that Mares have conceived by the Weſtern Wind, without the Aſſiſtance of a Horſe. See* Virg. Georg. 3. ver. 273. *from whence* Taſſo *has borrowed the Birth of* Raymond's *Horſe.* Gieruſalem, *Canto* 7.

Volt

Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora
Raccoglie i ſemi del ſecondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) &c.

Virg. —— —— —— illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque Leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu!) &c.

(9) Olive Leaves. *An Olive Garland was the Reward of Victory in the Olympic Games.*

(10) Pallas, &c. *The Fable on which this Digreſſion is founded, is, that* Neptune *and* Pallas *had a Contention who ſhould give the Name to* Athens; *and it was agreed, that which of them ſhould confer the greateſt Benefit on Mankind, ſhould obtain the Victory. The Gods were aſſembled in Judgment, and* Pallas *ſtruck the Earth with her Spear, whence up ſprung the fruitful Olive-tree; then* Neptune *in his Turn darted his Trident againſt the Earth, which opening was delivered of a Horſe; but the Victory was adjudged to* Pallas.

(11) To hear the Reins—*They who do not remember* Virgil, *may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ventured to apply it even to the Chariot rather than the Horſes,* Georg. 1.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas,

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

TO thee, dear *Dick*, this Tale I ſend,
Both as a Critick and a Friend.
I tell it with ſome Variation
(Not altogether a Tranſlation)
From *La Fontaine*; an Author, *Dick*,
Whoſe Muſe would touch thee to the Quick.
The Subject is of that ſame Kind,
To which thy Heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How Verſe may alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in Proſe.
So, without Preface, or Pretence,
To hold thee longer in Suſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the Recital of my Fable.

A *Goblin* of the merry Kind,
More black of Hue, than curſt of Mind,
To help a Lover in Diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a Charm with ſuch Succeſs,
That in ſhort Space the cruel Dame
Relented, and return'd his Flame.
The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by Honour and by Oath:
The Lover laid down his Salvation,
And *Satan* ſtak'd his Reputation.
The latter promis'd on his Part
(To ſerve his Friend, and ſhew his Art,)
That Madam ſhou'd by Twelve o' Clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,

Become

Become as gentle as a Glove,
And kiſs and coo like any Dove.
In ſhort, the Woman ſhould be his,
That is, upon Condition—*Viz.*
That He, the Lover, after taſting
What one wou'd wiſh were everlaſting;
Should, in Return for ſuch Enjoyment,
Supply the Fiend with freſh Employment:
" That's all, quoth *Pug*; my poor Requeſt
" Is, only, never to have Reſt;
" You thought, 'tis like, with Reaſon too,
" That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not You;
" But what? upon my Friend impoſe!
" No—tho' a Devil, none of thoſe.
" Your Buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
" Is nothing more but to command me.
" Of one Thing only let me warn ye,
" Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye:
" As ſoon as e'er one Work is done,
" Strait name a new one; and ſo on;
" Let each to other quick ſucceed,
" Or elſe—you know how 'tis agreed—
" For if thro' any Hums or Haws
" There haps an intervening Pauſe,
" In which, for Want of freſh Commands,
" Your Slave obſequious, idle ſtands,
" Nor Soul nor Body ever more
" Shall ſerve the Nymph whom you adore;
" But both be laid at *Satan*'s Feet,
" To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the Lover all approves;
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his Thought:
" Why, after all, I venture nought;
" What Myſtery is in Commanding?
" Does that require much Underſtanding?
" Indeed, wer't my Part to obey,
" He'd go the better of the Lay:

" But he muſt do what I think fit—
" Pſhaw, pſhaw, young *Belzebub* is bit."
Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the Fair:
The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the Night
In ſweet Embraces, balmy Kiſſes,
And riots in the Bliſs of Bliſſes.
" O Joy," cry'd he, " that haſt no Equal!"
But hold—no Raptures—mark the Sequel.
For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,
The Youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His Eyes a ſilky Slumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd:
But that officious *Dæmon* near,
Now buzz'd for Buſineſs in his *Ear*;
In Haſte, he names a thouſand Things:
The *Goblin* plies his wicker Wings,
And in a Trice returns to aſk
Another and another Taſk.
Now Palaces are built and Tow'rs,
The Work of Ages in few Hours.
Then Storms are in an Inſtant rais'd,
Which the next Moment are appeas'd.
Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd:
And He, in one aſtoniſh'd View,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.
Theſe Things, and ſtranger Things than theſe,
Were done with equal Speed and Eaſe.
And now to *Rome* poor *Pug* he'll ſend;
And *Pug* ſoon reach'd his Journey's End,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a Pack
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
That now, the 'Squire (who had ſome Hope
In holy Water and the Pope,)
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
What next to wiſh, and what command;

Invention

Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
And black Deſpair ſucceeds brown Study.
In this Diſtreſs the woeful Youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
Begging her Counſel, for whoſe Sake
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
"And is this all?" replies the Fair:
"Let me alone to cure this Care.
"When next your *Dæmon* ſhall appear,
"Pray give him—look, what I hold here,
"And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
"To lay theſe Ringlets lank and ſtrait."
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her Finger and her Thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
"Your *Goblin*'s Skill ſhall now be try'd."
She ſaid; and gave—what ſhall I call
That Thing ſo ſhining, criſp, and ſmall,
Which round his Finger ſtrove to twine?
A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine?
Or Sprig from *Cytherea*'s Grove;
Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
With Awe, he now takes from her Hand
That Fleece-like Flow'r of fairy Land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the Fleece
Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
Or that, which modern Ages ſee
The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
Whoſe Curls of kindred Texture grace
Heroes and Kings of *Spaniſh* Race.
The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
He iſſues, thus, his ſtrict Command.
"This Line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
"Render direct, and perpendicular;
"But ſo direct, that in no Sort
"It ever may in Rings retort.
"See me no more 'till this be done:
"Hence, to thy Taſk—avaunt, be gone."

Away the Fiend like Lightning flies,
And all his Wit to Work applies:
Anvils and Preſſes he employs,
And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noiſe.
In vain: he to no Terms can bring
One Twirl of that reluctant Thing;
Th' elaſtic Fibre mocks his Pains,
And its firſt ſpiral Form retains.
New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
And down the Depths of Sea he dives:
"This Sprunt its Pertneſs ſure will loſe
"When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in Ooze."
Poor fooliſh Fiend! he little knew
Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
Old Ocean, with paternal Waves
The Child of his own Bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
So when to Earth *Alcides* flung
The huge *Anteus*, whence he ſprung,
From ev'ry Fall freſh Strength he gain'd,
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.
The baffled *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
Now knows what Sleight to practiſe next:
Th emore he tries, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails.
But all concur his Shame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the Foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phænomenon*.
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No End he ſees of his Surprize,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never yet was Wool or Feather,
That cou'd ſtand buff againſt all Weather;

And

And unrelax'd like this, reſiſt
Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Miſt,
What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What Spinſter Witch could ſpin ſuch Thread,
He nothing knew; but to his Coſt
Knew all his Fame and Labour loſt.
Subdu'd, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch
Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the Man the *Dæmon* went:
" I grant," quoth he, " our Contract null,
" And give you a Diſcharge in full.
" But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,
" (Since I ſo candidly knock under)
" What is this Thing? Where could it grow?
" Pray take it—'tis in *Statu quo*.
" Much Good may't do you; for my Part,
" I waſh my Hands of't from my Heart."
" In Truth, Sir *Goblin* or Sir *Fairy*."
Replies the Lad, " you're too ſoon weary.
" What, leave this trifling Talk undone!
" And think'ſt thou this the only one?
" Alas! were this ſubdu'd, thoud'ſt find
" Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind,
" Which might employ, ev'n to Eternity,
" Both you and all your whole Fraternity."

The PEASANT in Search of his HEIFER.

A TALE after M. De la Fontaine.

IT ſo befell: a ſilly Swain
Had ſought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the Lawn, to ſeek the Shade,
Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,
Then, to the Wood, in Haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt Tree,
He climbs, in Hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that Way to paſs
A jolly Lad and buxom Laſs:
The Place was apt, the Paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her Forelock preſent:
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my Lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain Charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch Wonder ſtruck his Sight,
(With Wonder, much; more, with Delight)
That loud he cry'd in Rapture, "What!
"What ſee I, Gods! What ſee I not!"
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd.
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid Career:
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honeſt Friend,
"That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no End;
"Doſt ſee the Heifer that I ſeek?
"If do'ſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak."

HOMER's

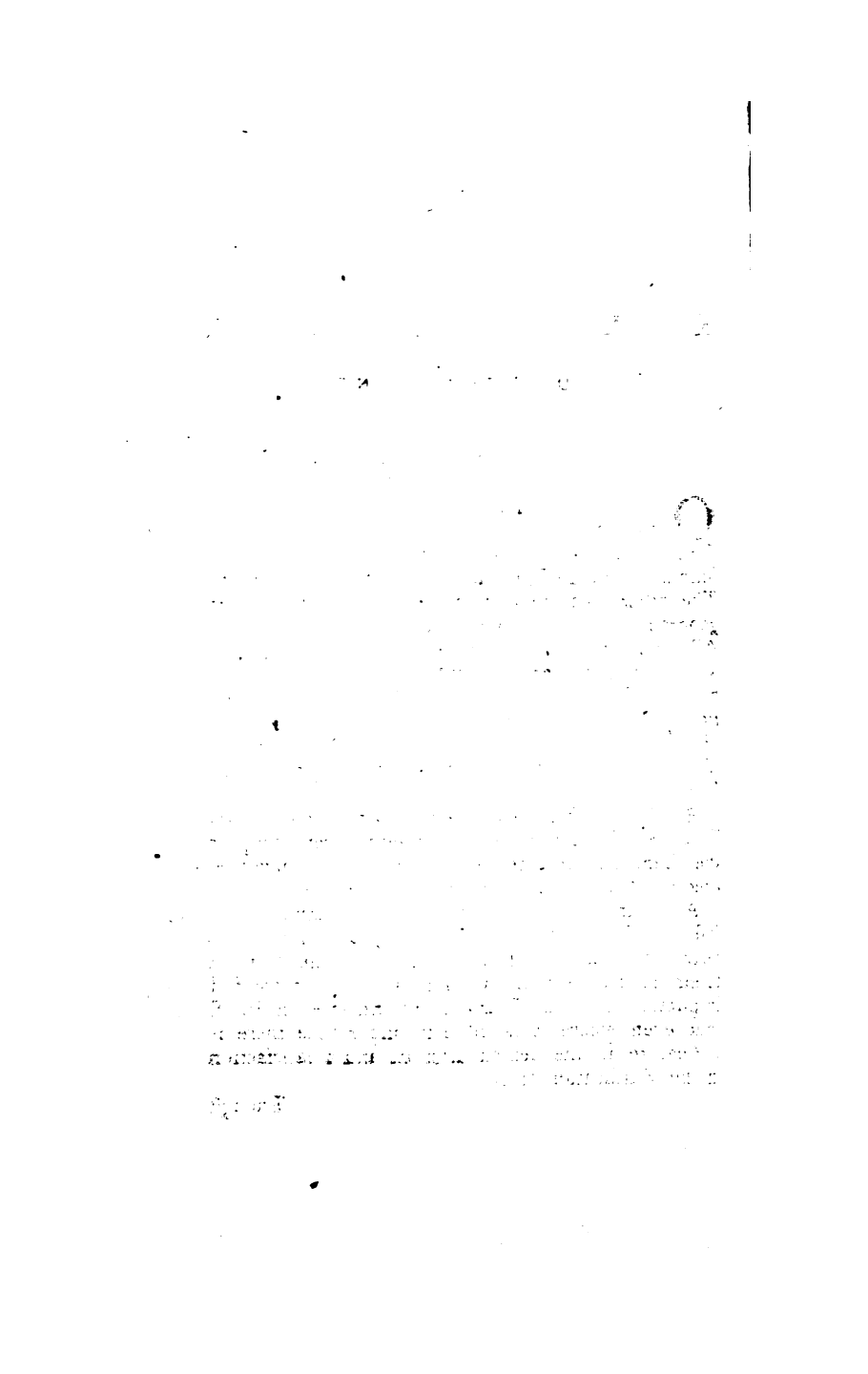
HOMER's HYMN

TO

VENUS:

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE.



TO THE

READER

OF THE ENSUING

HYMN.

OF the three greater Hymns of *Homer*, *viz.* one to *Apollo*, one to *Mercury*, and one to *Venus*, this to *Venus* is the ſhorteſt; it is alſo the moſt ſimple in its Deſign, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digreſſions both geographical and mythological, and contain many Alluſions to ancient Cuſtoms and Hiſtory, which without a Commentary could not well be underſtood by the Generality of Readers. Theſe Conſiderations determined me to acquieſce in the Tranſlation of this Hymn; though I had once entertained Thoughts of turning them all three into *Engliſh* Verſe.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleaſure; I could not avoid ſometimes reflecting on the Cenſures of ſome Grammarians, who have denied or at leaſt doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in itſelf, cannot really loſe any Thing of its Value, though it ſhould appear, upon a ſtrict Enquiry, not to be the Work of ſo eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was firſt imputed. But all Truth is ſo amiable in itſelf, that even where it is of leaſt Importance there is a Pleaſure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Though

Though the Beauties of this enſuing Poem, in the Original, want not even the Name of *Homer* to recommend them, and much leſs, does that mighty Name ſtand in need of their Reputation, yet, if they are his, it is an Injuſtice to him to aſcribe them to any other; and it is a Hardſhip to them to deprive them of the Authority due to them, and to leave them to make their Way through bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the Enquiry my Curioſity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reaſon, of many, why theſe Hymns may be received for genuine. The moſt ſuſpected of them all, is that to *Apollo*. (As for this to *Venus*, it were almoſt enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to obſerve that *Lucretius* thought it not below him to copy, from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to *Apollo* has been ſuppoſed to have been written by one *Cynæthus* of *Chios*, who was a famous * Repeater of *Homer*'s Verſes. To obviate which Suppoſition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to *Apollo* is quoted twice by *Thucydides* in the third Book of his Hiſtory, and expreſly quoted as the Work of *Homer*.

After his ſecond Quotation, which conſiſts of about half a ſcore Verſes, *Thucydides* obſerves that in thoſe Verſes *Homer* has made Mention of himſelf: Hence, it is beyond Queſtion *Thucydides* be-

* After the Deceaſe of *Homer*, there were ſuch Perſons who made a Profeſſion of repeating his Verſes; from the Repetitions of whom, and of their Deſcendants or Succeſſors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of *Homer* in Aftertimes were collected and put in Order. Theſe were called *Homeriſtæ*, or *Homeridæ*: Of whom ſee *Ælian*, *Var. Hiſt. L.* 13. *C.* 14. *Athenæ p.* 1. 5. 14. *Strabo L.* 14. *Pindar Nem. Ode* 2. *Cælius Rodig. L.* 7. *C.* 29.

lieved

lieved or rather was assured it was the Work of *Homer*. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within * four hundred Years of *Homer*, and that is no Distance of Time to render the Knowledge of such Things either uncertain or obscure in such a Country as *Greece*, and to a Man of such Learning, Power, and Wisdom as our Author. The learned *Casaubon*, in his Comment on a Passage in the first Book of § *Strabo*, takes the Liberty to dissent from *Strabo*, and cites as Authority against him Part of the Quotation made by *Thucydides* from the aforementioned Hymn of *Homer*. *Strabo* says, "*Homer* has made no Mention "of what Country he was: In one of the Verses "cited by *Thucydides*, *Homer* calls himself the ‡ blind "Man of rocky Chios." *Casaubon*'s Note, is as follows: *In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contrà auctoritatem* Thucydidis, *causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de se Homerus*, &c.

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the Example of so learned a Man as *Casaubon*, to give Credit to the Authority of *Thucydides*, the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate Historian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggestions of Scholiasts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Readers.

* *Herodotus*, says of himself, in *Euterpe*, he was but four hundred Years after *Homer*. *Thucydides* was Cotemporary with *Herodotus*.

§ *Strab. L.* 1. p. 30.

‡ The Original says——"The blind Man who lives in rocky "or sandy *Chios*, and whose Poems shall be in the highest Esteem "to all Posterity:" Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

HOMER's

HOMER's HYMN TO VENUS.

SING, Muſe, the Force, and all-informing Fire
Of *Cyprian Venus*, Goddeſs of Deſire:
Her Charms, th' immortal Minds of Gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn Race of Men to Love.
The wilder Herds and ravenous Beaſts of Prey
Her Influence feel, and own her kindly Sway.
Thro' pathleſs Air, and boundleſs Ocean's Space,
She rules the feather'd Kind and finny Race;
Whole Nature on her ſole Support depends,
And far as Life exiſts, her Care extends.
Of all the num'rous Hoſt of Gods above,
But three are found inflexible to Love.
Blue-ey'd *Minerva* free preſerves her Heart,
A Virgin unbeguil'd by *Cupid*'s Art;
In ſhining Arms the martial Maid delights,
O'er War preſides, and well-diſputed Fights;
With Thirſt of Fame ſhe firſt the Hero fir'd,
And firſt the Skill of uſeful Arts inſpir'd;
Taught Artiſts firſt the carving Tool to wield,
Chariots with Braſs to arm, and form the fenceful Shield;
She firſt taught modeſt Maids in early Bloom
To ſhun the lazy Life, and ſpin, or ply the Loom.
Diana next, the *Paphian* Queen defies,
Her ſmiling Arts and proffer'd Friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and chearful Horn,
Or Silver-ſounding Voice, to wake the Morn,
To draw the Bow, or dart the pointed Spear,
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rouſe the wood-land Deer:

Sometimes,

Sometimes, of gloomy Groves ſhe likes the Shades,
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the Town, and leaves the Plains,
And loves Society where Virtue reigns.
The third celeſtial Pow'r averſe to Love
Is Virgin *Veſta*, dear to mighty *Jove*;
Whom *Neptune* ſought to wed, and *Phœbus* woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs Labour long purſu'd;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her Purpoſe with a ſolemn Oath,
A Virgin Life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and *Jove* aſſenting bow'd his Head.
But ſince her rigid Choice the Joys deny'd
Of nuptial Rites, and Bleſſings of a Bride,
The bounteous *Jove* with Gifts that Want ſupply'd.
High on a Throne ſhe ſits amidſt the Skies,
And firſt is fed with Fumes of Sacrifice:
For Holy Rites to *Veſta* firſt are pay'd,
And on her Altar Firſt-fruit Off'rings laid;
So *Jove* ordain'd in Honour of the Maid.
Theſe are the Pow'rs above, and only theſe,
Whom Love and *Cytherea*'s Art diſpleaſe:
Of other Beings, none in Earth or Skies
Her Force reſiſts, or Influence denies.
With Eaſe, her Charms the Thunderer can bind,
And captivate with Love th' Almighty Mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread Commands the Gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior Sway;
Enſlav'd to mortal Beauties by her Pow'r,
He oft deſcends, his Creatures to adore;
While to conceal the Theft from *Juno*'s Eyes,
Some well-diſſembled Shape the God belies.
Juno, his Wife and Siſter, both in Place
And Beauty, firſt among th' æthereal Race;
Whom, all-tranſcending in ſuperior Worth,
Wife *Saturn* got, and *Cybele* brought forth:
And *Jove*, by never-erring Counſel ſway'd,
The Partner of his Bed and Empire made.

But

But *Jove* at length with juſt Reſentment fir'd,
The laughing Queen herſelf with Love inſpir'd.
Swift thro' her Veins the ſweet Contagion ran,
And kindled in her Breaſt Deſire of mortal Man;
That ſhe, like other Deities, might prove
The Pains and Pleaſures of inferior Love;
And not inſultingly the Gods deride,
Whoſe Sons were human by the Mother's Side:
Thus, *Jove* ordain'd ſhe now for Man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal Offspring in her Turn.
Amongſt the Springs which flow from *Ida*'s Head,
His lowing Herds the young *Anchiſes* fed:
Whoſe godlike Form and Face the ſmiling Queen
Beheld, and lov'd to Madneſs ſoon as ſeen.
To *Cyprus* ſtrait the wounded Goddeſs flies,
Where *Paphian* Temples in her Honour riſe,
And Altars ſmoke with daily Sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her Shrine repair'd,
Where entring quick, the ſhining Gates ſhe barr'd.
The ready Graces wait, her Baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant Oils her flowing Hair;
Her flowing Hair around her Shoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial Odour ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent Robes her Limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with Ornaments of pureſt Gold.
And thus attir'd, her Chariot ſhe aſcends,
And *Cyprus* left, her Flight to *Troy* ſhe bends.
On *Ida* ſhe alights, then ſeeks the Seat
Which lov'd *Anchiſes* choſe for his Retreat:
And ever as ſhe walk'd thro' Lawn or Wood,
Promiſcuous Herds of Beaſts admiring ſtood.
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the Ground, and crouch beneath her Feet.
Dogs, Lions, Wolves and Bears their Eyes unite,
And the Swift Panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd Delight.
For, ev'ry Glance ſhe gives, ſoft Fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet Deſire in Savage Hearts.
Inflam'd with Love, all ſingle out their Mates,
And to their ſhady Dens each Pair retreats.

Mean

Mean Time the Tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her *Anchiſes* was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his Friends, and Fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their Flocks beneath, and ſought the Plains:
In pleaſing Solitude the Youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his Lyre's harmonious Sound.
Before his Eyes *Jove*'s beauteous Daughter ſtood,
In Form and Dreſs, a Huntreſs of the Wood;
For had he ſeen the Goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The Youth with Awe and Fear had been ſurpriz'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd
To ſee a Nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd.
For from her flowing Robe a Luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant Flame ſhe were array'd;
Her Hair in part diſclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held;
With various Gold and Gems her Neck was grac'd,
And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breaſt:
Bright as the Moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent Light,
And charm'd his Senſe with Wonder and Delight.

Thus while *Anchiſes* gaz'd, thro' ev'ry Vein
A thrilling Joy he felt, and pleaſing Pain.
At length he ſpake—"All hail, celeſtial Fair!
"Who humbly doſt to viſit Earth repair.
"Whoe'er thou art, deſcended from above,
"*Latona*, *Cynthia*, or the Queen of Love,
"All hail! all Honour ſhall to thee be paid;
"Or art thou * *Themis*? or the † blue-ey'd Maid?
"Or, art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
"Who with the Gods ſhare Immortality?
"Or elſe, ſome Nymph, the Guardian of theſe Woods,
"Theſe Caves, theſe fruitful Hills, or cryſtal Floods?
"Whoe'er thou art in ſome conſpicuous Field,
"I, to thy Honour, will an Altar build,
"Where holy Off'rings I'll each Hour prepare;
"O prove but thou propitious to my Pray'r.

* Themis, *the Goddeſs of Equity and Right.*
† *Blue-ey'd Maid*, Pallas.

"Grant

At me, among the *Trojan* Race, to prove
A patriot worthy of my Country's Love;
Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg I next may be
" Bleſs'd in my Children and Poſterity:
" Happy in Health, long let me ſee the Sun,
" And, lov'd by all, late may my Days be done."
He ſaid.—*Jove*'s beauteous Daughter thus reply'd,
" Delight of Human-kind, thy Sex's Pride!
" Honour'd *Anchiſes*, you behold in me
" No Goddeſs bleſs'd with Immortality;
" But mortal I, of mortal Mother came,
" *Otreus* my Father, (you have heard the Name)
" Who rules the fair Extent of *Phrygia*'s Lands,
" And all her Towns and Fortreſſes commands.
" When yet an Infant, I to *Troy* was brought,
" There was I nurs'd, and there your Language taught;
" Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
" I, like my own, can ſpeak the *Trojan* Tongue.
" In me, one of *Diana's* Nymphs behold;
" Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the Cauſe unfold.
" As late our Sports we practis'd on the Plain,
" I and my Fellow-Nymphs of *Cynthia*'s Train
" Dancing in Chorus, and with Garlands crown'd,
" And by admiring Crowds encompaſs'd round,
" Lo! hov'ring o'er my Head I ſaw the God
" Who *Argus* ſlew, and bears the golden Rod:
" Sudden he ſeiz'd, then bore me from their Sight,
" Cutting thro' liquid Air his rapid Flight.
" O'er many States and peopled Towns we paſs'd,
" O'er Hills and Valleys, and o'er Deſarts waſte;
" O'er barren Moors, and o'er unwholeſome Fens,
" And Woods where Beaſts inhabit dreadful Dens.
" Thro' all which pathleſs Way our Speed was ſuch,
" We ſtopt not once the Face of Earth to touch.
" Mean time he told me, while thro' Air we fled,
" That *Jove* ordain'd I ſhould *Anchiſes* wed,
" And with illuſtrious Offspring bleſs his Bed.

" This

" This ſaid, and pointing to me your Abode,
" To Heav'n again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd God
" Thus, of Neceſſity, to you I come,
" Unknown, and loſt, far from my native Home.
" But I conjure you, by the Throne of *Jove*,
" By all that 's dear to you, by all you love,
" By your good Parents, (for no had could e'er
" Produce a Son ſo graceful, good, and fair;)
" That you no Wiles employ to win my Heart,
" But let me hence an untouch'd Maid depart;
" Inviolate and guiltleſs of your Bed,
" Let me be to your Houſe and Mother led.
" Me to your Father and your Brothers ſhow,
" And our Alliance firſt let them allow:
" Let me be known, and my Condition own'd,
" And no unequal Match I may be found.
" Equality to them my Birth may claim,
" Worthy a Daughter's or a Siſter's Name,
" Tho' for your Wife, of too inferior Fame.
" Next, let Ambaſſadors to *Phrygia* haſte,
" To tell my Father of my Fortunes paſs'd,
" And eaſe my Mother in that anxious State,
" Of Doubts and Fears, which Cares for me create.
" They in Return ſhall Preſents bring from thence
" Of rich Attire, and Sums of Gold immenſe:
" You in peculiar ſhall with Gifts be grac'd,
" In Price and Beauty far above the reſt.
" This done, perform the Rites of nuptial Love,
" Grateful to Men below, and Gods above."
She ſaid, and from her Eyes ſhot ſubtle Fires,
Which to his Heart inſinuate Deſires.
Reſiſtleſs Love invading thus his Breaſt,
The panting Youth the ſmiling Queen addreſs'd.
" Since Mortal you, of mortal Mother came,
" And *Otreus* you report your Father's Name;
" And ſince th' immortal *Hermes* from above,
" To execute the dread Commands of *Jove*,

" Your wondrous Beauties hither has convey'd,
" A nuptial Life with me henceforth to lead:
" Know, now, that neither Gods nor Men have Pow'
" One Minute to defer the happy Hour,
" This Inſtant will I ſeize upon thy Charms,
" Mix with thy Soul, and melt within thy Arms:
" Tho' *Phœbus*, arm'd with his unerring Dart,
" Stood ready to tranſfix my panting Heart;
" Tho' Death, tho' Hell, in Conſequence attend,
" Thou ſhalt with me the genial Bed aſcend."
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous Hand;
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' Attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her Eyes upon the Hero's Bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken Coverlets were ſpread,
And over all a Counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with Furs of many a ſavage Beaſt,
Of Bears and Lions, heretofore his Spoil;
And ſtill remain'd the Trophies of his Toil.
Now to aſcend the Bed they both prepare,
And he with eager Haſte diſrobes the Fair.
Her ſparkling Necklace, firſt, he laid aſide;
Her Bracelets next, and braided Hair unty'd:
And now, his buſy Hand her Zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant Robe around her Waſte;
Her radiant Robe at laſt aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy Hue with dazzling Luſtre ſhone.
The Queen of Love the Youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a Chair of Gold her Veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo *Jove* and Fate ordain'd)
The ſweet Extreme of Ecſtaſy attain'd;
And Mortal he, was like th' Immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the Goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But when the Swains their Flocks and Herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry Field returning, led
Their Sheep to Fold, and Oxen to the Shed;
In ſoft and pleaſing Chains of Sleep profound,
The wary Goddeſs her *Anchiſes* bound:

Then gently riſing from his Side and Bed,
In all her bright Attire her Limbs array'd.
And now, her fair-crown'd Head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a Mortal, but herſelf appears:
Her Face refulgent, and majeſtic Mien,
Confeſs'd the Goddeſs, Love's and Beauty's Queen.
Then thus, aloud, ſhe calls. "*Anchiſes*, wake;
" Thy fond Repoſe and Lethargy forſake:
" Look on the Nymph who late from *Phrygia* came,
" Behold me well—ſay, if I ſeem the ſame."
At her firſt Call the Chains of Sleep were broke,
And ſtarting from his Bed, *Anchiſes* woke:
But when he *Venus* view'd without Diſguiſe,
Her ſhining Neck beheld, and radiant Eyes;
Aw'd and abaſh'd, he turn'd his Head aſide,
Attempting with his Robe his Face to hide.
Confus'd with Wonder, and with Fear oppreſs'd,
In winged Words, he thus the Queen addreſs'd.
" When firſt, O Goddeſs, I thy Form beheld,
" Whoſe Charms ſo far Humanity excell'd;
" To thy celeſtial Pow'r my Vows I paid,
" And with Humility implor'd thy Aid:
" But thou, for ſecret Cauſe to me unknown,
" Didſt thy divine immortal State diſown.
" But now, I beg thee by the filial Love
" Due to thy Father, *Ægis*-bearing *Jove*,
" Compaſſion on my human State to ſhow;
" Nor let me lead a Life infirm below:
" Defend me from the Woes which Mortals wait,
" Nor let me ſhare of Men the common Fate:
" Since never Man with Length of Days was bleſt,
" Who in Delights of Love a Deity poſſeſs'd."
To him, *Jove*'s beauteous Daughter thus reply'd;
" Be bold, *Anchiſes*; in my Love confide:
" Nor me, nor other God, thou needſt to fear,
" For thou to all the heav'nly Race art dear.
" Know, from our Loves, thou ſhalt a Son obtain,
" Who over all the Realm of *Troy* ſhall reign;

" From whom a Race of Monarchs ſhall deſcend,
" And whoſe Poſterity ſhall know no End.
" To him thou ſhalt the Name * *Æneas* give,
" As one, for whoſe Conception I muſt grieve,
" Oft as I think, he to exiſt began
" From my Conjunction with a mortal Man."
But *Troy*, of all the habitable Earth,
To a ſuperior Race of Men gives Birth;
Producing Heroes of th' ætherial Kind,
And next reſembling Gods in Form and Mind.
From thence great *Jove* to azure Skies convey'd
To live with Gods, the lovely *Ganymede*.
Where, by th' Immortals honour'd (ſtrange to ſee!)
The Youth enjoys a bleſs'd Eternity.
In Bowls of Gold he ruddy Nectar pours,
And *Jove* regales in his unbended Hours.
Long did the King, his Sire, his Abſence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where the Boy was born:
'Till *Jove* at length, in Pity of his Grief,
Diſpatch'd † *Argicides* to his Relief;
And more with Gifts to pacify his Mind,
He ſent him Horſes of a deathleſs Kind,
Whoſe Feet outſtript in Speed the rapid Wind.
Charging withal ſwift *Hermes* to relate
The Youth's Advancement to a heav'nly State;
Where all his Hours are paſt in circling Joy,
Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death deſtroy.
Now, when this Embaſſy the King receives,
No more for abſent *Ganymede* he grieves;
The pleaſing News his aged Heart revives,
And with Delight his ſwift-heel'd Steeds he drives.

* *Æneas*, ſignifying *one who cauſeth Grief*. By this Paſſage, it ſhould ſeem as if the Etymologiſts had erred, who, as was the Hero of *Virgil*'s Epic Poem, have derived his Name from *αινεω*, *to extol*, or *praiſe*; it appearing here expreſsly to be derived from *αινος Grief*, or *αινεω to affect with Grief*.

† The Slayer of *Argus*. *Mercury* ſo called, from having ſlain *Argus*.

But

" But when the golden-thron'd *Aurora* made
" *Tithonus* Partner of her roſy Bed,
" (*Tithonus* too was of the *Trojan* Line,
" Reſembling Gods in Face and Form divine)
" For him ſhe ſtrait the Thunderer addreſs'd,
" That with perpetual Life he might be bleſs'd:
" *Jove* heard her Pray'r, and granted her Requeſt.
" But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
" The moſt material Bleſſing to omit;
" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide, [ply'd;
" That Length of Days might be with Strength ſup-
" And to her Lover's endleſs Life, engage
" An endleſs Youth, incapable of Age.
" But hear what Fate befell this heav'nly Fair,
" In Gold enthron'd, the brighteſt Child of Air.
" *Tithonus*, while of pleaſing Youth poſſeſs'd,
" Is by *Aurora* with Delight careſs'd;
" Dear to her Arms, he in her Court reſides, [Tides.
" Beyond the Verge of Earth, and Ocean's utmoſt
" But when ſhe ſaw grey Hairs begin to ſpread,
" Deform his Beard, and diſadorn his Head,
" The Goddeſs cold in her Embraces grew,
" His Arms declin'd, and from his Bed withdrew;
" Yet ſtill a Kind of nurſing Care ſhe ſhow'd,
" And Food ambroſial, and rich Cloaths beſtow'd:
" But when of Age he felt the ſad Extreme,
" And ev'ry Nerve was ſhrunk, and Limb was lame,
" Lock'd in a Room her uſeleſs Spouſe ſhe left,
" Of Youth, of Vigour, and of Voice bereft *.
" On Terms like theſe, I never can deſire
" Thou ſhouldſt to Immortality aſpire.
" Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
" Thy Strength, thy Beauty, and thy Youth retain,
" Couldſt thou for ever *thus* my Huſband prove,
" I might live happy in thy endleſs Love;

* *Tithonus* was feign'd, at length, to have been turned into a Graſhopper.

" Nor ſhould I e'er have Cauſe to dread the Day,
" When I muſt mourn thy Loſs and Life's Decay.
" But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
" Beneath the Woes which painful Age attend;
" Inexorable Age! whoſe wretched State
" All Mortals dread, and all Immortals hate.
" Now, know, I alſo muſt my Portion ſhare,
" And for thy Sake Reproach and Shame muſt bear.
" For I, who heretofore in Chains of Love
" Could captivate the Minds of Gods above,
" And force 'em, by my all-ſubduing Charms,
" To ſigh and languiſh in a Woman's Arms:
" Muſt now no more that Pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
" Nor tax with Weakneſs the celeſtial Hoſt;
" Since I myſelf this dear Amends have made,
" And am at laſt by my own Arts betray'd.
" Erring like them, with Appetite deprav'd,
" This Hour, by thee, I have a Son conceiv'd;
" Whom hid beneath my Zone, I muſt conceal,
" Till Time his Being and my Shame reveal.
" Him ſhall the Nymphs who theſe fair Woods adorn
" In their deep Boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born;
" They nor of mortal nor immortal Seed
" Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on *Ambroſia* feed,
" And * long they live, and oft in Chorus join
" With Gods and Goddeſſes in Dance divine.

" Theſe

* Of Wood-Nymphs there were the *Dryades* and the *Hamadryades*; the *Dryades* preſided over Woods and Groves; the *Hamadryades* each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-lived. *Auſonius*, from *Heſiod*, computes the complete Life of a Man at 96 Years; a Crow, he ſays, lives nine Times as long; a Deer four Times as long as a Crow; a Raven three Times as long as a Deer; the Phœnix ten Times as long as a Raven; and theſe *Hamadryades* live ten Times as long as the Phœnix. But the moſt received Opinion was, that they lived juſt as long as their Trees. Therefore this from *Auſonius* ſeems rather to relate to the *Dryades*, and the Duration of a whole Wood; for there are frequent Inſtances where they were indifferently called *Dryades* and *Hamadryades*, by

" Theſe the * *Sileni* court; theſe *Hermes* loves,
" And their Embraces ſeeks in ſhady Groves.
" Their Origin and Birth theſe Nymphs deduce
" From common Parent Earth's prolific Juice;
" With lofty Firs which grace the Mountain's Brow,
" Or ample-ſpreading Oaks at once they grow;
" All have their Trees allotted to their Care,
" Whoſe Growth, Duration, and Decreaſe they ſhare.
" But holy are theſe Groves by Mortals held,
" And therefore by the Ax are never fell'd.
" But when the Fate of ſome fair Tree draws nigh,
" It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
" The Bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
" And laſt the Boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
" And thus the Nymphs expire by like Degrees,
" And live and die coæval with their Trees.
" Theſe gentle Nymphs, by my Perſuaſion won,
" Shall in their ſweet Receſſes nurſe my Son;
" And when his Cheeks with Youth's firſt Bluſhes glow,
" To thee the ſacred Maids the Boy ſhall ſhow.

by the ancient Poets. They were very ſenſible of good Offices, and grateful to them who at any Time preſerved their Trees. The Scholiaſt, upon a Paſſage mentioning theſe Nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut. l.* 2. relates the following Story cited from *Charon Lampſacenus*. A young Man call'd *Rœcus* obſerving a fair Oak almoſt fallen to the Earth, ordered it to be ſupported, and took ſuch effectual Care that he re-eſtabliſhed it again to flouriſh in its Place. The Nymphs of the Tree appeared to him, and in Return bid him aſk what he pleaſed. The Youth readily demanded of her the laſt Favour, which ſhe as readily promiſed; and according to Agreement, ſent a Bee to ſummon him at the Time when he might be happy: But the young Man happening to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was ſo offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill Words, and chid it from him; this Reception of her Ambaſſador ſo enraged the Nymph: that in Revenge ſhe rendered him impotent. This Story is alſo cited in Part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam. l.* 8. of the Fate of *Eriſichthon*, for cutting down one of theſe animated Trees.

* The *Satyrs*, when they were in Years, were called *Sileni*, as *Pauſanias* reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

" More

" More to inſtruct thee, when five Years ſhall end,
" I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
" Bringing thy beauteous Son to charm thy Sight,
" Whoſe Godlike Form ſhall fill thee with Delight;
" Him will I leave thenceforward to thy Care,
" And will that with him thou to *Troy* repair:
" There, if Enquiry ſhall be made, to know
" To whom thou doſt ſo bright an Offſpring owe;
" Be ſure, thou nothing of the Truth detect,
" But ready Anſwer make as I direct.
" Say of a ſylvan Nymph the fair Youth came,
" And *Calycopis* call his Mother's Name.
" For ſhouldſt thou boaſt the Truth, and madly own
" That thou in Bliſs hadſt *Cytherea* known,
" *Jove* would his Anger pour upon thy Head,
" And with avenging Thunder ſtrike thee dead.
" Now all is told thee, and juſt Caution giv'n,
" Be ſecret thou, and dread the Wrath of Heav'n."
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his Sight,
Cutting thro' liquid Air her heav'nward Flight.
All hail, bright *Cyprian* Queen! thee firſt I praiſe,
Then to ſome other Pow'r transfer my Lays.

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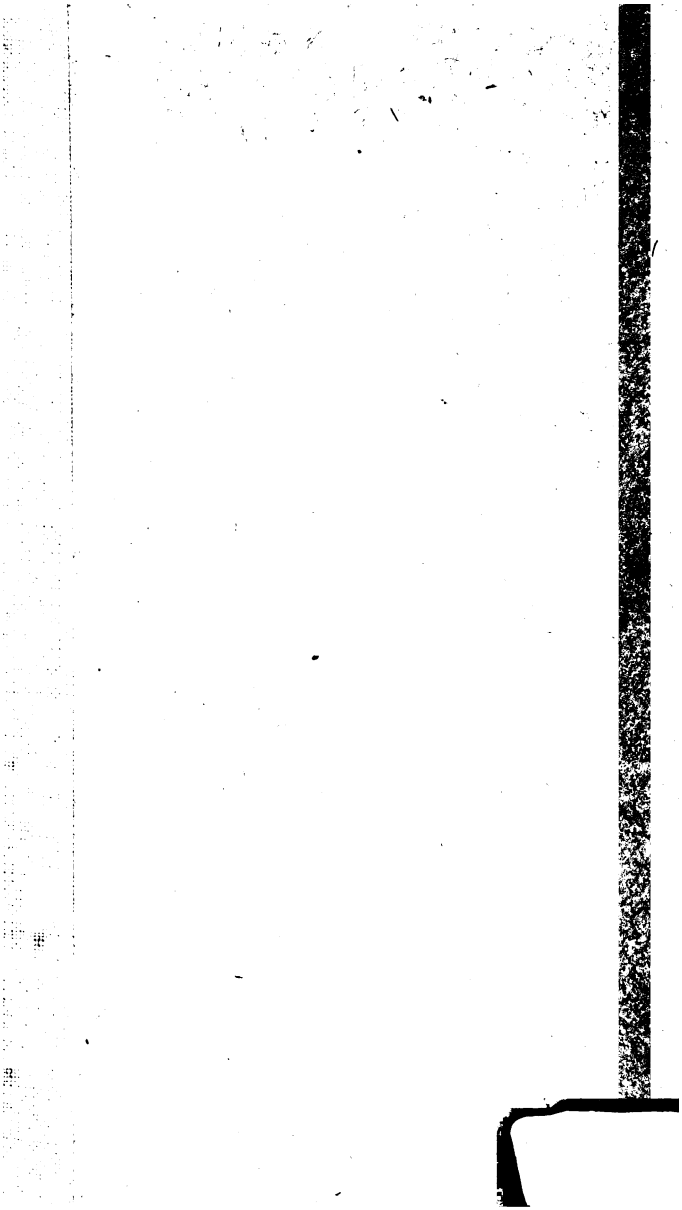
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